DESPOTISM;

OR

The Last Days of the American Republic.

BY

INVISIBLE SAM.

Unknown he lived, unenvied, not unblest;
Reason his guide, and Happiness his guest.
In the clear mirror of his moral page,
We trace the manners of a purer age.
His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,
Scorn'd the false lustre of licentious thought.

ROGERS.

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STEREOTYPED BY
PETER DUNCAN,
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INTRODUCTION.

In the month of May, 1856, I was walking leisurely toward the battery. A gentle breeze came from the west—the full moon was directly over my head, and the light was almost the splendor of a cloudless day. I sought the spot where once the stairs were placed on which the stranger steps as he lands on our soil. I found the place, and stood mute as I gazed in astonishment on all around me. What a change! was the exclamation that escaped from my lips!

Here, where I now stand, Washington once stood! An eminent poet has said that the spirit of Poetry, if the goddess ever visits the earth in a visible form, would here hold her court. Alas, he did not know what wicked aldermen could do!

The evening previous I had called with a friend at the house at which a spiritual medium had arrived, and a few believers had called to congratulate the empiric. To exhibit his powers as a revealing medium, he gave conversations with Bacon, Washington, Franklin, Clinton, Webster, and others; and he

asked me to converse with my lost friends through his agency. I proposed various questions to my departed relatives, and the answers astonished me! What can be the secret of this power? I must reflect on this deep mystery! With this unaccountable phenomenon I was struggling to make some progress. I wished to comprehend some letters in its alphabet. I would reach the vestibule, if I could not look into the magician's heathen temple.

In this deep study I detected myself standing on the very spot where Washington once stood! What revelations the sainted spirit of Washington could make! Will Providence in its goodness remove for a brief moment the v[illegible]t conceals death from life, and enlighten me as they who have gone before me are enlightened?—Was my private wish audibly expressed?

At this moment I heard the roar of wind. The earth rocked—a chasm yawned before me! From out of regions dark a spectral form appeared! Grim-visaged Despotism stalked forth to conflict and to death! In the distance I saw a manly form approaching. I turned my face, and I saw another form. They were all approaching the spot where Washington received the congratulations of grateful hearts as he once landed on freedom's soil.

Who are these forms? I asked. They came near me, and my heart beat with quickened action! For what horrid purpose is that weapon? I shall be murdered! was the exclamation uttered in feeble voice. Imagination may deceive, but if I am awake, my eyes cannot deceive me! was the thought

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of the moment. I placed myself behind the only object that could partially conceal me, and breathed, it might be, my last breath! I heard a voice. Are they gods, or demons? it was asked. The horrid form now shook with anger, and fire was flashing from his eye!

I looked again. The moon was gone! With murky darkness all things were now obscured. The thunders rolled from cloud to cloud! The lightning flashed! The air with sulphurous gas was filled! A lurid light shot from heaven to earth! A boat, full of living beings, was wrapped in flames, and dear relatives in horrid torments now were dying! Fire! fire! I cried, in loudest tones. I turned my face, and one blaze illumined the whole horizon! War, and fire, and horrid passion were desolating the whole country, and terror reigned!

I looked again. I saw two spirits meet. They seemed like men in armor, with visors down. They bowed, and seemed congenial spirits. Accept this wand—it is live oak! All power now is thine! Command what thou wilt! he cried, in voice of thunder!

A manly spirit now stepped forth, in grace and noble port.

My voice is for peace! The storm no more shall rage! The moon shall shine! The fires no more shall burn! Sweet scenes of peace shall succeed war's alarms! The whole country now shall smile in happiness!

This was no dream! I looked again. The moon was shining, the clouds were gone, and beauty was beaming from all around me. I saw gay flags of all nations floating in the breeze. Ships were crowding our busy marts, and the shouts

of grateful hearts went up to heaven! The goddess of Fiction, sometimes called Poetry, was seated on her throne, and at my right hand received the worship of a grateful nation! The two spirits now were near, and in converse passed a brief moment.

I came for light, for truth, for revelations from you, as the Spirit of Truth from other worlds, said a venerable form!

I know thy name. I welcome thee! said the military form. My name, you know, is Washington.

I thank you for this interview. My name, you know, is Invisible Sam—the impersonation of the great Yankee nation.

Washington.—I have watched your noble efforts, and approve them all.

Invisible Sam.—Thy approval is life and happiness to me, and the sure evidence of my success in rescuing from despotism this great nation.

Washington.—Go on and enlighten the world, and coming ages will thank thee for all the virtues that pure life and wise maxims can bestow on your fellow men. My wand I have given thee, and its power has extinguished fires that despotism had kindled.

Invisible Sam.—The great country that claims thee for its founder is most glorious. We shall be united, and enjoy our present free institutions forever.

Washington.—All human institutions will crumble, and despotism will again reign, as in Catholic darkness! The whole world progresses but to recede.

Invisible Sam.—Can nothing save us?

Washington.—Without intellectual light, an elevated civilization, pure morals, and pure religion, freedom can have no existence.

Invisible Sam.—Has any European nation intellectual light, an elevated civilization, pure morals, and pure religion?

Washington.—They have not; and for that reason not a single state can ever support an elective, or free government.

Invisible Sam.—Is the Catholic hierarchy a despotism?

Washington.—It is the most powerful despotism that the ingenuity of man ever invented!

Invisible Sam.—Can any American promote the welfare of the great country more effectually than by blending the incidents of a thrilling tale with the daily occurrences of life, in which all readers are interested, and take a part?

Washington.—He cannot, if he wishes to inculcate virtue, and the principles without which our great and glorious country will recede to despotism.

Invisible Sam.—To you, the Goddess of Fiction, I propose this question: Will you aid me to save the nation?

Goddess of Fiction.—Half the world has been civilized by me. I lead all nations to the highest enjoyments of this life. By my aid you shall save the nation from secession, from popery, from anarchy, from demoralization, from despotism, and you shall guide the whole country upward in civilization, in union and happiness. My mission is to redeem the world, and to claim attention to the cause of truth and virtue.

Invisible Sam.—As a literary production, I do not care what estimate the Americans may place upon my fiction—

from its readers I will accept nothing. On these conditions, can the sentiments here advocated be brought to the consideration of every well educated and reflecting person?—I want no other readers.

Washington.—They certainly can, if the principles that you advocate have the support of eminent talents.

Invisible Sam.—That question interests the readers of the country, and must be decided by them, and not by me.

To those who read the following pages, no illustration of this allegory will be offered.

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DESPOTISM.

CHAPTER I.

WEALTH AND POVERTY.

Oh could my mind, unfolded in my page,
Enlighten climes and mould a future age;
There as it glow'd, with noble frenzy fraught,
Dispense the treasures of exalted thought;
To Virtue wake the pulses of the heart,
And bid the tear of emulation start!
Oh could it still, through each succeeding year,
My life, my manners, and my name endear;
And, when the poet sleeps in silent dust,
Still hold communion with the wise and just!—
Yet should this Verse, my leisure's best resource,
When through the world it steals its secret course,
Revive but once a generous wish suppress,
Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest,
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy,
Blest were my lines, though limited their sphere,
Though short their date, as his who traced them here.

ROGERS.

In the early part of this century there was living in London an eminent merchant, by the name of B. Rogers. Mr. Rogers was a merchant of great wealth and rigid integrity. He owned vessels, shipped merchandise, bought goods for continental houses, and loaned money as a banker.

The manufacturers of England were in the full tide of success. Steam had been introduced into all their factories, and by reducing the cost of manufacturing, had added largely to the profits of the manufacturers.

England, at this time, not only manufactured for all Europe, but for all the world. She had recently extended her dominions in India from 75 to 150 millions of subjects. Her possessions on the American continent were greater than the whole United States, and she had the continent of Australia, too large to be called an island, possessing untold wealth, not then developed.

The commerce of England was equally successful, and was pouring in a stream of constantly increasing wealth. It was at this time that *calico* Peel, the father of Sir Robert, acquired a fortune of nearly fifty millions, which at his death became the inheritance of Sir Robert. There appeared to be no limits to the wealth that England had acquired at that period.

We are all aware of the difficulty of bringing to the mind any clear conception of the difference between one large sum and another infinitely larger. What is the difference to the mind between 95 millions of miles, which is the distance to the sun, and 190 millions, which is the diameter of the earth's orbit?

The reply is that there is no difference, there can be no difference, and on that account mathematicians do not use miles in computing great distances in the solar system, but assume the diameter of the earth's orbit as the measure of distance.

The debt of England has been for years 4,000 millions of dollars. We will suppose that for every dollar of debt, there are in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and her East and West India and Australian colonies, twenty dollars of public and private property. We then have an aggregate of 80,000 millions of dollars, to represent the property of England. We will suppose that one-fourth of this sum has been acquired since the time of Cromwell, when England owed nothing.

Now, what is one-fourth of 80,000 millions?

It is 20,000 millions!

In years of great success she should add five per cent. to her whole capital. What is five per cent. on 80,000 millions? It is 4,000 millions!

By this computation we are able to form some idea of the real wealth of England.

No person can contemplate such a state of things without surprise, and a reflecting man asks, how such a state of things could have been produced? Was not England constantly engaged in a civil or continental war? War at home, war abroad, war with every nation—where was the money obtained that supported this continental war? Was it robbed, like Napoleon's, from conquered nations? No, is the answer. Do they owe a single dollar to any nation? No, is the answer.

France has twice repudiated her whole national debt, and the United States once. Has England ever done this? No, is the answer.

The war between the red and white roses, the rival houses of two of their greatest nobles, York and Lancaster, for the throne of England, came near destroying the entire nobility of England. Eighty out of one hundred and twenty of the highest nobles, were with more than fifty thousand Englishmen destroyed, and more than half this number were murdered in cold blood, no quarter being given on either side.

More recently, in Cromwell's time, and in the civil wars, the destruction of lives and property was nearly as great. The French wars, commencing as far back as we have authentic history, continued till Napoleon was expelled from France, in 1815. War with Spain, war with Holland, war with India, war with all the Catholic states, seemed perpetual. But however exhausting these wars had been, England had during their existence accumulated a mass of wealth of which we can form no conception. Her immense public works, her splendid churches, her immense docks, the admiration of all the world,

her canals, over the whole kingdom, her one thousand armed ships, her merchant vessels, whitening every sea, the untold millions loaned to every foreign nation, hundreds of millions invested in the stock companies of the United States and in their government bonds!—The amount loaned by individuals to the enemies of England, against whom they were fighting! —One hundred millions of specie in the Bank of England, and as much more in all the other banks and in circulation, were, with numerous other items, the representatives of England's wealth.*

The short story which we propose to tell opens at this time. Mr. Rogers was frequently called by business to Dublin, Edinburgh, Paris, Hamburg, and Berlin. At Edinburgh he was introduced to the ancient family of Bruce, the descendants of King Robert Bruce.

Mr. J. Bruce was the father of five children, three daughters and two sons. Grace was the eldest daughter. To a mind of unusual brilliancy, she added a vivacity that charmed all to whom she was introduced. Grace was destined to take the lead of a circle of wealth and fashion that was not surpassed in any city.

Mr. Rogers made frequent visits to Edinburgh, as an admirer of Grace, but as yet her heart had not yielded to either of its numerous assailants. These visits were frequent, and continued for some years. There finally seemed a change in

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* No person can form a conception of the rapid increase of compound interest, who is not familiar with Mathematics. Mr. Price, an eminent Mathematician of England, estimated one penny put out at compound interest at the birth of our Savior, to be worth in 1775, 1 800 times the whole globe, if it were solid gold! If we suppose this sum to double every fifteen years, it would have amounted in 1790, to 3,600 times the globe of gold. In 1805, it would have amounted to 7,200; in 1820, 14,400 times; and in 1835, to 28,800 times, and in 1850, to 57,600 times the solid globe of gold! At seven per cent. one penny would be worth at the present time less than five dollars.

By such figures we are able to form some, though necessarily a very inadequate conception of the wealth of England, and can estimate, prospectively, what the United States are to be when as old as England.

the mind of Grace. Mr. Rogers's visits were more frequent. One suitor after another retired from the field, and left him in possession of the hand and heart of the most beautiful and accomplished lady in Edinburgh. They were married, and soon settled in London.

This period was not only the most prosperous, but it was the most extravagant in the history of England. From the rise of every thing, wealth was universally diffused; luxury took possession of all classes, and prudence and economy were banished from the nation. Splendid coaches, splendid houses, churches, hotels, splendid equipages, dresses, parties, were the matters for discussion, and competition was beyond all precedent. With the advance in prices, the advance in salaries, the advance in the value of labor in all its forms, were the necessary results. Speculation in all its ramifications was absorbing capital, and the thoughts of the rich, and those who were certain to become rich. No scheme, however extravagant, was rejected; nothing was asked for, in many cases, but notes—and who could not give them?*

The government was tinctured with the mania, and although in debt 4,000 millions of dollars, and paying an annual interest of more than 150 millions, it made no effort to reduce the debt.†

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* See a book called Mackay's Popular Delusions.

† The question is often asked, "What is the largest amount to which the debt of England can be carried without bankruptcy?" The reply cannot be very definite, but we may fairly assume that she can nearly double her present debt, and continue to pay her interest. Her greatest expenditure was in the year 1815, and amounted to 131 millions of pounds, or 655 millions of dollars, and 1,800,000 dollars every day for the year. The average was not essentially less for the fifteen years of Napoleon's war. During the late forty years of peace, about two thirds of her revenue has been absorbed every year in paying her interest. The interest on her debt is about three times our whole annual expenditure. One of her largest items of revenue is her income tax, which is 5 per cent. in time of peace, and 10 per cent. in time of war. This tax is assessed on every man's yearly income, whether it be salaries, interest-money, or profits of business, if they amount to 150 pounds.

Mrs. Rogers was beautiful, but her lively conversation and her brilliant wit were the charms to which all yielded as if by fascination.

Tea, coffee, and sugar, which in the United States are free of duty, are taxed largely in time of peace, and doubled in time of war. The war duty on every article, including spirits, is about the amount for which the same article is retailed in the United States! The unavoidable result is, that every imported article except bread, is about double in England that it is in this country. The population of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, is now about the same as that of the United States, but in ten years it will not be more than three fourths of ours: yet the revenue that she is compelled to raise in peace, is five times as much as ours, and in the present war, nearly ten times as much. The revenue is not raised from the laboring classes, for they live on bread and potatoes, but it is mainly taken from the pockets of the rich.

Here is her safety.

If she cannot pay her interest with her present revenue, she must add to all her taxes and tariff, till she pays an interest on double her present debt. The national debt may be regarded as the accumulated earnings of the whole nation for all past time invested in a stock company: and the government may be called the President and Directors of the Corporation. While the government is able to pay the interest on it, the national debt is available to every individual holder exactly the same as if it were gold. Pitt was the only man who could have carried England through the war of 1800 to 1815, and he could not have borrowed nearly 600 million pounds sterling in 15 years, if he had not established his sinking fund, which he assured the capitalists would, by the power of magic, pay the whole national debt by the year 1850. The sinking fund was kept in operation till 1832, and then entirely abandoned, and the debt, of course no man expects will ever be paid.

The sinking fund was obtained by paying one per cent. of every new loan in the hands of the commissioners of the fund, and allowing it to accumulate; to which was to be added an annual tax, of one per cent. on the whole amount of the national debt. Parliament found it unpopular to tax the country so largely; and they have now enjoyed 40 years peace without reducing their debt.

England has recently borrowed 200 million of Dollars, and will require 300 millions more immediately. During her darkest hours in 1814, she sold her own bonds for 140 pounds, and received in cash 60 pounds; as soon as Napoleon was dethroned, these bonds advanced to par, and she now pays two pounds for every one borrowed.

We need not be told, that an individual could not sustain himself one day, who was thus embarrassed.

The following extract is from the Mercantile Guide and Family Journal of this city.

The history of Great Britain is suggestive on this subject.

From the battle of the Boyne to the battle of Waterloo, England had scarcely any repose; if she rested it was with a helmet for a night-cap, and a martial cloak around her. During this period she "carried the war" into Ireland, Spain, France, Holland, India, America, and out of the one hundred and twenty-seven years that spanned, like arches,

Young as she was, her name had preceded her, and in London she was already sought out by the most fashionable. In Edinburgh she had claimed the highest honors that the most brilliant society could bestow.

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those epochs, there were sixty five of them echoing to the gurgling of blood, and sixty-two reflected in the smooth, unruffled tide of peace.

During those sixty-five years of war it cost England an expenditure of 2,023 millions pounds sterling, and the National Debt saddled on the country during the same period was more than two fifths that amount, there being borrowed not less than about 833 millions; of the former sum—

Thirty six millions went in the Revolutionary war which brought WILLIAM OF ORANGE to the throne of England—twenty millions were borrowed and commenced the National Debt

Sixty-two millions in the war of the "Spanish Succession," from May 4, 1702, to March 13, 1713. Thirty two and a half millions borrowed.

Fifty-four millions in the "Spanish War," from October 23, 1739, to April 30, 1748 Twenty-nine millions borrowed.

One hundred and twelve millions in the "Seven Years War," from June 9, 1756 to the peace of Paris, February 10, 1763. Sixty millions borrowed.

One hundred and thirty-six millions in the American War, from 1774 to the peace of Paris, November 30, 1782. One hundred and four millions borrowed.

Four hundred and sixty-four millions in the French Revolutionary War, from February 1, 1793, to the peace of Amiens, 1802. Two hundred millions borrowed.

And one thousand one hundred and fifty nine millions in the BONAPARTE War, from April, 1803, to June 18, 1815. Three hundred and eighty-eight millions borrowed, and seven hundred and seventy-one millions raised by taxes.

With those facts and "hard times," before them—with an actual outlay already of more than twenty-seven millions, and a prospect, according to the estimates of the London *Times*, of a further outlay of forty millions before next Spring, it is a matter of deep and overwhelming anxiety to the *people* of England—they who labor for little to pay much—whether taxation is not tyranny under the circumstances—whether they should persist in an alliance with the nephew who boasts the principles of that uncle, to destroy whom, more than one thousand millions were expended—millions of taxes—ground out of their fathers, and loans to pay the interest on which they, themselves, are ground and taxed to day—or whether the costs of the war should not be curtailed by ending it.

The London *Times* chronicles the popular dissatisfaction and gives the annexed table showing the excess of the costs over the estimates produced last Spring.

	Original Estimates.	Actual Charges.	Estimates for
	1854-'5	**1854-'5**	**1855-'6**
Army	£6,287,486	£7,167 453	£18 721,158
Navy	7,487 948	10,417 3 9	10 7 6,332
Ordnance	3,845,878	5 986 6 2	7.8 '8 04
Transport (including navy)		8,582 474	8,181,465
Totals	£17,621,312	£27,153,931	£37,4-7,003

In London a boundless field was open before her. If any passion was stronger than all others in her ardent mind, it was the love of display. She was ever looking for new conquests, and ever living on the exquisite pleasure of outdoing in every thing those with whom she associated. Edinburgh was large, but London was larger. Here I shall find a wide

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From these figures, we think, may be drawn conclusions of no small weight. It appears that we entered upon the business of war this time last year with the idea that seventeen millions, upon the war estimates generally, would suffice for the ends in view; that these seventeen were made twenty seven before the twelvemonth was out; and that now, though at this time last year the first division of our expeditionary army had but just left England, the amount is already raised to thirty seven. If we look a little more closely at the sums above given, we shall see that the charges for the army and ordnance have in each case been more than doubled—that the cost of the navy has been increased by almost fifty per cent, and that a new charge—viz.; that for the transport service—has acquired an independent form, with dimensions almost equal to those of the whole naval estimates two or three years ago. Altogether we shall certainly not be likely to exaggerate the case if we set the total expenditure upon the war estimates for 1855-6 at forty millions—in other words, at something like two-thirds of the entire revenue of the State.

These are formidable figures; and *the people* of England may certainly be excused for becoming uneasy as to the probable result. The English Government cannot afford to increase much further the taxation of her subjects. The times are not favorable for such experiments on popular endurance.

The following is from the same paper:

The English Parliament discussed and accepted the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The chief points were as follows:—The existing taxes will produce £61,339,000, and the public necessities amount to £86,339,000, for the following purposes:—Charge for the debt (including the present loan,) £27,974,000; for the army, £16,214,177; a vote of credit for do., £3,000,000; for the navy, £16,665,142; for the ordnance, £7,808,042; for the civil service, £601,500 for Sardinian loan, £1,000,000; on consolidated fund amount, £1,750,000; to replace Savings Bank stock, 1,000,000, margin for contingencies, £4,490,000—Total, £86,339,661. The deficiency is £25,000,000, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer purposes to supply it from the following sources:—3s. additional duty per cwt. on sugar, estimated to yield £1,200,000; 1d per lb. do., on coffee, £150,000; 5d. per lb. do. on tea, £770,000; 1s. 10d. additional tax on Scotch spirits, and 2s. do. on Irish spirits, £1,000,000; £1 per cent additional on income tax, £2,000,000; 1d. on bankers' cheques, £.000,000—Total, £5 000,000 .... Messrs Rothschild had taken the new English loan of £16,000,000, upon a basis valuing consols at 90, viz:—at £100 in consols, and 14s. 6d. in the shape of annuity, terminable in thirty years.

field, and congenial spirits. The contest will be severe, but victory will be mine. There are proud spirits that shall be humbled, or I shall fail of the success that has heretofore attended all my efforts. One or two persons may prolong the struggle, but if I cannot rise above them in London, other scenes may call them from the circles in which my supremacy shall be undisputed. I know the elements on which lofty claims are founded. I know the power of wealth, beauty, intellect. I know what fascination is; there is a power to which all yield. There is a power that shall elevate till Ambition has no more to ask.

Mr. Rogers was constantly at his office, and Mrs. Rogers was the manager of a house equal in splendor to any in London. Can there be any pleasure equal to the excitement of balls and parties in this great city?

I will enjoy life! I will have music, dancing, plays, operas, concerts! I will have men of brilliant talents. I will have men of soul-stirring genius. I will have the most gay and brilliant that London can display to the admiring world. I will have all who can add charms to society—brilliant and intellectual—and of which I am the acknowledged centre. Talk not to me of domestic claims! Of the poor! Of charity, in any of its offensive forms. Leave these to the dull advocates of a virtuous life. I am no hypocrite! I pretend to no virtue! Life! A glorious, brilliant life! is the life for me! I shall seek enjoyment in life's gayest scenes. One constant scene of enjoyment shall fill every hour.

I will have a party. But I shall invite none but Countesses, Duchesses, Dukes, Earls, Barons, Viscounts—and none without a title will be admitted. I may invite a few literary persons. I have not returned half my calls, and I will not invite them at this time, said Mrs. Rogers.

How large a party do you intend to invite? asked Lady Bolinbrook.

I shall not limit the number—there may be three, four, six, or eight hundred persons, said Mrs. Rogers.

Does your personal acquaintance include so many? asked Lady Bolinbrook.

What if it does not? Can I not give my cards to my friends for distribution? I shall fill my house, and that you know is one of the largest in London. The Duke and Duchess of Marlboro, Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Lord Grosvenor, have engaged themselves, and now I am sure of having all whom I may please to invite. Who can you invite that I am not personally acquainted with? Can you invite the Royal Dukes? I must have them! Without them I cannot say that my party is the most splendid of the season. I do not intend that any Countess shall have a party more fashionable than mine, said Mrs. Rogers.

The Duke of Marlboro is one of the most venerable of the English nobility.

The Duke of Devonshire has an income of $2,500,000, and at Chatsworth Hall he has given parties that cost more than any Sovereign ever gave.*

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*The inequalities of fortunes in England is an interesting chapter Great as are these inequalities in the United States, they are infinitely greater in England. Viscount Canning, has recently been appointed governor of India, with a salary of 800,000 dollars; Canning is cousin to the Duke of Portland, brother-in law to the Duke of Clanricarde; and married the daughter of Lord Stuart De Rosbay. His wife is a lady of the Queen's bedchamber. George Canning, the eminent Statesman and Orator, and father of the present Viscount, commenced life penniless, but in 1799 he married Jean Scott, whose dowry was more than one million of dollars. Miss Scott was the daughter of General Scott of Balone, and nearly related to the Ducal house of Buccleugh.

The general left those daughters one million each, on the condition, that they should marry a commoner.

Strangely enough, all of them became peeresses! one married the Duke of Portland, another Lord Doune and the youngest George Canning. The testamental penalty imposed by the father was never enforced.

Lord Grosvenor, on the rural banks of the Dee at Eaton Hall, has given entertainments to the Kings and Queens of half Europe. His income is one million of dollars annually.

The third sister who married a commoner, re-bestowed on her two sisters the two millions that fell to her.

Parliament admired her devotion to her sisters, and raised her to an equality with them by creating her a countess in her own right

With the title of countess she received a pension of fifteen thousand dollars, which at her death was the inheritance of the present Viscount.

The profits of office in various ways, are in England supposed to be equal to the salary, and estimated on this basis, the Viscount's yearly income will be one million dollars.

The yearly salary of the Queen of England, is three millions of dollars, and Albert has half a million for various offices.

As a contrast to these English salaries, they have numerous instances of abject property succeeding boundless wealth.

We copy the following from the Mercantile Guide, and Family Journal.

There is a family in humble circumstances as Ketterin2, bearing the ancient royal name of PLANTAGENET, though now it is commonly corrupted into PLANT, we suppose for the sake of brevity. There is also living in the town the widow of a baronet, who earns a precarious livelihood at washing and charing. She is sometimes facetiously called "My Lady." Her late husband's grandfather, Sir JOHN NORWICH, lost a large estate through life and was afterwards pensioned by the Duke of MONTAGUE, and his son, the last Sir JOHN, was so poor that he died in the parish workhouse, leaving nothing but the barren title to the late WILLIAM NORWICH, who followed the humble occupation of a sawyer. His son, the present Sir. WILLIAM, emigrated some years since to America, where it is said he is doing well.

The widow of the late Admiral BOXER is now suffering from a most dire accumulation of misfortunes; the first of these was the death from cholera of her nephew, at Balaklava. This was followed by the decease from the same cause, of her husband. The next intelligence she received was to the effect that her house in the country had been burnt to the ground. Scarcely had she been made acquainted with this fact, when the failure of Messrs. Strahan's bank deprived her of an amount of not less than thirty thousand pounds; and to crown all her misery, she has now a son before Sebastopol, who, it is expected, cannot long survive.

The Queen has invited the widow to occupy, for the present, one of her palaces.

The salaries of the British executive government officers stood as follows on this day;—Queen, royal family and appurtenances, £699,165. The Cabinet—First Lord of the Treasury, £5,000; Chancellor of the Exchequer, £5,000; Home Secretary, £5,000; Foreign Secretary, L5,000; Colonial Secretary, L5,000; Secretary at-War, L2,480; First Lord of the Admiralty, L4,500; Lord Chancellor (including his salary as Speaker of the House of Lords), L14,000; Lord President of the Council, L2,000; Lord Privy Seal, L2,000; Chancelor of the Duchy of Lancaster, L4,000; Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, L2,000; President of the Board of Trade, L5,000; Postmaster General, L2,5000; President of the Board of Control, L3,500..... The directors of the Catholic University of Ireland published the following statement of accounts:—That institution has already obtained funds amounting to above L58,000, of which L27,600 was contributed in Ireland, L4,100 in England and Scotland, and L16 200 in the United States of America. Of this amount nearly L47,000 is lodged in government stock and other funds.

I can invite the Royal Dukes, and seventy-five or a hundred of the oldest families of the nobility, said Lady Bolinbrook.

Who will they be? asked Mrs. Rogers.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyle, Lord and Lady Mawbry, Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Parr.

The Duke of Sutherland is a direct descendant from Henry VII. His illustrious ancestors were the Duke of Suffolk, Earl of Cumberland, Earl Derby, Earl of Bridgwater, Duke of Bolton, Duke of Bedford, Marquis of Stafford, Duke of Kingston, and more than twenty others of the highest nobility.

Thomas Parr, I will invite. He bears the ancient coat of arms of the Parrs of Kendall, and in an escutcheon, the arms of Waller in right of his wife Katherine, daughter and coheir of the late Robert Waller, Esq. in the R. N. The Parrs of Lithwood descend from the younger branch of the family of Parrs of Kendall, whose representative Henry VIII. was Parr, the celebrated Marquis of Northampton, brother of Queen Katherine Parr. I shall invite no person without consulting Burke's Heraldic Illustrations, said Lady Bolinbrook.

Lady Bolinbrook, will you call with me on Lady McAlister? She is a connection of mine by the Bruces, said Mrs. Rogers.

Tell me in what way, said Lady Bolinbrook.

Charles Somerville McAlister Leupp, commandant of the first Regiment of Ayrshire militia, deputy lieutenant of the county, chief of clan Alister of Kentyre, claims to represent the most ancient Lord of the Isles as true descendant and heir male of Alexander Alister, eldest son of Agnes Mor, Lord of the Isles of Kentyre, son of Robert Bruce, who died A. D. 1284.

Alexander acquired a considerable addition to his territories by marriage with one of the daughters and heiress of Edwin de Ergdid; but having espoused the cause of Baliol in opposition to the claims of Bruce, he was finally subdued by

the King, imprisoned in Dundonald Castle, and his possessions bestowed on his brother Angus Og, who had from the first supported the cause of Bruce.

The present Lord bears a quartered coat by first, and fourth McAlister ancient, second McAlister modern, third Somerville.

Now turn your eye, and you will see that his coat of arms is the same as mine hanging on that wall. There is not the slightest variation! This will satisfy you and the nobility, I hope, that I stand in no respect below the highest peeress in England, said Mrs. Rogers.

Mr. Rogers, I will engage to fill your house with the highest nobility. Did any of the Leupps settle in America, and found a wealthy family? asked Lady Bolinbrook.

One of them did remove to America, and the descendants at New York are among their most wealthy and most liberal patrons of the fine arts, and possess the most correct taste of any amateurs in any country. Can you invite the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and the Fitzwilliams, and the Duke of St. Albans? The Duke of St. Albans and the Fitzwilliams belong to the nobility, but they are descendants of the famous actress, Nell Gwynne, who was one of the four left-handed wives of that miserable Catholic Charles the Second. You can see the pictures of the four now in the Palace of St. James. They reflect a disgrace upon their age, the nation, and their religion. But what do I care for that? The rigidly virtuous ladies of these pious times would not enter a room where they were, but you are not so troubled with strait-laced virtue. For my part I intend to bid defiance to public sentiment. I do not care whom I admit nor what may be said by the censorious, said Mrs. Rogers.

I always prefer to consult public sentiment in all these matters of taste. I do think the world is a very little better than it was in the time of Charles the Second. Ladies you know

were never guilty of doing any thing so vulgar as to visit with their own husbands; every woman had her own Catholic attendant. A Catholic age was an age of great demoralization. I shall fill your house with the oldest nobility, said Lady Bolinbrook.

I wish to make a single remark to you in confidence. I have met in all the balls and parties that I have attended, two girls who by their talents and the position that they occupy, annoy me exceedingly, said Mrs. Rogers.

Who are they? asked Lady Bolinbrook.

One is Miss Mitford, daughter of Sir Hubert Mitford, the richest banker in London. The other is Eugenia, the daughter of the Spanish minister, whose wealth is beyond any possible estimate. These girls are the most popular and the most annoying to me of any in London. It cannot be denied that they are the centre around which revolve the most brilliant circle of our brilliant city. Can they be disposed of? asked Mrs. Rogers.

Disposed of! What do you mean by that question? asked Lady Bolinbrook.

Disposed of? That is married, said Mrs. Rogers.

Then marrying you call disposing of girls, do you? asked Lady Bolinbrook.

Certainly; it is getting rid of them and placing them out of the way. The immense wealth of the parents of these girls brings around them numerous suitors, but they are all rejected. These girls are romantic, and say they will select their own lovers, and run away with them if opposed by their parents. Now I wish to have them introduced at my party, and at the other parties at which we meet, to young men without property, but of the highest personal attractions. I cannot think of their marrying men of great wealth, for they would still be in my way, said Mrs. Rogers.

This is delicate business; but the high regard that I feel

for you will induce me to do all that I can to oblige you. The influence that I may exert will depend entirely on my own views, and the only condition on which I shall consent to act in this delicate matter, is that you shall leave me entirely free. I do know two or three young men of great eminence in the fashionable world, who are without property, and will invite them to your party, where we will discuss this business again, said Lady Bolinbrook.

Cards were distributed. The excitement in the upper circles of London was never greater. The evening was placed at so distant a date as to secure a prior invitation to every family of high pretensions. Those who were not invited were variously affected: some contemplated a social war—some were deeply mortified—some sought the intercession of friends, and did not hesitate to set forth their high claims to the first rank. War, open, undisguised war, in some of the cliques, is the never failing result of the appearance of any new aspirant to fame and fashion at the west end of London.

The night arrived. The carriages with four and six horses and powdered footmen in livery, were setting down the gay company. Such a gay scene had not been displayed in London for many years.

Among others there were present the Duke and Duchess of Marlboro, Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Grosvenor, Duke and Duchess of Argyle, Royal Duke of Clarence and three brothers, Lord and Lady Mowbray, Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Parr, Duke of Albans, the Spanish minister and his daughter Eugneia, General McDonald, Rev. Mr. Wiseman, Rev. Mr. Newman, Bishop Heber, Lord Byron, Pitt, Burke, Dr. Robinson, Hartlay of the cabinet, Sir Wm. Jones, Lord and Lady Bolinbrook, Mr. Mitford, Miss Mitford, Mr. Wiggin, Lord Ashburton, Dr. McNevin, Lord Fitzgerald, O'Connor, Emmet, Mr. Pinckney, J. Q. Adams.

The nobility were constantly giving large parties; but more

frequently levees which were attended with less ceremony, and were more agreeable to the taste of the literary part of the circle. To the levees an invitation was personally given, but to the parties cards were invariably distributed.

General McDonald will you allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Rogers? The Gen. commands the Scotch Grays, and we feel a deep interest in everything Scotch, said Lady Bolinbrook.

General McDonald I am pleased to see you at my house; I shall depend on cultivating your acquaintance. You know, I suppose, that I am Scotch. I am sure I ought to like my own countrymen, said Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Rogers, who is that gay girl in conversation with that reverend gentleman? asked General McDonald.

That is Eugenia, daughter of the Spanish minister; she is only sixteen, and is as gay a girl as you ever saw. She talks that most musical of all languages, the Spanish, and she talks English, at least as well as we Scotch, and is the most fascinating creature you ever saw. I shall introduce you when you are both disengaged. She is related to the Queen, and to the richest nobles in Spain; and you know that since the conquest of Mexico, the Spanish nobility have been the richest in the world. Her father owns the Valincona mines of Mexico. Her grandfather was a Spaniard who visited Mexico, in early life, and acquired an immense fortune; his name was Obrigon. He begged and borrowed, and toiled incessantly, for eleven years, till he came at length upon the great vein which for years yielded two and one half million of dollars annually. There is not a family in Europe of higher pretensions to wealth and talent, and she is an only daughter, said Mrs. Rogers, as she turned from the general and was joined by the Duke of St. Albans.

Mrs. Rogers, what is the name of that lovely girl in conversation with your husband, asked the Duke of St. Albans.

That is Miss Mitford, the daughter of Sir Herbert Mitford, the rich banker. She is a great favorite of mine, and beside all other qualities is a great scholar and will be a literary genius. Her father is the government banker, and probably the richest banker in England. I shall introduce you to her, said Mrs. Rogers.

I shall consider it a great favor if you will, said the Duke.

Miss Mitford I will introduce you to the Duke of St. Albans, said Mrs. Rogers.

The Duke bowed gracefully.

Miss Mitford, I am informed by Mrs. Rogers that you are a great reader, said the Duke.

Then Mrs. Rogers has misled you, for I am not a great reader. I do read. Some authors I am fond of reading, said Miss Mitford.

History I suppose is your favorite study, said the Duke.

I am fond of poetry. I read Milton, Shakespeare, and Homer, said Miss Mitford.

What translation of Homer do you prefer, Pope's or Cowper's? asked the Duke.

I do not read either, I prefer the original, said Miss Mitford.

Do you ever read Dryden? I regard him as the founder of our poetry, said the Duke.

I do not regard him as any such thing—and if I were to, I would not read a word that he ever wrote, said Miss Mitford.

What is your objection to a writer of such eminence? I think it was Addison who said that if we would command the most beautiful style, we must give our days and nights to Dryden, said the Duke.

Dryden wrote the Hind and the Panther, and that is enough for me to condemn him, said Miss Mitford.

I know he did, but he also wrote a great many other poetic works; he certainly was regarded as the pioneer of our poetry, said the Duke.

He may have been the pioneer, but I will never read any of his works. This contest between Catholics and Protestants has been warm enough without the aid of poetic fiction, to set on fire all the worst passions of the human heart, said Miss Mitford.

Do you think that Dryden commenced that celebrated poem with a desire to make proselytes to Popery? asked the Duke.

I do not *think* any thing—I *know*. He was a Protestant—an open, professed Protestant—up to the time that he commenced that poem, and he was well rewarded for his performance. No proselyte to a new religion ever made so good a bargain. But, my Lord, I am no sectarian; and if I were, this is no place to discuss religion or politics. At my father's house I shall not hesitate to defend my faith from the attacks of Catholics or infidels, but at this moment I have other matters of deeper interest to discuss, said Miss Mitford.

I shall be pleased to discuss any subject with you, Miss Mitford; but you know my connections were Catholics, and I have a profound respect for the religion in which they lived and died. I may, however, change my views. You have alluded to other business: is it of a nature that I can be intrusted to participate in it? asked the Duke.

You certainly can aid me, if you are so disposed. Some years ago I called at a house in which I had been informed were then living two boys and one girl, in a destitute condition. I took charge of the girl, and obtained for the boys the kind care of a friend. The girl is now fourteen years of age, and has been taught by myself alone: she is an unusually good scholar, and as lovely a girl as ever lived. My father, you know, is rich, but I am not willing to ask for all the money that her necessities demand, and I resolved to write a play and have it performed before our friends only. You will excuse my introducing this to you so abruptly, but you know that you stand god-father for all plans of benevolence.

What do you say? will you take a part in my new play? asked Miss Mitford.

With all my heart, said the Duke.

I have exerted myself to portray the passions, and am impatient to hear the opinion of my friends, as to my success. I know Mr. Gifford will not approve of any play that I can write, but I look to you for a candid criticism, said Miss Mitford.

Miss Mitford, I am pleased to do anything that charity suggests, and still more pleased to do what you may desire. What play have you written? Is it tragedy, or comedy, historical or one of imagination? Is the scene in England, or on the Continent? asked the Duke.

I have written a play that I call Rienzi, and I have another nearly written, called Julian. Here is a copy of Rienzi. Will you be prepared on Wednesday evening next, at my father's house? asked Miss Mitford.

I will, said the Duke.

I do admire the drama! I envy those men of genius who have created perfect impersonations of all the sentiments, all the passions, and all the virtues of a beautiful life. How glorious it must be to those who have the power, to give to every virtue a local habitation, and to invest the form with a life that shall charm the world of intellect. But few can look deep into the human heart, and see its secret springs of action. But few can look high enough to gaze on perfect images of Heavenly goodness. But few can glance from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven, and body forth the perfect image of a god-like creation, said Miss Mitford.

You will excuse me, Miss Mitford, but I do think your genius, your enthusiasm, are to do honor to our literature. May it not be that you will give to your country works of genius, that will be read three centuries hence, as plays are now read and performed that were written three hundred

years ago. I may be singular, but I do not admit that any effort of the intellect was ever made that will not be frequently equalled, and occasionally surpassed. The world is progressive. Veneration for antiquity is fast wearing out. There is not a name, however venerated, that will not be thrown into the shade by the intellect of this and the coming age. Boys will teach astronomy, the sublimity of which is not now comprehended by our greatest intellects. Some person will arise to dispute with Newton the claim to inspiration. Language, under some man of great genius, will receive a polish and a perfection of which the ancient languages could not boast. Poetry written by some future poets, will charm the imagination with increased power.

History written by some future historian, and biography by genius surpassing all ancient writers, will show the vast capacity of a language enriched by several arts, inventions, and discoveries of which Catholic ages never would have formed a conception. Some eminent American will arise to guide, by his wisdom, a nation to wealth and to greatness, on which the sovereigns of Europe will look with profound admiration. Steam, magnetism, and electricity, will change the fate of the world. Who can say that some ingenious American will not by the aid of science enable us to hear from that place, called the United States, the land of Washington, in twenty-four hours? Any thing is possible with those scientific men. Who knows that some benefactor of the world in that land of genius, and of virtue, shall not discover an antidote for all the pains that are not self inflicted? Some mechanic, surpassing all others in the old and new world, may invent a printing press and dispense with the lever, then we can print as fast as thought can conceive, or the lips of eloquence can utter. An intellectual man will then live longer in twenty years, than our old philosophic sages lived in a life time. Nothing will then be worth reading, or referring to, that is more than

twenty years old. A man of the past ages and his works, will command no more respect than Catholic saints, and will be thrown with them among the lumber of a forgotten and a useless age. The infancy of the races was passed in ignorance, and the mind was incapable of comprehending the great purpose for which it was created, said the Duke.

I agree with you. There is no limit to the far seeing eye of science. It grasps the knowledge of all worlds, and renders the voice of the Deity intelligible to men. All the great men of the world will be found in a few years in that country that will expel by law, an obnoxious class of immoral and highly criminal men. The Greeks and Romans had a debasing mythology and with the Catholics had numerous Gods, to whom they paid divine honors and directed their prayers. Does not all the world regard this as idoltary? The Popes, like Joshua, commanded the world to stand still! The few scientific men who appeared in Catholic countries were burnt at the stake. More has been done within the last fifty years, than the whole Catholic world for all past time has accomplished. Twenty-five millions of people are now free from Catholic bondage, and to preserve their freedom will expel every dogma and every believer in a dogma. Who shall tell us that the revelations of science and virtue, may not satisfy an enlightened world that vice, sickness, suffering, despair and early death, are not natural evils, but are self inflicted? When dogmas, and the views with which they are associated are expelled, virtue and its blessings will, for the first time, be fairly tested. Some Peter the Hermit, or some Coeur de Lion, may preach a crusade that will awake the world against views no longer to be tolerated. The night of Catholic darkness is passed, and the priests no longer hold the minds of men in their own debasing ignorance, said Miss Mitford.

Light now breaks in to cheer, to enlighten, to charm the world

of intellect, and you shall lead us to great achievements, said the Duke as he turned from Miss Mitford.

The Reverend Mr. Wiseman approached Miss Mitford and bowed. Miss Mitford, Mrs. Rogers' party is much larger than any that I have attended this season. I suppose that your friends heard that you were to be here, said Mr. Wiseman.

I do not suppose any such thing. I do not suppose that they heard that either of us were to be here. But I do suppose that it was a matter of deeper interest to the charitable and the good, said Miss Mitford.

What was it, Miss Mitford? asked Mr. Wiseman.

You know, Mr. Wiseman, that there are two classes of people in the world, the liberal and the selfish. If you ask of the public time and money for the good of others, one class will respond to your call, the other will spend their last dollar in frivolous amusements, but will give you nothing. You, Mr. Wiseman, are a preacher of the gospel; if you wish to assist a charitable object do you not feel compelled to start some meeting, some lecture, some exhibition, some opera, or play, to accomplish your object? You do not find the world to give for charity alone to any extent, do you? asked Miss Mitford.

I do not; but I do not on that account pronounce the world selfish; it is creditable to our nature that they respond to the calls of charity in any shape in which it may be presented. I know why Mrs. Rogers' friends are here in such large numbers, but your personal friends outnumber them. Among your friends I see many of the most talented, and most charitable; and among hers I see all the most wealthy nobility, said Mr. Wiseman.

You know that for years I have had under my charge a girl whom you have heard me call Vic. You know that I have educated her. Her necessities at this moment call for

more money than I have in my purse, and I propose to replenish it by performing my play of Rienzi. I have notified my personal friends of this circumstance, and have asked some of them to take parts. The Duke of St. Albans has responded to my call, and I expect Eugenia, Mrs. Opie, Lady Alice Spencer, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, and Ida Byron and others, to take parts. Vic is a lovely girl, and is talented and will be a beauty. I cannot but feel a strong desire to see her successful; she may yet equal her mother and reflect credit on us all. You will I know assist us. I have not forgotten that you are a minister, but we are doing a good act are we not? asked Miss Mitford.

Miss Mitford, can you ask me to perform a part in a play? Amateur you call it, but it is still a play. I am a minister you know, and I cannot do it without severe censure from the world! I should have been pleased to comply with any request, Emily, that was consistent with my sacred calling. But do you think that I could escape the censure of the prying, inquisitive, and faultfinding world? asked Mr. Wiseman.

I think nothing about it! It is for your own feelings to determine what you shall do. You will oblige me, Mr. Wiseman, by calling me Miss Mitford and not Emily, said Miss Mitford.

I beg your pardon, Miss Mitford, but I did think from the confidential nature of our friendship, it might be agreeable to you to be called Emily, said Mr. Wiseman.

Mr. Wiseman, ministers are a very peculiar class of men; they should have for wives very pious women, and rather pliable ones too. Now I do not know what you mean, or what you wish me to understand by calling me Emily; but if you think that I shall admit of any advances of a lover in the Rev. Mr. Wiseman, you are very much mistaken, said Miss Mitford.

You distress me, I have been deceived——

No, never, Mr. Wiseman, you have not been deceived, said Miss Mitford.

Have I been deceived by my own affections, and have I fallen into this error? asked Mr. Wiseman.

That is your own fault if you have. I never deceived you, nor any other person. I will deceive no person in so serious an affair. This decision will affect the happiness of others as well as ourselves. That you have been received at my father's house I admit, your sacred calling should admit you anywhere. That your religious views are agreeable to my parents or myself, I do not admit. There are sentiments entertained by some that are not manfully expressed. Sentiments long professed are sometimes changed. The world is fickle—men change. The mind wanders in the labyrinth of uncertainty, and is constantly proclaiming that new light has burst in upon a doubtful question. Religion is a sentiment beyond all others in importance to me. I believe that my happiness here and hereafter are intimately connected with the professions that I have made, and the friendships that I may form, said Miss Mitford.

Miss Mitford, you could not have been in doubt as to my feelings. I could not have concealed them. I was no actor. I was an honest worshiper at a shrine that I adored. I did feel that affection was a holy flame, and that lighted here on the altar of love would burn brighter and brighter through all time. That I do love you, that I must ever love you, I have the witness of my own heart. We were children together. The happiest moments of my life were those stolen from home and passed with you. Must I give them up forever? I was not prepared for such a thought. Recall, O Miss Mitford, do recall those words! My life has been a life of sorrow, unrelieved by a single joy. My parents died before their features were fixed on this heart of mine. I had no brother, and no sister's love ever soothed this aching heart! At my uncle's

house I was nurtured, and owed to him the education that I hoped would reflect honor on his name. But an error of my life, to which I cannot now allude, drove me from a home most dear to me! I am now alone! I have not a relation in the world that owns me! I have not a friend on whose sympathy I can repose! I had one last hope, a glorious hope, that pointed to happiness. It is gone now! I need not tell you that I was not prepared for this! You knew the strength of that sentiment which ever drew me to your father's house. Our early walks, our noonday rambles, the flowers we gathered—I cannot forget them! Your music, the gay dance, the gardens, the summer-house where we read and conversed—must I never more enjoy them? Your letters, your poems and recitations, those evidences of genius to a responsive heart! Our souls, I thought, were to own a common origin—to live, to die, and to live again, united to Him who knows no change. That this sentiment was reciprocated, I did fondly believe. I can never forget the pleasant hours passed in your society! Say this sentiment was reciprocated once! Then will I charge to fate this unfortunate—may I not say hasty word? O do, Miss Mitford, do recall that one word before I leave you! asked Mr. Wiseman.

Mr. Wiseman, I am writing a play—and I have already written one—and I am to perform a part for the benefit of Vic. Now what assurance have you that I may not yet appear upon the stage? asked Miss Mitford.

Miss Mitford, you would not go upon the stage to gratify a passion for display! You can show a surpassing genius in more quiet scenes of joyous, happy domestic life. All would love to follow you in virtue's paths. Your father is wealthy, and you the whole world calls talented. Gifts like yours would be better rewarded, and shed a brighter charm over any other life. You cannot think of the stage, said Mr. Wiseman.

My talents are just such as Providence gave me—but if my father should by any of the accidents that overtake so many lose his fortune, do you think I would not go upon the stage? I would go to-morrow. But I have an apprehension that weighs more deeply on my mind, said Miss Mitford.

What is it, Miss Mitford? asked Mr. Wiseman.

I have already intimated the nature of it, said Miss Mitford.

I do not comprehend you. Do you doubt my affection for you? asked Mr. Wiseman.

I believe that you are a Catholic, and that you are deceiving us. I did not intend to use such language, but you are determined to comprehend no other. I do not believe that you are an honest man! I am sorry to be compelled to speak in such a decided manner, but you have drawn the acknowledgment from me, said Miss Mitford.

Miss Mitford, suppose I should take a part in your play for the benefit of Vic—will it afford you any gratification? asked Mr. Wiseman.

Not the least, Mr. Wiseman. I would not permit it on any condition. Our friendship is at an end, and you will oblige me by treating me as you treat all others, said Miss Mitford, and turned toward Mrs. Rogers.

On looking near the corner of the room, Miss Mitford discovered General McDonald in conversation with Eugenia, and approached them.

What do you think I have said to the General? asked Eugenia.

I suppose you have been telling him that you cannot understand our uncouth language. It is not so musical as your Spanish, said Miss Mitford.

I have been inviting him to visit Madrid! Madrid, you know, is a lovely place. We have an Italian sky, a tropical sun, and the fruit of all the world. It is the only spot on earth where every thing seems made for enjoyment. The very

senses seem to partake of the refinement around us, and we enjoy a luxurious repose, said Eugenia.

My regiment will for one year be stationed at Gibraltar, and I shall do myself the honor to call on you at Madrid. You have alluded to your beloved Madrid. Could you be induced by any circumstance to exchange Madrid for London? asked the General.

O, if father should remove to London, and if we should be settled here, I could pass my summers in London and my winters in Madrid very pleasantly. I have formed some very pleasant friendships in London. I shall regret leaving some ladies, and possibly some few, very few gentlemen, said Eugenia.

There are some very talented young Spanish noblemen attached to your father's Embassy. Do they return with you? asked the General.

I have never asked them, and I never shall. I do not think that I like my own countrymen very well—I do not like them as well as I did once. I have seen one I could like. Miss Mitford, you will undoubtedly visit the continent—will you visit me? asked Eugenia.

Shall I go alone? I have no brother, said Miss Mitford.

I know the man with whom you will some day visit, not Madrid only, but all the gay scenes, the brilliant courts, and the romantic spots that attract the most refined, said Eugenia, as she turned to join Mr. Rogers.

My Lord, some years ago the Duke of Orleans wrote me from Paris, and asked of me the performance of a singular service. He stated that with his two sons, the Duke of Chartres and the Duke of Montpensier, then quite young, and under the care of Madame de Genlis, he had decided to take an English girl of equal age, and educate them together. The Duke you know was the richest man in Europe, and the brother of Louis XVI. now on the revolutionary throne of France.

I mentioned his singular request to my friend Sir William Rivers, the brother of Lord Rivers, and his daughter, Pamela Rivers, was sent to Madame de Genlis. While at school with the young princes, the Duke settled on her a large fortune, and she is now visiting London. Pamela is regarded in Paris as the handsomest girl in France, and her fortune is immense. She will probably visit Lord Ashburton, said Mr. Rogers.

The fame of Miss Rivers preceded her, and more than one person is anxious for an interview, said Lord Fitzgerald.

My Lord, there is a rumor that I wish you to contradict. Some envious persons have connected her visit to London with the movement in Ireland, which is giving us so much anxiety. I well know that Miss Rivers has no such mission, and you will oblige me by correcting this report, said Mr. Rogers.

I shall certainly seek an interview, and learn the object of a visit from a personage of her distinction, said Lord Fitzgerald, as he withdrew.

Lady Grosvenor, my son Nicholas, you know, has a great taste for traveling, and he is now contemplating a voyage to America. What do you think of that country? Is the government a permanent one, or will they have a revolution, like France? Has civilization made any progress since we acknowledged their independence? asked the Duchess of Devonshire.

I have heard very favorable accounts from the United States. They already have colleges, and learning is making some progress, but the Catholics will undoubtedly be the majority, and will oppose all progress. My husband is sending all his tenants at his own expense, and is pleased to get them out of the way before we have any more difficulty—he is evidently alarmed. I should certainly send my son to New York if I had one of the age of your Nicholas, particularly if he were inclined to extravagant habits. In the United States I

am told the people all work, and form those habits that lead to self-elevation, said Lady Grosvenor.

Edward, you know, is not so careful of his money or his habits as the Duke his father thinks he should be: but as he will be the heir to half a million a year, as the oldest son, we can excuse him. Nicholas must rely upon his own talents; and to see him careless of his money, and neglecting the duties on which his prospects in after life are to depend, gives us some anxiety. He is now twenty-one years of age, and we shall give him a few thousands, and allow him to try his fortune in that country, which seems at present to be filling the minds of all Europe, said the Duchess.

Does he leave immediately? asked Lady Grosvenor.

He will leave in the packet ship Washington. This vessel has acquired great reputation as a sailor, her average passages being short of forty days. You do not think there is any danger of his falling into bad company in that temperate and virtuous country? I must admit to you in confidence, that he has committed some petty acts of impropriety which have deeply offended his father. If he could in that great country acquire habits of industry, and sustain a high character, it would reflect credit on us all, and would delight his father. His sisters feel for him a stronger attachment than for Edward. They oppose his leaving, but his father is willing to have him try his fortune abroad, and I shall not oppose my wishes to his, said the Duchess, as she withdrew.

Ladies and gentlemen, I am requested by Lord Ashburton to say that his friends are invited to his levee on Wednesday evening next, said Mr. Rogers,

CHAPTER II.

WEALTH WITHOUT POVERTY.

Ye Household Deities! whose guardian eye
Mark'd each pure thought, ere register'd on high;
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

ROGERS.

LORD ASHBURTON was a man of eminent talents, and great wealth. He commenced business with capital, and by his marriage with Miss Bingham, became the inheritor of immense landed property in the United States. In the house of Baring, Brothers, & Co., he acquired a large property as a banker and commission merchant, and was twice in the Cabinet. At his house had assembled nearly five hundred persons, among whom were many of the first men in London. Lord Ashburton's talents were acknowledged by the most eminent statesmen of England, and he was raised by their request to the peerage by George IV.

At his house he constantly entertained, with princely hospitality, a select circle who possessed the highest claims to talent and to wealth.

There were present this evening the following eminent per-

sons. Pitt, Sheridan, Burke, Romilly, Duke of Norfolk, Lord Liverpool, Dr. Herschel, Dr. Brewster, Dr. Buckland, Capt. Parry, Lord Minto, Lord Derby, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Miss Mitford, Lord Byron and daughter, Mr. Wiggin, Mr. Coutts, Sir Walter Scott, T. Moore, Emmett, O'Connor, McNevin, Mrs. Grant, Lady Morgan, Lord Jeffrey, Mr. Gifford, Rev. Sidney Smith, Mr. Chambers, Lord Brougham, Mr. Paley, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Curran, Mr. Peabody, Mr. Mitford, Col. Wellesly (afterward Lord Wellington) Lord Fitzgerald, and Miss Pamela Rivers.

Mr. Rogers advanced to Mr. Mitford, and offered him his hand.

Mr. Mitford, will you allow me a moment for private conversation with you? asked Mr. Rogers.

Certainly, said Mr. Mitford.

Mr. Mitford, how much of Samuel William's paper do you hold? asked Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Mitford looked confused!

It cannot be! You do not mean to intimate that there is any trouble with that eminent banking-house? said Mr. Mitford.

I have said nothing, and I hope he owes you nothing, said Mr. Rogers.

He owes me very largely!—very largely! What have you heard? asked Mr. Mitford.

I sold £50,000 of his paper yesterday, and I think I was fortunate. I did not own it all, but those who were part owners are highly pleased with the sale. Williams, you know, was originally from Boston, and has had the reputation of being worth two millions before he undertook to monopolize all the cotton of America. I do not say that he will not continue to pay a few days longer, but I have been told confidentially, that he is a lame duck, said Mr. Rogers.

Have you conversed with Mr. Williams? asked Mr. Mitford.

I have not, said Mr. Rogers.

Are you certain that he will fail? asked Mr. Mitford.

I have not the least doubt of it! I advise you as a friend to sell your paper to-morrow, whether the amount is large or small, said Mr. Rogers.

But how can I honestly sell my paper when you tell me that you know he will fail? asked Mr. Mitford.

What of that? All shrewd merchants sell their bad paper to some unsuspecting victim, and then laugh in his face at the ruin they have inflicted, said Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Rogers, I regard you as one of the richest bankers in London, and your integrity has never, I believe, been doubted; but I never yet acted on the sentiment that *you* have advanced, and I never will, said Mr. Mitford.

I will send you the shrewdest broker in London. He will satisfy you that all shrewd merchants do these things. He will in the first place go through the street, and pretend that he wants to purchase Williams' paper, and then he will offer to sell—and if the sale can be made in London, he will effect it; he will sell any one man enough to make him a lame duck, said Mr. Rogers.

I will not sell one pound to any man! It is not honest—and I do not want money obtained in that way, said Mr. Mitford.

Mr. Mitford, all that you may lose by Williams is nothing in your pocket. I hear that your partner, Mr. Overard of Paris, is making money faster than it was ever made by any other banker. My correspondent writes me that there never was such a money-making machine invented, as Overard has put in motion in Paris. He says that the stock has gone up every day for fifteen days, and that you and Overard will make millions of pounds, said Mr. Rogers.

I must admit, Mr. Rogers, that it promises to make us a few millions. I think we shall be very sure to make as much as we shall lose by Williams, said Mr. Mitford.

My letters say that the French Government have put into the Bank that whole territory in the United States called the Valley of the Mississippi, which is a country ten times as large as all England and France, and embraces the finest soil and climate in the world. This country is so large, that one stream, under two names, the Missouri and the Mississippi, runs 4,100 miles through the territory to the Atlantic ocean! This gigantic bank, or corporation, is enough to astonish any man. There can be no estimating the value of this stock. Mr. Mitford, your modesty has prevented your mentioning this great scheme to your friends, and I have repeated the substance of my letters to you before I mentioned it to my personal friends. I sincerely congratulate you, and I hope you will make five or ten millions, and you certainly will—if you sell out in season. All shrewd men use every stratagem to raise their stock in market—and when well inflated, they sell out, and divulge the fact that it has no value and never had. Having your company now completed, it may not be inconsistent with your interest, or feelings, to give me a sketch of this company, which seems destined to fill the world with astonishment, said Mr. Rogers.

My partner, Mr. Overard, is a man of eminent talents, and a mathematician of the highest order. He was born in Scotland, and his connections are wealthy. His plan of a joint-stock company was an original conception, and the boldest that ever came from the mind of any man. He first submitted it to our English financiers, but they were too dull to comprehend the immense advantages of the scheme, and the Government refused us a charter. Mr. Overard then repaired to Paris, and occupied one of the first hotels for six months. He had with him large sums to loan. He had wealth in bank, in

pocket, and at the *tables* of the highest circles. The members of the French cabinet were his constant associates; they occasionally wanted money, and he always had it. The Minister of Finance was his confidential associate, and to him the plan and details were submitted. By degrees Mr. Overard opened to the bankers and capitalists of Paris the scheme, the scope of which astonished all.

It was a bank, or joint-stock company, which was to have from the French Government a conveyance of every thing that the Government owned, and should give its own notes, both on time like a merchant, and on demand like a bank. Mr. Overard is Director-General. The name at first was—"The Company of the West," but as it received new grants, it twice changed its name.

The stock was divided into 600,000 shares at first, and afterward increased. The par value at first was five hundred livres each share, but the last issued were five thousand livres. The French Government, by different acts and at different times, conveyed to the company not only all the property owned by them, but farmed out to the Bank the taxes and the duties.

The import and export duties of France are collected by corporations, and not by collectors, as in the United States and in England. These corporations frequently advance three-fourths of the duties to Government, and charge interest and commissions. The Company of the West has contracted for the collection of nearly all the import and export duties—and that on tobacco is about one dollar for a pound, which costs in the United States ten cents.

The French Government have conveyed to the Bank all their soil in America, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The next was the Mint; and the next, the Bank of France. The next was the custom-house and the public buildings. The Company was to own all that France once

owned! Any person who subscribed for stock in the Western Company, had the privilege of paying in the old bonds of the government at par, which were selling for 160 livres, their par value being 500 livres. In this way of conducting the government business, the nation, as such, owed nothing and possessed nothing; the Company owes all that France owed, and has all the material that France once had.*

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* The most valuable grant from the French nation was the American soil. It comprized exactly the same territory that had always been claimed by France in America, but without precise limits, and under conflicting ownership. The earliest wars of America, were those that grew out of the attempt by France, to connect this Valley of the Mississippi with Canada by a chain of forts. It was in this war that we read the commencement of Washington's public life. The exact limits of the Territory were never fixed; and on that account, the American government, in their recent treaty with England, extended our limits over twice the soil that France ever claimed. France claimed New Orleans, and from the Gulf of Mexico, more than half-way to the Pacific: but in the treaty with England, negotiated by Webster, we claimed—and England finally allowed us, the soil from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; and from 49 degrees North, to Mexico. This soil would make 50 States as large as some of ours, and Nebraska and Kansas, large as they are, make but a small part of the whole.

Mrs. Gaines brought a suit against Mr. B. Chew of New Orleans, for a few acres in the centre of that city; and if she had recovered, they would have sold for as much as the United States gave for the whole valley, including the city of New Orleans! Mrs. Gaines could not prove that her parents were married, and for the want of that evidence lost $15,000,000! Mrs. Gaines' father, Mr. Clark, was an Irish Catholic. Painful consequences will always flow from Catholic institutions, and Catholic vices. The New Orleans papers of December 27, 1855, state that Mrs. Gaines has recovered one suit that day in the Highest Court of Louisiana. We hope she will recover in Washington also, where it must be finally decided, and where she once recovered a suit involving some of the points to be now decided.

Catholic France was so demoralized that Napoleon's Code gave to all the children a share of their father's property. A child by a married wife, received no more than the children born of numerous wives not married! Half-a-dozen children, by as many different wives, received an equal share of the father's property! By the same law, marriage was dissolved by either the husband or wife, without charges or specifications in any court. Divorce immediately became general, and the corruption of manners universal. More than one half the births are illegitimate! This law, like other iniquities, has found apologists, even in this virtuous country. In New Orleans, and in all Catholic Europe, Sunday is the day for excessive dissipation. All the theatres, all the gambling rooms are open. No person can believe that religion, as a sentiment, has any believers in such places.

It is a curious fact the old Federal Party opposed the purchase of this immense valley

The whole valley of the Mississippi was put into the stock company, without charge, and the value of it will some day be equal to the entire national debt of both France and England.

As might have been expected, the moment the stock was offered, and before the company was legally prepared to transact business, the stock commenced rising, and it reached sixty dollars for the cost of ten dollars. Overard, Abbe de Bois, and M. De Argenson, the two last cabinet ministers, managed the affairs of the company, without the control or partnership of the government. We have a report that there are gold and silver mines on the land, and we are this day offered 30,000 livres for every square league! If my partner, Mr. Overard, and the two other directors, should conclude to sell the soil, it will, at that rate, amount to a sum sufficient to pay off all the debts of all the governments of Europe!

The company, after disposing of the valley of the Mississippi, will have left all the material, which was considered equivalent to the assumption of all the debts of France. The Cabinet are released from all care of the finances and of the customs. A similar company was never formed, and may never again exist—but this is in full operation, and has the confidence of all the commercial world! Some of the French ministers and the large capitalists who did not embark early in our company, could not obtain stock at par. A jealousy

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and stigmatized Adams and Jefferson as the participators in the profits of an unwise purchase. Perfection is not the lot of humanity. While Jefferson was negotiating for the purchase of this soil, worth, at this moment, 4,000 millions of dollars; he opposed successfully the payment of 100 millions of government bonds with which the pockets of every patriot and soldier was filled. The holders of these bonds have recently applied to the New Court at Washington for the justice that has been constantly denied them for 50 years! It was in the negotiation for the purchase of the Valley of Mississippi, that Jefferson first uttered the remark, so often repeated by him and the patriots of this country, that he "wished there might be a wall of fire between Catholic Europe and this country." Europe, he said, should not own an acre of soil, nor send to this country, a Red Republican nor an Irish Patriot; both of whom he was certain, were sent here for their country's good.

was excited, a charter for a new company was obtained, and it commenced operations. The Cabinet ministers promised the new company a part of the business heretofore conducted by the Western Company. Mr. Overard was then instructed to purchase all the stock, and all the assets of the new company, and thus break down all competition. This union is of immense importance, and from this time it is to be called the Company of the Indies. The last grant of the French nation was the right to trade with the East and West Indies to the exclusion of all others. At this moment not a French vessel can enter from any port, except the vessels of the India Company. For the last extension of privileges, the company are to convey of the French government 50,000 shares of stock, at the value of 550 livres each. Mr. Overard writes me that 1000 livres for each share are freely offered for the whole issue.

On the 25th of July, the India Company agreed to furnish to the government 50 millions of livres, payable in instalments running fifteen months: and 50,000 shares were to be issued to balance the loan, the par value of which was 1,000 livres.

On the 27th of August our India Company contracted with the government to advance 3,500,000 livres, and to collect all the taxes of France till the advance should be repaid. In December 30,000 new shares were created, and valued at 5,000 livres each, making up the issue to the extent of the original charter, of 600,000 shares.

At this moment our Company is in the zenith of its success, and the shares are selling at 5,000 livres, the lowest cost being 500 livres.

When Mr. Overard arrives at the bank in the morning, he finds the street blocked up with the carriages of the noblemen, the carts of the country people, and the masses of the citizens, many of whom wait all day with the money, and cannot reach the counter or obtain stock. The cupidity excited by such a grand scheme of money-making has never been equaled. The

lawyer, the doctor, the minister, ladies, visitors from England, and from all Europe, are assembled at Paris, and it is one vast exchange. One of the largest hotels was sold to the bank for two and a half million francs, and converted into an exchange. A law was then passed that no sale of stock should be binding if not made in this exchange. Mr. Overard is treated with the respect due a prince, dining frequently with the king and the nobility, said Mr. Mitford.

Mr. Mitford, what will be the result of such a state of things? History has no parallel, and modern times have no lessons to guide the financier or the philosophical investigator. Do you not redeem any of your notes in specie? asked Mr. Rogers.

We do keep some specie on hand for the redemption of our small bills, but we could not redeem any large sums. So far we have had no demand for specie, and it lies useless in the vaults, said Mr. Mitford.

Mr. Mitford, suppose some accident should happen, by which a run should be caused, what consequences will follow? You have not enlightened us in this new banking system without specie. Could you sustain your bank one week after your credit was once doubted? asked Mr. Rogers.

We do not intend to have it doubted. Are not our resources large enough to sustain our credit? What have we to fear? Does not the world know that the bank is the whole nation, and are not the creditors the French people? Is it not doubly strong? said Mr. Mitford.

Mr. Mitford, are you familiar with the maxims of business? asked Mr. Rogers.

I do not know that I regard the world as all knaves—perhaps you do. Is that the maxim which you wish to know if I am familiar with? asked Mr. Mitford.

Mr. Mitford, there are a great many poor scoundrels in the world, but there are a great many more rich ones. The world

pretty generally regards corporations as contrivances for making money unrestricted by any principles of honesty. Our respectable men, who would not cheat in their own individual name, will cheat and rob if they can divide the responsibility between a dozen persons like themselves, and charge the whole crime to the corporation. No door to fraud was ever opened by legislation, that did not find hundreds of respectable men rushing in to cheat their neighbors. I have been in business forty years, and have learned that there is no security but in individual honesty and in individual judgment. I will undertake to demonstrate to a jury of twelve men, that more money has been lost by corporations than they have ever made. There is no advantage to individuals, or to nations, in these large accumulations of capital and business. Our English banking system, conducted by individuals furnishing their own solid capital, unassisted by paper expansion and by legislative favoritism, is the only solid basis of credit. Individuals can owe enough, and the community can lose enough by individuals not incorporated. If the facts could be made accessible, it would be found that the loss by corporations is twice as large as by individuals, compared with the business transacted by them. There is but one safe mode of trusting banking privileges to corporations, and that is to require ample security for every dollar issued. If the law-makers of the world had made this discovery when the trade of Europe first revived, the wealth of our European cities and their population would have been much greater than they now are. I am not a stockholder in any corporation in London, and there is not one in which I would invest one pound. These corporations are granted by knaves, and paid for by knaves, and managed by knaves, and the honest men who go into them come out knaves; and they will always be most abundant in countries where knaves and rogues are most abundant. France has twice repudiated her entire national debt, and refused to pay

her creditors one dollar, and America still refuses to pay a very large amount of her Continental money, a debt due to the very soldiers who won her independence, and which they or their descendants now hold as evidence of the ingratitude, not to say dishonesty of republics. The Government of the United States owes her own citizens eight millions, which were robbed from them by France, and paid for at twenty-five cents on the dollar, and a receipt given in full. The merchants have now no claim on France, and the American Government refuses to pay their merchants one dollar, said Mr. Rogers.

I have heard your charges, and am not a little surprised to find the world so dishonest. I may not be correct, but I did think that in some of your remarks there was an odor of individual censure. Am I to understand you as intimating that the corporation in which I have invested so much is of a doubtful character? asked Mr. Mitford.

Not at all—by no means; I meant my remarks should be general, and indicate an error of the times, and a mistake in legislation, which knaves would turn to great personal profit; and that there would be a great many rich knaves in this world, said Mr. Rogers.

I wish to say to you, Mr. Rogers, in that spirit of friendship which has always existed between us, that I can sell out my India stock to-morrow, and have more money than any sovereign in Europe, said Mr. Mitford.

I am pleased to hear you speak with so much confidence—and in the same spirit permit me to say, that I hope you will sell every pound, and invest in specie only! Within one year there will be a crash that will shake the foundation of half the banks and bankers in Europe. I have been applied to this day by the Chancellor for a Government loan of sixteen millions sterling. He says he will give four per cent., and

sell the stock at par, but I will not take the loan! Now you may have it, if you want it, said Mr. Rogers.

I have had the same offer, but I will not take but half. The Barings and Rothschilds have agreed to take one half between them—so that you may now consider the loan out of market, said Mr. Mitford.

Very well, very well, Mr. Mitford; if I do not purchase that stock for seventy-five per cent. of the cost, I will give you my banking-house, said Mr. Rogers as he walked away.

Mr. Mitford joined Lord Ashburton.

The loan is ours, my Lord! I have just been conversing with Mr. Rogers, and he has declined the new loan, and we of course have it. I think it will go up one or two per cent. to-morrow, said Mr. Mitford.

You say "we have the loan."—Did you intend to include our house, Baring Brothers, & Co. in the term "we"? asked Lord Ashburton.

I did, said Mr. Mitford.

I think you are too fast! I decline! My letters from Paris to-day are very dark—there is a panic arising. It has been ascertained that the specie in Paris has run down to five millions, and France is to be involved in a long and doubtful war. Napoleon, whom you know is one of the Robespierre party, and a Catholic, is making himself a leader of all the contending factions, and may yet be Emperor! A general European war will involve every Catholic State—and England, now Protestant, will have to oppose them all, and her own bonds may fall to forty-five per cent. of their par value. This Napoleon will control the Pope, and the aim of both will be the destruction of all the Protestant States.

All Europe would have been Protestant years ago, if the Pope had not been able to fight and destroy every individual, and every country, that has shown any liberal principles. Is there a man living, who believes a Catholic to be a better

Christian than a Protestant? If he does not, what opinion should he form of an institution, led by priests who are constantly asserting that a Protestant is an infidel and heretic, and cannot safely be allowed to worship in Catholic countries, or to be buried in a Catholic cemetery? No other denomination of Christians hold such narrow, offensive, and intolerant language. Should freemen in a free country allow an institution to be built up secretly, the object of which is to bind together a mass of beings to oppose free discussion, free institutions, and toleration? These men are constantly filling the minds of the young with the dogmas which must result in a deadly conflict, and possibly in the entire extinction of one party. They have schools by themselves, paid for by the hard earned money of the Protestants, and they have a Bible unlike the revelation of Christianity; and they have immoral priests without wives. The most miserable of the Catholics are now emigrating to the United States, and will soon throw their united vote for the demagogue who has raised, or may raise, in that free country, the standard of the Pope, or lead in those vices which they carry with them.

These ignorant creatures, led by knaves, excited by the worst passions, darkened by superstition, and all of them with a free vote in their hands, will lead any country to degradation, and ultimately to despotism. If the Catholics get a strong hold in the United States, freedom will have no existence but in the pages of their history. If the United States expect to preserve a Government which has no cement but the attachment that one party and one State may entertain for each other, how can they be willing to import every year, a mass of beings who have ever spread discord just in proportion to their numbers, and their power to persecute?

England seems destined to a speedy ruin. We have Catholic war, French war, commercial war, and commercial ruin—all approaching in full view at this moment. The Bank of

England may have to suspend specie payments for twenty years, and will flood the country with her paper rags. The Government may allow the Bank five years after the termination of the war to redeem her paper, and England will be fortunate indeed if this Napoleon does not send for the *virtuous* Pope to crown him in London instead of Paris.

Nearly every bank in England, and more than half the private bankers, and the merchants may fail, and in France it will be still worse. This Napoleon is destined to be the greatest scourge that ever afflicted humanity. He is a military adventurer from the very dregs of society, and was the worst actor in that revolution which turned men into demons. He calls himself a Catholic, and like them all, has no regard for religion or for truth. He has destroyed one Pope, and within a short time he will have another locked up in a cage, and kept a prisoner as long as Napoleon is in power.*

The Catholic clergy have offered Napoleon eight hundred millions of dollars, if he will allow them to retain their church property. He says they own one half of all the real estate and personal property in France; and he prefers to take their entire property, including the charitable institutions, the aggregate of which may be three thousand millions or more.†

I have no doubt every nation in Europe will be involved in war by Napoleon. The Pope will assist him to crush England, and the Catholics of America will be brought into the contest. When England and the United States are at war, the Pope will have the pleasure of seeing the Protestants destroying each other, said Lord Ashburton.

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* For the fate of Pius VI., read Alison; page 545, vol. 1. Pius VII., who was the successor of Pius VI., was a prisoner in France, when Napoleon abdicated, in 1815.

† Read Alison; page 95, vol. 1.

Do you sincerely contemplate such a crisis? asked Mr. Mitford.

I have not the least doubt of it. England is entering into a war, the end of which her wisest statesmen cannot see, and it may be, she will never emerge from it. News has been received this day which has struck consternation into the mind of every friend of his country, said Lord Ashburton.

What is it? asked Mr. Mitford.

Napoleon has arrived in front of Milan, and is rapidly extending his conquests over Europe. His immense fleet have eluded Nelson and sailed from Toulon, and have been joined by the Spanish fleet, with a large body of Catholic troops, which will be landed in Ireland, and joined by all the Irish troops, amounting to nearly three hundred thousand, and the whole will be marched against London! said Lord Ashburton.

I have an attack of the ague, my Lord! I shake! Your picture is horrible—absolutely frightful! Can it be your prophecy will ever be history? What is known of that man called Napoleon? What motive can he or any other human being have, in conquering all Europe with three hundred millions of inhabitants, and reducing them all to slavery and to demoralization? asked Mr. Mitford.

The same motive that all Catholics and tyrants have had, to debase the mind before they enslave the people. Only five men in one hundred can read and write in France, and Napoleon intends that all Europe shall be reduced to the same horrid condition, said Lord Ashburton.

You do not think that Europe is doomed to such a fate? Is England to be involved in the same calamities? I cannot live to see it. Is it the decree of Providence that Tyranny shall prevail, and that Protestantism and Freedom shall perish? I shake with horror! said Mr. Mitford.

It will be fortunate for you, if your house does not shake!

I should not like to purchase the India Company bonds, but I will say nothing to injure the standing of your house, or any other, said Lord Ashburton, as he turned from Mr. Mitford.

Have you heard of the important discovery? asked Mr. Wiggin.

What is it? asked Mr. Peabody.

It is discovered that the British Government have paid three millions sterling, for transporting their paupers and criminals to the United States.* The United States are ruined, said Mr. Wiggin.

How long has the Government been sending secretly their paupers and their criminals? asked Mr. Peabody.

All the circumstances connected with this stupendous fraud have not yet come before the public. A secret commission from a new party in the United States are now investigating this outrageous fraud, and it is reported that nearly one half the emigrants from Ireland have been from the poor-houses and the prisons. I learn that one party in the United States were conniving at this importation, and were putting a free vote into their hands as soon as they were on their soil. All of this double fraud is not known to the public,—but enough is already known to arouse the indignation of the whole country, said Mr. Wiggin.

What will be the vote of these beggars and convicts? Will it not always be for men who represent the vices and the intemperance of the country that they leave? Will not the officers elected by such men be as immoral as they are? asked Mr. Peabody.

Certainly! Nothing is so dangerous to a free country as

* A recent number of the London Times has a paragraph saying that the British Government have given orders to pay for transporting no more able bodied paupers to the United States, as they are wanted in the Russian war. This confirms the fact that the British Government have always paid for transporting paupers, and do still pay for the old and sick, for females and children. January, 1856.

ignorance and vice, clothed with political power. England would not exist one year, if every ignorant man were a voter. France has shown us the evils of ignorance, and democracy, and is now governed by tyrants, said Mr. Wiggin.

Will America fall under the rule of the Catholics, and go back to the darkness which existed for ages, when they had the rule over all Europe? asked Mr. Peabody.

Of course they will. They are rapidly approaching that condition. The Catholics are already a political party, bound together by the strongest bonds that can bind an ignorant and superstitious race of beings under one head; and the hierarchy is so powerful as to claim their places in the American cabinet, and one-third of all the offices of the country. When these beings were in power in England, any man who wrote a book, or made an astronomical discovery, was subjected to trial in the Inquisition, and to certain death on the wheels of torture. Nearly all the early writers of our classic literature were the victims of these wretches, and in all Europe were murdered for hundreds of years without mercy, said Mr. Wiggin, as he turned to join his friends.

Do you regard intemperance as unfavorable to high intellectual effort? asked Mr. Burke.

Certainly I do. Did it not destroy the intellect of Fox, who was your devoted friend, and the only man of talents sufficient to match you in Parliament? Did you not both shed tears when you quarreled on the great Canadian bill, and did he not tell you that he had been dining and drinking with Bishop ——, and that he was the victim of an infirmity against which he had no defense?* Fox, you know, like all Catholics, would have his happy days, and at such times was unfit for business. His greatest misfortune was, that at such times he lost all self-respect, and disgraced himself by accusing others of his own failings. In moments of inebriety he accused men

* For this fact read Alison's History.

of falsehood, and repeated his offensive charges till he would have been personally chastised, if it had not been well known that he was under the influence of an enemy that spares no Catholic. Their social habits are the never-failing ruin of them all. Fox made most free use of his vile epithets of falsehood, 1, 2 and 3, when addressing our most respectable citizens, and those who stood the highest in the estimation of all respectable men. There is no estimating the injury that a man may do in society, when he throws off all the restraints and the courtesies of life, and hurls his charges of falsehood on all who do their duty. Such men must be disposed of—their presence is an affliction that the country will not endure. These men are increasing in number, and in an assumption of power that renders them intolerable, and they shall be removed! The mode of effecting it is not to be regarded so much as the certainty of its result. These low views have destroyed one half the Catholics of talent and literary fame, and are yearly making greater and greater inroads upon society, and filling the world with widows and orphans. Did not Savage, Chatterton, Burns, and hundreds of our most talented men, statesmen, bishops, priests, and professional men, go down to the grave unlamented? Has not every man who has seceded from the Christian faith, and joined the Catholics, shown that his habits were Catholic habits before his mind was destroyed and his character lost? Is a single one of them regarded as sane? asked Pitt.

Certainly not. You reason well, and I agree with you. I am sure that no respectable or sober man ever calls those with whom he differs liars, and such epithets as come only from the lower classes of society, said Mr. Burke.

Men of principle, men of mild and amiable qualities speak with kindness when they differ on any question in which the public are concerned. When private differences call out such remarks, and arouse the bad passions, a duel, or a death-like

conflict often terminates a heated and passionate accusation. The course of habits that leads to these painful results is understood by all, and no person can mistake them. Are not the Irish people, including the priests, the greatest drinkers in the world? There are in Dublin three hundred thousand persons who spend one shilling (twenty five cents) every day in drink and tobacco. This amounts in one year to twenty-seven millions of dollars; and they have in the city sixty thousand adults and twenty thousand children who beg, or steal, or starve! Private charity is taxed beyond endurance, and yet twenty thousand children are reared in the street, and allowed, when ruined, to send back upon society a pestilence that sickens the heart. Nothing has degraded Ireland so much as her intemperance, and her unmarried priests; and under their rule she has positively gone backward in the scale of civilization, and will soon reach that point at which she will be entirely inaccessible to any beneficial influences. They drink and propagate as thoughtlessly as rabbits, and their intellect shows us how brutalized they are. If 3000 drinking places take 50 dollars each day from the earnings of the poor, it amounts to 54 millions in one year. Your speeches are admitted by all to be the greatest productions of human genius, and so I regard them—and you know that I venerate Cicero, said Pitt.

I did once drink before I commenced a speech, but my greatest efforts have been made since I gave up the use of all stimulants; and I am satisfied that I have since been a more intellectual, more healthy, and a more moral man, said Burke.*

What can ever be done for such a nation as Ireland? I do wish there was no such country in existence. They cannot be elevated, they cannot be educated, they are led by the

* Read Burke's Speech in the British Parliament on the war with America, in Chambers' Cyclopedia, Vol. II. page 229.

ignorant priests, and are constantly engaged in treason, and are ever the victims of a blind superstition. By opposing all law, they are the mutual destroyers of each other. I can govern fifteen millions of Protestants in England, but I cannot govern five millions of Catholics in Ireland, and I am in despair. I do think a Catholic hierarchy is the most abominable institution ever constructed by an evil spirit, and I sincerely wish that Cromwell had obliterated them all when they destroyed two hundred thousand Protestants, said Pitt.

If you, with your abilities, cannot govern these beings, who can? You were made Prime Minister at the age of twenty-six, and the country has had no occasion to regret your elevation. The war that is now approaching may give you some trouble, but if I do not mistake the signs of the times, an Irish rebellion will give you infinitely more.

We have yielded every thing to these Catholics, but every concession has but increased their demands, and nothing will ever still their ceaseless agitation and their civil dissensions, said Pitt, as he turned from Burke.

Miss Rivers, you will, I hope, excuse me, I have been deeply engaged, but to atone for past omissions I have brought Lord Fitzgerald. My Lord, I will introduce you to Miss Rivers. Lord Fitzgerald bowed. Miss Rivers, the niece of Lord Rivers, is from Paris, where she has resided for ten years in the family of the Duke of Orleans. If you and your Irish patriots wish to join France, she will negotiate the treaty, said Mrs. Rogers, laughingly, as she turned away.

Miss Rivers, I am pleased to see you in London. Your name has been spoken, in France, in connection with events that are now deeply interesting three nations. Will you allow me to converse with you in the adjoining room? asked Lord Fitzgerald.

I recollect that you have visited France often, said Miss Rivers.

I have been to Paris, and have seen some of the leading men; but of these visits I am not now to speak. Have you heard of the condition of Ireland, which has brought me and my personal friends to London? asked Lord Fitzgerald.

I have, and I deeply sympathize with you, said Miss Rivers.

You say that you sympathize with us;—report says that the Duke of Orleans and a powerful club in Paris desire the freedom of Ireland, and would assist her. Do you think this is the case? asked Lord Fitzgerald.

I have no doubt of it—I know it, said Miss Rivers.

Do you return immediately to Paris? asked Lord Fitzgerald.

That depends upon the friends with whom I am in consultation, said Miss Rivers.

Miss Rivers, you will excuse me, but I will with your permission reject all disguise, and say to you that I am well acquainted with the friends to whom you have alluded, and the purposes for which we all meet in London. Beyond our own circle, I think there is not in London a single person at this moment who suspects that Ireland is in full communion and daily intercourse with Napoleon and the Directory of France said Lord Fitzgerald.

My Lord, since you have thrown off all disguise, I will admit, in the most rigid confidence, that I know every circumstance connected with the union of France and Ireland! I have had frequent interviews in Paris with Emmet and Tone, and with General Roche, and all the details are settled! Your name, your devotion to Ireland, your great wealth, your military knowledge, have all been discussed in France, and with you I am to perform my mission. You will excuse me, my Lord, but I differ from you entirely in one important particular. I believe that you, Emmet, O'Connor, and McNevin are watched, and I know that I am! I am followed everywhere! My advice to you and to your friends is to leave

London immediately. If we are detected, our lives will pay the penalty of our patriotism, said Miss Rivers.

There are facts, Miss Rivers, that I must first learn from you. I have no doubt you can give me the information on the nature of which depends the fate of Ireland! Can we depend on substantial assistance from France? Will General Hoche land an army at Bantry Bay? We have had reports without number—it is for facts that we now propose these questions to you, said Lord Fitzgerald.

The French people are with you, and will do all in their power to assist you: their efforts will be limited only by their means. The Directory, composed of Danton, Robespierre, and Murat, are in constant correspondence with Napoleon, who has no desire so strong as the annihilation of England. He has written to the Directory to have every preparation made for the English Invasion, but he is wanting money to effect his great designs. W. Tone, your Irish friend and co-patriot, has accepted the appointment of General in the French invading army under General Hoche, and will with him make a descent on Ireland at or near Bantry Bay—and to inform you of this fact, and that you may be prepared for this important step toward the independence of Ireland, is one of my objects in visiting London. You may rely on the assistance of France with perfect certainty. The King of Spain is ready to assist in a war against any Protestant State, and the Spanish fleet will join the French, and land an immense force on the coast of Ireland that will be able to march to London, and we think subdue it. The success of Ireland is absolutely certain, said Miss Rivers.

I will communicate this intelligence to my friends now here immediately, and request them to hold no conversation with you, and not to notice you in any place in which you may happen to meet, said Lord Fitzgerald.

These conditions are the only ones on which I will consent to remain in London one hour, said Miss Rivers.

My last letters from Paris say that Hoche cannot leave with more than five thousand men and forty thousand stand of arms, but more troops will follow immediately. This number of men is entirely too small; we must have twenty thousand men and one hundred thousand stand of arms at once. We have three hundred thousand men enrolled, all of whom meet nightly in numbers not exceeding twelve persons, to which number all assemblies are limited by English law. The lower lodge of twelve men are called lodge A, and the next above, lodge B, and the next lodge C. Lodge A sends one man to lodge B, and lodge B sends one to lodge C. In this organization of twelve men, is concentrated a centralized government of United Irishmen, and a more systematic arrangement was never effected. The whole is based on the Catholic hierarchy, with the Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, Friars, and the laity, and has exactly the same secret construction, and the same holy object, said Lord Fitzgerald.

Are you sure of success if France performs her part of the contract? asked Miss Rivers.

Absolutely sure, said Lord Fitzgerald.

You must reflect that England is yet powerful, although contending against half the world. Ireland is not unanimous; the most wealthy classes, and nearly all the Protestants, are against you. The civil war will be horrible! It will be the most fatal war that the passions ever kindled, and extermination to one party is almost certain. Is it not possible that Ireland, divided as she is, and opposed by England, may have to yield to superior power? If Ireland should be vanquished, what will be the fate of all your patriotic friends? Are they willing to risk their lives in the cause? If Ireland does succeed, can two powerful nations live in peace, separated on-

ly by a few miles of ocean? Will there not be perpetual war between them? asked Miss Rivers.

Your question is a natural one. There will be a continual war—a war of extermination! This condition is the very one that we desire to effect. We intend to destroy every Englishman, and re-people England with our own countrymen—first giving England to pillage! There will be no peace now, or ever, till this is accomplished—and Ireland to a man is sworn to effect it, or die in the attempt! The Catholics of Ireland did not embrace the reformation, and there is, and ever will be, a deadly feud between the two nations, I fear, unless one is exterminated, said Lord Fitzgerald.

Col. Wellesly* is now in the adjoining room; what would be his feelings if he were to hear our conversation? The Colonel has acquired a great name in India, and is undoubtedly the greatest commander of this or any other age. I shall be sorry to see him leading an army against Ireland, or against France!

You will excuse my feelings—but I have resided so long in France, (having been educated with the sons of the Duke of Orleans,) I could not fail to partake of the sentiments of those around me. Whatever my feelings for England once were, my sympathy now is with France, and I do sincerely desire to see her, and Ireland, and all the nations, enjoying the liberty of a free democratic Constitution—like the great American nation. But when I look at the sea of blood, through which France, beloved France, and poor devoted Ireland, are to find their way to a better social position, I must say to you, my heart bleeds, and I hesitate as to the course that duty shall indicate. What is to be the fate of beloved, adored France?

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* Afterward Duke of Wellington.

Oh that I could but see peace and happiness restored, and a mild Government ruling over an injured people! I do believe that a great conflict is approaching that will astonish the world! Happy will it be if some name yet unknown shall lead these nations through the horrors that I sometimes see approaching.

My Lord, I sometimes think that your military genius is destined to light up a new era in your country's greatness.—Are you sure that you are in the right path to the eminence that you would die to attain? Is W. Tone the man for your country's idol? Are all of your associates men of honor, and are they led by high motives, and have they the talents on which Ireland can rest, when victory and independence are achieved.

There is one name that I could wish to see rising to eminence associated with Col. Wellesly! I need not name him! I have had frequent conversations with Col. Wellesly, and I am sure he possesses a genius of the highest order. His country is the idol of his worship, and his soul is lighted up with an enthusiasm that seems burning for the battle-field, in which his country is to gain immortal honors, and to rise above all others, or sink in ruin to an early grave. England, with all her noble souls, is she to sink? Cannot all prosper together? May I not hope to see you allied to Wellesly, perilling your lives for the mutual glory of Ireland and England, in scenes of noble daring? asked Miss Rivers.

Miss Rivers, I dare not trust myself to prolong this interview. I could converse till forgetting myself in your presence, I might betray a weakness that would ill become one in my position. I could discuss any subject with you, and it would, I am sure, increase in interest as long as you bestowed upon it the energies of your intellect, and your warm heart.—I do hope to converse with you often on this important step in my country's progress to glory, or ignominy: but the

hour admonishes me that we must leave our social enjoyment. I sincerely hope that it is to be renewed, and continued daily, said Lord F. as he bid adieu for the night.

Ladies and gentlemen, our levee will be held at my father's house on Wednesday next. We shall be pleased to receive the calls of all our friends, said Miss Mitford

CHAPTER III.

THE POWER OF GENIUS.

Sweet Memory, wafted by the gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hands the key of Science dwell
The pensive fortress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal lamp.

ROGERS.

Sir Hubert Mitford was one of the richest bankers in London. At his levees, given on Wednesday of each alternate week, he entertained a circle not surpassed by any in that great city.

Mr. Mitford was fortunate in possessing great wealth, but more fortunate in possessing the taste of the Medici. In every thing connected with the arts, his taste was the standard to which all matters were referred.

His collection of paintings, statues, medals, and every article of interest to the connoisseur, was not surpassed by any of the nobility. His house was lighted with gas, then just in-

vented, and its dazzling splendor was the admiration of all.—To all who visited London, and brought letters to Mr. Mitford, or transacted business at his bank, tickets to these levees were presented.

There were more than five hundred persons assembled at his house, and among them were many literary persons of both sexes, and the nobility in great numbers.

Miss Mitford, were you pleased with your reception at Mrs. Rogers' party? asked Lord Byron.

I was delighted. There are but few ladies who entertain their company with her finished grace and ease. There were more than five hundred persons present at her party, and she was as much at ease as were her guests. My Lord, I believe you are acquainted with nearly all our friends; if there are any with whom you are not acquainted, I will, with great pleasure, introduce you.

There are now assembled Sir J. Herschell, Sir D. Brewster, Dr. Buckland, Wm. Bickford, Wm. Falconer, R. B. Sheridan, Mr. Madon, Wm. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pultney, Sir Edward Pellew, Lord Minto, Mrs. Inchbald, George Coleman, J. Bowring, Duke of Suffolk, Earl of Cumberland, Duke of Bridgwater, Marquis of Stafford, Lady F. Stanley, Lady J. Granville, Miss Pamela Rivers, Lord Fitzgerald, Colonel Wellesly, Mr. Emmett, Dr. McDevin, Rev. Sidney Smith, Lord Jeffrey, Robert Southey, Sir Francis Head, J. S. Buckingham, Thomas Moore, Dr. R. Heber, T. B. Macaulay, and Sir E. L. Bulwer, said Miss Mitford.

I am acquainted with nearly all your company, Miss Mitford, and am delighted to meet so many of my particular friends—the literary names seem to be greater than usual, said Lord Byron.

Have you ever heard of the Kemble family, or of Vic, the daughter whom I have partially adopted? asked Miss Mitford.

Incidentally I have, but I am not familiar with their history. I know that Mr. and Mrs. Kemble were eminent in their profession, and resided some years in the street near me, where I understand they died in great poverty, said Lord Byron.

The children are to have a play performed this evening for the benefit of Vic, in which she will take a part. They will have another exhibition soon, and Mrs. Barbauld has informed me that you are constantly writing for the unfortunate—will you write a prologue for their play? You will confer a great obligation on a deserving child, said Miss Mitford.

I certainly will. I know the family were once in a high position, and I regret to learn that the children were left dependent on charity, said Lord Byron, as he turned from Miss Mitford.

Mrs. Barbauld, Vic wished me to ask you to write an epilogue for her to recite. Do you know that Vic's two brothers are to appear in a play, assisted by half a dozen of our friends? You, or your daughter, would confer a great favor on these poor children, if you would write a play suited to their years and their dependent condition. If I had your talents, I would write a play that should touch the hearts of all who should hear it; but I have no talent in pathetic scenes. My plays are not written as yours are—they will not stand the test of rigid criticism—they may please for a time, but will soon pass from the stage. Vic and her brothers will have to perform Rienzi, or Julian, for the want of a better play. The Duke would be pleased to do anything in his power but he is a better actor than writer, said Miss Mitford.

I shall certainly recollect your suggestion, and I will ask my daughter to present her new play to Vic, when it is completed, said Mrs. Barbauld.

Ladies and gentlemen, will you walk to the large hall? Rienzi will now be performed, said Miss Mitford.

As the company reached the hall, they seated themselves near the stage, and the room was soon crowded. Miss Kemble arrived without attracting any notice, and had reached the hall. The whole company seemed delighted. They were, for the first time, to hear the voice of a mere child; but it was a child to whom, from her talents and misfortunes, they were tenderly attached.

The bell rang. The curtain rose, and Miss Kemble and Miss Mitford were in the same scene! Miss Mitford recited her part, and Miss Kemble commenced her reply. A shout of applause commenced, and was continued for some minutes. The play proceeded. The countenance of every person indicated their enjoyment, and applause was frequent. At the close of the play, arose a deafening shout, and the enthusiasm could not have been greater! But one opinion was expressed. No persons could have performed with more taste or talent.

But the play. What do you think of Rienzi? was the question submitted to all, and answered by all. No play could be written in which the passions were exhibited with more truth.

Was the play the best, or was the acting better than the play? were the questions submitted.

The party left for the parlor.

Miss Mitford, allow me to congratulate you. I never saw better acting than yours. Miss Kemble, or Vic, as you call her, performed with wonderful talent. We could almost suppose that she was familiar with the stage, said Mrs. Barbauld.

Which do you think was most talented of them all? asked Mrs. Rogers.

It is not easy to designate one, where all performed so well. I think, Mrs. Rogers, these young persons are destined to build a high reputation—they have unusual talents. Do any of them contemplate going on to the stage? They will be an ornament to any station, but I do hope they will not go upon

the stage—there is no reward that can compensate for the toil and labor of an actress, said Mrs. Barbauld.

Mr. Sheridan, I have had no compliments for my performance, and not very decided ones for my Rienzi. You have written The School for Scandal, The Critic and the Rivals, and other plays—will you give me a candid opinion of my performance? I feel interested in obtaining the opinion of a critic like yourself, both of my acting and my play, said Miss Mitford.

Miss Mitford, why do you ask my opinion with so much earnestness? If you were a poor girl, and contemplated going on to the stage for a profession, I might give you a very different opinion from the one I shall now give you. Your father's immense wealth precludes the possibility of your going on to the stage, said Mr. Sheridan.

Mr. Sheridan, will you oblige me so much as to give me your opinion of my play, and of my acting, as if you thought me doomed to earn my living upon the stage? I may be poor! It would delight me to know that I am not only above the possibility of want, but that I have the elements of wealth, the ability to acquire property, and the genius to acquire a name—a name that will live when I am no more. How glorious it would be if I could place my name by the side of the great names of our country! Wealth is a fickle bird, and now perches on my father's house! To-morrow it may spread its wings and fly from him forever. If he should be unfortunate! —the thought appals me! How hard he has toiled all his life! He has allowed himself no relaxation! Work by day—work by night! His was the unceasing toil and anxiety that destroy all enjoyment, and eat into the heart! There is no reward for such a life! The world was not made for such toils. What can such a life be worth? And is it not the life of every merchant? Who can estimate their sacrifices? Who knows their sufferings? And all of this he has endured for

years, to accumulate a fortune for me, an only child, to enjoy. Can I think of it with indifference? He has bestowed fortunes on my education, and has placed me in scenes of splendor. My instructors have been the most eminent that in London or Europe could be called to my aid. Every language, every science, every art that could embellish intellect has been at my command. Professors have poured out the treasures of classic lore. Music has drawn around me the inspiring hopes and joys that the greatest genius and the highest acquirements could give. The mind is never satisfied with its own achievements, and ever asks for light to guide it upward. To all that life, brilliant, glorious life, and all its highest enjoyments could give, I have been taught to see a more perfect life to come. I should make a poor return for all that he has done for me, if I were not to feel that I can do something that will reflect credit on myself, on my country, on literature, and on his name. His education qualified him for society, and at his table he has entertained the literary and the refined. His heart was open to the claims of charity, but his right hand knew not the names of the recipients. He has a partner in Paris, from whom he expects a richer harvest than ever came from the land of gold! Alas, he may be disappointed! If he should be, how glorious the thought of placing him in the same high position that he sought to win! Mr. Sheridan, do you think I can make an actress? asked Miss Mitford.

Miss Mitford, you can accomplish any thing! You have a genius glowing with the fire of poetry and imagination. You can scale the loftiest heights that intellect has won. All the bright hopes that gleam through the vista as you look upward, shall be to you realities. If I had your genius, I would place my eye on the apex of Fame's proud temple, and I would reach it, or die in the attempt! Do not waste your time in study —look to the achievments of no one—soar above them all! Strike out from your own armory the thoughts that

shall kindle enthusiasm, and the words that shall charm the taste. Give loose reins to thought, to poetry, to imagination, and their creations shall delight the taste of the intellectual, and reach the hearts of the refined. Your own acting will reflect the double charm of beautiful action in glowing language, and the world will be your admirers, said Mr. Sheridan.

Mr. Sheridan, you astonish me! Do you know to whom you are talking? My name is Mitford, and a girl not yet claiming seventeen summers! I have seen nothing! I have not visited one of the thousand places that must always kindle the imagination and elevate the thoughts! The bright scenes of this world, all full of nature's grandest images, are by me unexplored! I have had but slight aid from literature—the creations of lofty genius have been sealed books to me. I have not kneeled before that great cataract, the sublimity of which will elevate the soul! The vast chain of inland seas of that great country, that in nature's grandest works knows no parallel! The great mountains, the vast rivers of that great continent of America—no others equal them! The great prairies, that in no other country can be found! The vast cities, all full of virtue and boundless industry—the cultivated fields the happy, virtuous rural life—scenes that I almost worship in imagination—I have not seen! I can boast of nothing but a proud heart, that beats here with highest aspirations! You are not serious! You do not think that I have the fire of genius! I cannot with the wand of inspiration call up those great creations that have charmed the minds of men in all ages. The men who wrote them were inspired—they were sent from heaven, and to them the whole world bows—nations have hung with ecstasy on their glowing thoughts! The dead were raised, and clothed with new life by their genius! Skeletons walked forth clothed in grace and beauty. Oracles of truth were uttered in language that reached the heart, and the whole world was the temple of their worshipers. Their

genius, by the aid of history, has filled every niche in Fame's great temple. What do you mean by saying that I can do any thing? You are guilty of profanation! Shakespeare has lived! Milton has lived! A whole galaxy have lived and died, and the world has been enriched by all that they have done. Do you dare to say that mortals are to achieve what they have done? I shall defend them against such foul aspersions! You must recall those hasty words! Those men will never live again on earth, said Miss Mitford.

Miss Mitford, cool your ardor—be not too warm. I admire your enthusiasm, and your reverence for great genius. I love the mind that finds a response to all that has been said or written; but I love still more that deep, that glorious power of genius, the power to form good and great men from your own soul's creation. You can invest all your creations with virtue—who can do more? None but our Creator! He created you, as well as Shakespeare and Milton. He created all, but not with equal power! I have not the power to write Rienzi, nor to play the part that brought tears to every eye.

If you can write more such plays, I will blot out Shakespeare's name, and insert your own. I would rather be the author of Julian or Rienzi, than the proudest conqueror that ever lived! Talk not to me of the great names of past ages; speak to the world in language of your own, and you shall have the ear of all nations—we will all be scholars, and you shall teach. We all admire genius, but I admire good creations of the higher poets. The world of intellect is above past ages, and seeks a creation of its own. Give us life, and truth, as philosophy sees all created things. Give us virtuous principles, and noble sentiments, enshrined in living hearts; it is with these that the present world of intellect will sympathize. The example of one living man is worth a world of fiction; but who reads biography? Your fiction will charm the world; you will enshrine virtue and truth for the worship of their

votaries. Good sentiments are rare—good poems, good novels, and good plays, are sometimes very pernicious, said Mr. Sheridan.

I must be an actress! The world will not buy my books or plays, for I can put in none but virtuous characters. I do not like theatres, but I do believe that good influences will make them better, and we shall yet have the good to see us perform the good, and great, creations of the poets. I must record my name in the temple of my country's literature. Oh that I could add one to virtue's worshipers, and charm them with the beauty that pure life, pure creations, and exalted genius can create for the admiration of the world! I will show the world that I can elevate the condition of my own sex, now too oft neglected. If I go upon the stage, I will convince all that honor and shame belong to no place, but come from good and bad institutions. The drama will ever charm the taste, and may be made to elevate the social world. I will go to the kind Mrs. Rogers, and ask her if she thinks I can make an actress.

Mrs. Rogers, you know that I love you—you are so kind to Vic, and John and Charles. You know that I am very rich, so folks say—but I want to be an actress. I want to make father rich, if he gets poor—I want to ride in Regent street in my own coach. I want two splendid horses, and two outriders—all the rich folks have them. Do you think I can perform on the stage? I have conversed with Mr. Sheridan, but I do believe he is a little crazy! What do you think he says? asked Miss Mitford.

He says you are too rich to get notions in your head; you will have lovers among the actors, said Mrs. Rogers.

No, he does not say any such thing—you know my heart is half gone already He says I am a great woman, and can turn Shakespeare out of doors, and put my sign right up! I dare say you will laugh—I know I did. Our age is more re-

fined than Shakespeare's; in Regent street, we think he was very vulgar, said Miss Mitford.

I admire your refinement. But you ask me if I think you can perform on the stage. I have seen you do that, and I think you are a genius. I have no doubt that Vic, and John, and Charles, will gain laurels on the stage—but I hope never to see you on any stage but the matrimonial, with a large audience. You know that I love you like a daughter. If you are ever poor, I will make you rich! When you go upon the stage, I shall go too, and look after you and watch you close. The ladies all love you, and that you know is strange—for they always talk about each other. All the men love you, and when you go upon the stage—Oh mercy!—you will have fifty lovers! You cannot go upon the stage—I will not allow it—till you are married. There stands the Duke! I know he is dying to marry you. You are right wicked not to say yes. I like old Dukes but I like young ones better, said Mrs. Rogers.

Here comes the Duke, said Mrs. Barbauld.

Mr. Rogers, Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. Sheridan, were you not all delighted? Did they not all perform admirably? How did you like Miss Mitford? How did you like that Vic, or Miss Kemble, or whatever her name is? Is she not a perfect beauty, and does she not read elegantly? And how did you like your humble servant? asked the Duke.

Do you think we can answer all these questions at once?—Vic was undoubtedly the star of the evening, and the whole performance was excellent. Miss Mitford performed her part in a manner not to be surpassed; I should have supposed they were all familiar with the stage. I know that they have taken parts before; you would not say that you had never performed in a play, would you, my Lord? asked Mrs. Rogers.

I have occasionally assisted my friends, said the Duke.

Here approaches the General, said Mr. Rogers.

Ladies, I congratulate you! Where is that girl they call Vic? asked the General.

She is in her room, said Miss Mitford.

Well, send for her—I must see her!

Mr. Harley, were you ever more delighted? asked the Duke.

I never saw an amateur play better performed—I should admire to see it again, said Mr. Harley.

Miss Kemble entered the room, and her friends gathered around her.

Mr. Rogers advanced and extended his hand.

Miss Kemble, I congratulate you, in the name of these our assembled friends. I congratulate you most sincerely; I do thank you for the enjoyment that I derived from your performance. I sincerely hope you will favor us with another representation of that admirable play. If our poets could always have such actors to give life and truth to their beautiful conceptions, I am sure we should have more dramatic poetry, and poets of a higher order, said Mr. Rogers.

Our next performance will be Miss Mitford's Julian, and I shall be assisted by my brothers John and Charles, and by Eugenia. Lord Byron is to write a prologue for me to recite, said Miss Kemble.

Did I hear you say that Eugenia was to take a part in the next performance? asked General McDonald.

I did, said Miss Kemble.

Does she intend to make a conquest of any of the young men? asked the General.

If report speaks the truth, one of Cupid's darts has already struck the heart of a valiant hero, said Miss Kemble.

The General looked slightly embarrassed, and walked away.

Miss Kemble, I feel deeply interested in every thing con-

nected with poetry and the drama. I have in my library a copy of every play ever written in England, and I have a sketch of the life of every actor and actress of any talent that ever lived. I do hope to live long enough to add some more brilliant names to the galaxy of our country's genius. Who have been your instructors? Where did you learn to give such vivid pictures of the passions? I was breathless when you were in some of your scenes. I forgot myself, and imagined you were raving with unrestrained passion, said Mr. Rogers.

To Miss Mitford I owe all that I am, and all that I may be —she schooled me, clothed me, taught me! She has done every thing for me, said Miss Kemble.

Miss Kemble, every thing connected with the stage deeply interests me. I must be allowed to step forward, even at the risk of being regarded as officious. I think I am more interested in your success than any person, with the exception of Miss Mitford. Your genius would, I am confident, enable you to write as well as to perform. You can make a brilliant name for yourself without appearing on the stage. The drama has its votaries off the stage as well as on it. Byron wrote his plays for the reading public, and adapted none to the stage. The drama was the earliest resort of the Grecian and Roman people; it was the first step in the progress of civilization, and has been its constant handmaid. A lady who by her genius masters the art, and takes a high stand in her profession, may be regarded as a public benefactor. Without her aid, the dramatic poet would perform but half his mission. She who can both write, and represent her own conceptions, will charm her friends, and the intellectual world. Why do you contemplate the stage for a profession? There are other professions, and Miss Mitford is rich, and regards you as her sister, said Mr. Rogers.

Whatever Miss Mitford may be, I shall support myself; I am the child of poor parents, I shall go upon the stage, if I can get an engagement. I cannot be insensible to the obligations under which Miss Mitford has placed me, and no desire is so strong as to possess the means of paying back some part of the large debt. My ability to do so, will depend on the degree of eminence that I may acquire, and the means that my profession may claim, and these are involved in the mysteries of the future. Sometimes my mother appears to visit me, and encourages me to a greater effort, and gives me assurance of success. But how can I succeed where so many have despaired, and fallen by the way in the long journey to fame? Who has succeeded? There have been aspirants without number, but who has left a name of any eminence? I have time before me, I am not fifteen! I have two brothers, who have been educated by a dear friend of mine, and I am deeply concerned for their success; I cannot bear the thought of their failure! Do you think, Mr. Rogers, that we shall succeed? Our parents, you know, were talented; are we to be as eminent as they were? Oh, such uncertainty! How do I know that we shall not fail entirely? I will not! I will succeed! I shall be assisted! Oh, these doubts! I will not doubt! I know I shall succeed! Such conflicting thoughts have sustained me. But sometimes I am in deep distress! I remember when I was a small child, my father clasped me in his arms, he pressed me to his heart, and kissing me, he said, "Vic, I am going to leave you, and John, and Charles, and your mother!"

Where, father? I asked.

Alas, my child, I am sick, and poor, and my spirits are broken. I have no person to assist or encourage me, and my health is gone. I once had friends, but I have none now! I have struggled hard, but now the world is dark, and I go willingly. But I cannot leave you, and John, and Charles!

Your mother will soon follow me, and then you will be alone! My heart is crushed with deepest agony! I cannot tell you how much I suffer! Will no friendly hand assist me in my last expiring moments?

Dear father, have courage—I will assist you. I will go into the streets—I will go to the doors of rich men and charitable ladies, and beg for you and mother.

My mother was sick. I was but four years of age. I walked the streets all day. I had nothing to eat. I came home at night. My father just raised his head and kissed me.

Vic, dear Vic, put the money in my hand!

Alas, I had none! The next morning it snowed, and I left father and mother and walked again all day. I had not one penny to carry to my suffering parents! The next night the storm increased. The wind howled—the snow blew furiously; we had no fire, our attic was all open, and there was snow on mother's face! She was in deepest suffering, and father was sinking.

Father, are you hungry, I asked? I am, Vic.

Father, are you cold? Very, Vic.

Father, are you faint?—He could not speak! He died!

O, Heaven! I shall soon follow him! Kind Heaven, forgive thy erring daughter! O, sustain me in these my last moments! Calm this throbbing heart! Watch over this tender child, and guide the footsteps of my boys! Must I leave them? O that they could go with me! But thy will be done! She could say no more!

Mother, dear mother, what can I do for you?

She could not answer me! She was dead—and we were left alone! Miss Mitford has been to me a kind parent. O, if I can only repay her, how happy I shall be! Do you think, Mr. Rogers, that I can get an engagement at the theatre? What do you think the manager will pay me? I will go to the theatre and see Mr. Coleman, said Miss Kemble.

You must not go! A girl of your face and form and education shall not go to any theatre to ask for an engagement! The manager shall come here and see your next performance. I will call on him myself. There are other managers. I will see them all. Have you studied Miss Mitford's Julian? You must recollect that it is a new play, and the critics have no mercy on young actors or young authors, said Mr. Rogers.

Let the critics come to-night! I am ready, and will recite my part. I can commit any part to memory in one day. I have studied Lord Byron's prologue, and nearly committed it to memory, said Miss Kemble, as Mr. Rogers turned from her.

I wish, Mr. Coutts, that you would oblige me so much as to say to your son that we request the pleasure of introducing him to our circle and of regarding him as one of our number. Mr. Rogers says that young as he is, he is making money faster than any banker in London. Do you know a Mr. Siddons or a Mr. Bright? asked Mrs. Rogers.

I know them both, and they are well known to a large circle, said Mr. Coutts.

Mr. Coutts, I have mentioned to my friends that Vic and her brothers would perform their play at your house on Wednesday evening, said Mrs. Rogers.

I shall hope to have my house crowded, said Mr. Coutts, as he turned from Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Rogers, I am told that Mr. Coutts the elder has invited Miss Kemble to perform Julian at his house. At this performance Vic will be assisted by her brothers, and Manager Coleman is to be invited. If the three children should be found to possess sufficient talent, Mr. Coleman will give them an engagement at his theatre. I have no doubt Mr. Coutts's house will be crowded with persons who knew their parents, said Lord Byron.

Are the boys as talented as Vic? asked Mrs. Rogers.

I have seen but little of the boys, but Mr. Cook's friends have formed high expectations of their talents, and predict for them a career of unequaled success. Some have placed Charles far above Vic, and have claimed for John a high order of talent. The life of an actress is always the life of a slave. She is the constant victim of destructive adulation, or the most cruel neglect, and there is no medium in their condition. The father of these boys was one of our most brilliant tragedians, and the mother was quite as eminent. They earned money easily and spent it thoughtlessly. The wife was sick, and the husband devoted his whole time to her, till he was attacked with the same disorder. They could earn nothing, and if they did not starve to death, or freeze to death, I am at a loss to tell what killed them, said Mrs. Barbauld, as she withdrew.

Have you heard the news from France? asked Dr. Herschel.

I have not, said Dr. Brewster.

The revolutionary army has taken five more cities, and given them up to pillage! The brutal soldiery murdered men, women and children without mercy! More than five thousand persons were murdered in cold blood in one city, by their own countrymen! The guillotine is now taking off the heads of two hundred persons in one city every day! One of the victims was an old merchant by the name of Hudon, eighty four years of age, deaf and almost blind! His only crime was the possession of a fortune of four millions of dollars. He offered all his wealth but one hundred thousand dollars for his life, but Robespierre and Napoleon preferred sending him to the guillotine, and taking the whole! In La Vendee the Robespierre and Napoleon party are now carrying on their war of extermination.* At their command was formed a corps called

* The extent to which blood was shed in France during this melancholy period will hardly be credited by future ages. The Republican Prudomme, whose prepossessions

the Legion of Murat, composed of the most bloodthirsty of the Revolutionists, the members of which are entitled of their own authority to incarcerate any person whom they choose. The number of their prisoners was soon four thousand, and the

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led him to anything rather than an exaggeration of the horrors of the popular party, has given the following appalling account of the victims of the Revolution:

Nobles	1,278	
Noble women	750	
Wives of laborers and artisans	1,467	
Religieuses	350	
Priests	1,135	
Common persons, not noble	13,623	
Guillotined by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunals	18,603	18,603
Women died of premature childbirth		3,400
In childbirth from grief		348
Women killed in La Vendee		15,000
Children killed in La Vendee		22,000
Men slain in La Vendee		900,000
Victims under Carrier at Nantes		32,000
Of whom were Children shot	500	
" Children drowned	1,500	
" Women shot	264	
" Women drowned	500	
" Priests shot	300	
" Priests drowned	460	
" Nobles drowned	1,400	
" Artisans drowned	5,200	
Victims at Lyons		31,000
Total		1,022,351

In this enumeration are not comprehended the massacres at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carmes, or other prisons on the 2d of September, the victims of the Glaciere of Avignon, those shot at Toulon and Marseilles, or the persons slain in the little town of Bedoin, of which the whole population perished.

It is in an especial manner remarkable, in this dismal catalogue, how large a proportion of the victims of the Revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2,413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2,160, while the infants drowned and shot are 2,000, the women 764, and the artisans 5,200! So rapidly, in revolutionary convulsions, does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so wide-spread is the carnage dealt out to them, compared with that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors.—ALISON'S EUROPE, vol. 1, p. 310.

club divided among themselves all the property of the prisoners. The captives were either slain with poignards in the prisons, or carried out in vessels and drowned in the Loire! On one occasion one hundred priests were taken out together, stripped of their clothing, and precipitated into the waves! We hear to-day that the revolutionary army have taken Lyons! The whole city is now being leveled with the ground! Attended by his satellites, Couthon traversed the finest streets of the city, and with a silver hammer he struck the door of the devoted houses, once the residences of the rich Royalists. Instantly the agents of destruction, of whom there were twenty thousand in the pay of the Directory, commenced their demolition! The palaces thus destroyed were among the finest in France, and were erected in the richest style of Louis XIII. The Directory have decreed that every emblem of religion shall be destroyed, and over the gate of every cemetery is erected the motto, "Death is an eternal sleep!"* At Lyons, women big with child, infants and children were thrown together into the stream, on the sides of which men armed with sabres were placed, to cut off their hands, if the waves should throw them alive on the shore!† Twenty-four Royalists at one time were guillotined, without any form of trial! In one day 140 women were taken from the prisons and drowned together! So great was the multitude of captives who were brought in, that the executioners declared themselves unable to dispose of them all with the guillotine! One hundred and fifty victims, mostly women and children, were crowded together in a boat with a concealed trap-door in the bottom. At a signal, the crew leaped into another boat, the bolts were withdrawn, and the shrieking victims were precipitated into the waves, amid the laughter of the Robespierre and Napo-

* Read Alison, vol. 1, page 225.

† For this fact read the History of the Revolution.

leon clubs, on the banks of the river. It has been ascertained by authentic documents, that 600 children have perished by that mode of destruction in Lyons! Such has been the quantity of corpses accumulated in the Loire, that the water was infected so as to render a public ordinance necessary, forbidding the use of it to the inhabitants. Birds of prey flocked to the shores, and fed on human flesh! On one occasion the inspector entered the prison to seek for a child, and found none; the evening before he had left 300, all of whom had been drowned during the previous night!

In Paris, La Fayette found he could not protect the King and Royal family, and fearing for his own safety, he fled to Austria. The moment he crossed the frontier, he was seized by an armed force, and conveyed to a dungeon at Olmotz.—The American minister has demanded his release, in consideration of his patriotic services in the revolution, but without success, said Dr. Herschell.

Are these revolutionary wretches all Catholics? asked Dr. Brewster.

All of them are Catholics. The French nation have abolished the Sabbath, and made every tenth day a day of rejoicing, and the theatres and all places of amusement, and all gambling places are open. The whole nation assembled in various squares, and Deified a frail woman as the Goddess of Reason, and she is to be worshipped as the Deity!*

The mail has just arrived from Dover in only four days, and brought the painful news that Napoleon has taken Mantua, one of the finest cities in Italy, and four smaller cities, and has destroyed one-fourth part of the inhabitants of them all by the sword, and one-half were butchered after the cities had capitulated! He put Mantua under a contribution of eight millions, and munitions of war to the same amount. He de-

* Read Alison, vol. 1, p. 24.

manded four thousand horses and six thousand cattle, and fifty of their best pictures, and the same number of statues! Did you ever hear of such robbery! The northern barbarians, when they conquered Rome, kneeled before the great works of art, and returned again and again to offer the silent tribute of a tear to the most exalted genius! But they never injured nor removed those works that have softened and subdued many a savage heart, and led upward civilization, refinement and religion. But this Napoleon has stolen them all, and many of the most valuable were stolen from churches, which all but Napoleon regard as sacrilege. Napoleon met every where a patriotic resistance; the wives and daughters loaded and pointed the guns that defended their firesides. But they were vanquished by his butchers, to whom Napoleon surrendered every female, without regard to her social position! Nearly all the females were abused, and more than one fourth were murdered, after submitting to the invasion of their honor, or in defending it from their brutal attacks. I did suppose that civilization and humanity had softened the brutality of the French people, but these ignorant and superstitious Catholics are positively worse than the northern barbarians. I shall have no faith in a superintending Providence, if Napoleon is not punished here, and hereafter, said Dr. Brewster.

He has commenced a career that will soon terminate in his death, or the subjugation of all Europe. Our government will have every Catholic country in Europe to fight against us, and we shall undoubtedly be ruined! Do you believe any man will be sent by a kind Providence with talents sufficient to check the career of such a Catholic wretch? asked Dr. Herschell.

I cannot say. I am just informed by a member of Parliament, that a new loan of twenty-five millions of pounds is demanded in ten days, and certain bankruptcy and ruin to the nation will follow, if it is not obtained! I fear that all our

merchants and bankers are ruined! This is the darkest moment that we have seen. I fear the Chancellor will be unable to sell the new bonds at any price, and the country will be ruined! Who can contemplate such a picture? Before Napoleon appeared, this was the richest, the most prosperous, the most happy of countries! Now our wealth is gone, and our most valuable lives destroyed by these Catholic butchers! Our vessels are taken on every sea, and every port on the continent will be closed to our commerce. Our Government is now equipping a fleet of three hundred sail in various ports, and press-gangs are taking men from their beds to man them, said Dr. Brewster.

Were all these Catholic Bonapartes military officers? asked Dr. Herschell.

Not one of them was educated for any business or profession—they were, when young, idle and inactive. Napoleon joined the Robespierres, and was present at the attack on the King and the Swiss Guards. The Bonapartes were prominent actors in the scenes that deluged France in blood. In one prison in Paris were confined 160 priests! The doors of the prison were opened, and the priests were brought out and separately butchered, and two of the Bonapartes were actors in this unequaled scene of horror. These Frenchmen have murdered their King and Queen and all the royal family, including the sister of the King!* None but Catholics could, by any agency, religious or fiendish, be converted into such monsters of inhumanity. Are these the same men who murdered one million of Huguenots? asked Dr. Brewster.

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* Among the murdered, in Paris, was the son of the King, a boy called the Dauphin. Mr. Williams, a Missionary of this country, has been called the French Dauphin, and two or three books have been written to prove this ridiculous invention. The Dauphin was starved to death, by his keeper, Simon, and these writers assert that he was not murdered, but was removed from Simon, and sent to this country.

Read Alison; vol. 1, p. 222.

Certainly they are. The Huguenots were promised protection by the King and by the cardinals and bishops. Without the least notice, the edict of Nantes was revoked, and the Protestants learned that they were the victims of deliberately contrived murder!

At midnight the great bell of St. Germain, at Paris, sounded its horrid knell, and the massacre of the Protestants commenced. Men, women and children fell victims to Catholic butchers, inflamed by religious frenzy, and nearly one-third of the inhabitants of France were murdered! These Catholic butcheries must ever be occurring while they are permitted to fill the minds of the young with their dogmas, said Dr. Herschell.

The priests want power and money, and they do not care how many lives are sacrificed, said Dr. Brewster.

Cannot the world, by the aid of science and learning, be elevated above the influence of the priests, who lead the Catholics to such horrid persecutions? Are they to be in ignorance forever, following blindly such a pernicious class of men? These ignorant beings who follow priests to such murders must ever be fit tools for despots. Napoleon will use them up—he will want a few millions for his army, not one of whom will ever return from the slaughter-house to his family or fireside. Like beasts they are trained to destroy their own species wherever patriots are found defending their country. Napoleon uses them for his own amusement, as the Romans used the gladiators who fought in the Coloseum with lions and tigers. We have a report from Spain to-day that fifty Spanish armed ships have escaped from Cadiz, and are now on the way to join the French fleet with a large army, destined for the invasion of England! England is the only Protestant country, and I fear that we shall have to yield, and again wear the chains that have cost us so many lives, and millions of dollars to throw off.

France is now building one thousand flat-boats, for landing one hundred thousand Catholic troops from their transports, on the Irish coast, who will be joined by the Irish Catholics, and the whole of England will be destroyed! The French troops concentrated in various ports nearest to Ireland amount to half a million. The English government have called out their militia, and they are now in five camps, the largest of which is near London. The most painful consternation is read in every countenance! All amusements are suspended, three-fourths of the shops are closed, a large number of the richest bankers and merchants have failed, and some imported articles have risen to ten times their usual price. One hundred thousand men, women and children are walking the streets unemployed and in a state of starvation, ready, like the mobs of Paris, to commit any acts of destruction! The military have not been able to suppress the riots now daily increasing. To add to all other alarming events, a plot was discovered last night to blow up the palace of St. James, with the King and Queen and half the nobility, assembled at the Queen's reception party! It was one of the most astounding plots ever attempted, and it came very near being carried into execution. Some thousands of the most valuable lives in the kingdom would have been destroyed, and the Catholics would have taken possession of the Bank of England, and every other bank would have shared the same fate, with all the Protestants who opposed the infuriated mob! By some mistake the Catholics admitted a Protestant into their secret meetings, by whom the whole was exposed to the government last night, and this night all were to have been destroyed, said Dr. Herschell.

This is horrible! No country can be sustained under such accumulated disasters! No person now dares to speak to his neighbor, fearing he may be a Catholic, and will stab him

to the heart! It is perfectly clear that Catholics and Protestants can never live under the same government. England has been lighted up with the fires of persecution from Smithfield to the surrounding ocean; and will soon be involved again in the same war of extermination, said Dr. Brewster.

I hope this contest will be decided now. I am ready, and believe the whole country is impatient for the battle, said Dr. Herschell.

Napoleon is hourly expected at Calais, and will inspect the troops before they embark for the Irish coast. General Kleber, left by Napoleon in command of the French army in Egypt, has been assassinated by a native Egyptian! The criminal was suspended by a chain over a slow fire, for three days, and literally roasted, in torments too great for contemplation! Kleber and Napoleon had murdered thirty thousand of his countrymen, among whom was every member of his family! Ten thousand of the Egyptians were poisoned by Napoleon, to save the cost of their support! They were prisoners taken in defending their own country, and this act was but one of the numerous atrocities that should consign the name of Napoleon to everlasting disgrace, said Dr. Brewster, as he withdrew.

Miss Rivers, I have omitted to speak to you till the present moment, fearing to excite suspicion. You said we were watched, and I am satisfied that you are right. I know we have been watched! Every secret meeting that we have had, and they have occurred daily, has been the object of prying curiosity. We are marked, and followed, and suspected! I am about to make a declaration, Miss Rivers, that may surprise you! You will, I hope, excuse my early allusion to a personal matter that deeply interests my feelings. Our acquaintance, short as it has been, has produced an impression on my mind which no time, or distance, or misfortune can

ever efface. There is a sentiment—perhaps I should not say it here—there is a sentiment stronger than patriotism, and deeper than love of life—a feeling that may exist beyond the narrow liqits of this troubled scene! My country, my bleeding country is making demands upon me; and a few of us, in the deep love that we feel for injured Ireland, are periling life, liberty, and all that we hold dear. The clash of arms, the shout of victory, or the wail of ignominious defeat, will soon meet our ears. With this vision before my eyes, I still must bow to a passion which I cannot repel from my heart! And yet from you, how can I expect a return of these sentiments? What interest can you feel in him who to morrow may be called to the awful tribunal of his country, and possibly to an ignominious death? asked Lord Fitzgerald.

My Lord, you surprise me! I do not know to what sentiment you allude, but this place is unfit for the utterance of any feeling! We are watched! I see the face of a disguised figure now turned on us! The evidence of this unknown man may consign us both to an ignominious grave! It is known to all that we are Catholics, and suspicion of our designs is aroused, and we must leave London immediately! After a short residence in Ireland, I shall return to France; there I will devote all my energies to the cause of Ireland. If success should crown our efforts, and an acceptable Government by our agency be formed, in sweet scenes of peace and happiness, the interesting subject to which you have alluded, shall demand consideration, and to you, my heart may be devoted, said Miss Rivers.

Must you return to France? I could wish that circumstances would enable you to remain in Ireland. A conflict is near, and life to all is uncertain. Visions are flitting before my eyes; I see beloved Ireland crowded to the dust, and at times my heart bleeds. In the darkest moments that may assail me, life would be cheered by your presence. But if suc-

cess should crown our efforts, and should Ireland be raised to her rank among nations; with whom could our success be enjoyed? I will not prolong this interview; but say that my feelings are reciprocated? I will then with new life, urge on the conflict, that must elevate me to a proud place in the Temple of Fame, or consign me to a traitor's tomb, said Lord Fitzgerald.

My Lord, I was not prepared for this declaration! The busy scenes in which we are called to act, preclude the contemplation of life's joyous, happy hours. Sterner duties first demand our thoughts. Success will ensure our happiness; and mutual sacrifices will cement a mutual bond. I need not tell you that my feelings are not indifferent to your happiness, or my own. Forget for a time this interview, with the assurance, that if Providence smiles on our sacred cause, to you shall be pledged all the energies of this ambitious heart! Immediately on my return to France, I will seek an interview with Napoleon, and bear to him the mission which I have performed. I will assure him that Ireland is ready for her deliverance, and waits only for France! In the gay scenes of Paris or Versailles, in success and glorious victory; or in the dark hours of disappointed hope, even, if it must come, the cold cell of convicted and crushed life, my heart is pledged to you, in deepest sympathy! I could have wished that you had sought glory in other fields, but Providence has ordered otherwise, and I bow in submission to his will.—England, or Ireland, must sink, in sorrow to a fate that makes the heart bleed! But justice, injured laws, and our true religion, will sanction this, even if England, with all her chivalry, shall sink to rise no more. In dreams, I see scenes of blood! Passion's horrid, desolating war, is now begun, and who shall be the first to sheathe the sword? Oh, see the conflict! Fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, in one mingled mass, for life with brutal foes, in life's last agonies are now contending! See, streams of

blood from the hearts of dying victims now are flowing! They fall, they fall, in one mingled, undistinguished pile, of dead and dying! Look! my own relations, and friends, are now for life contending! They die, they die, and with them the noble souls who oft have led my country's heroes on to victory, and borne her banners nobly! Do I dream? Oh no, these visions are soon to be realities! Alas, my heart tells me this is more than dream or vision! But weakness shall have no place in hearts that were made to guide, and elevate a nation! Arouse, act nobly, act fearlessly, and trust in God! Immediately on my arrival at Paris, I will write. I know Napoleon will not desert us! Adieu.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DRAMA.

> And hence the charm historic scenes impart:
> Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
> Aerial forms in Tempe's classic vale
> Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the gale;
> In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
> And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.
>
> ROGERS.

THE house of Mr. Coutts in Regent street was surpassed by few even of the highest nobility in London. To great wealth he added great taste, and boundless hospitality. His wealth and education had given him access to the highest circles of London.

This evening his levee was more crowded than usual, and nearly five hundred persons were present. Among the eminent guests were Canning, Lord Byron, Robert Southey, W. Gifford, Charles Lamb, all the Foreign Ambassadors, the Duke of St. Alban's, Eugenia, Mr. and Miss Mitford, Mrs. Opie, T. Campbell, M. G. Lewis, R. B. Shelley, R. Heber, Mrs. Hemans, H. H. Milman, Thomas Hood, Mrs. Norton, Mr. Carter, of New York, Manager Coleman, Mr. Sheridan,

Gen. McDonald, G. F. Cooke, Mrs. Barbauld, J. Q. Adams, Dr. Darwin, Mr. Macintosh, Lady Morgan, Miss Anna Seward, Mr. Rogers, W. Wordsworth, S. T. Coleridge, and Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Coutts, your friends have assembled in larger numbers than usual at this early hour. You must embrace half of London in your social circle, said Gen. McDonald.

The performance of a play, under such peculiar circumtances, is an object of more than common interest. My own desire to see these children is quite as great as my friends' can be; they are thought by some to possess unusual talents, but Miss Mitford, the rich and talented Eugenia, the Duke, and all our most valued friends are engaged, and Manager Coleman, and Mr. Gifford of the Quarterly Review, are to be spectators, said Mr. Coutts, as Lord Byron approached.

My Lord, I am delighted to see you at my house; the children have received your prologue, and Vic has committed it to memory, and you will please accept my thanks for your kindness to them, said Mr. Coutts.

I always take pleasure in assisting the unfortunate, and shall add something more valuable than the few lines which they have received from me, said Lord Byron, as he joined General McDonald.

Lord Byron, when do you leave England to take a part in the glorious contest of Greece, for her freedom from the Turkish yoke? I am sure that she will recover her independence, and I hope will destroy every Turk now on Grecian soil. I wish every Turk had been at Navarino when it was destroyed by the French and English fleet. These Turks have white slaves, and as many wives as they please. The Sultan has six hundred in his harem, and the whole nation should be erased from the map, said the General.

I shall leave England soon, and may never return. I have

pledged myself to the cause of freedom and of Greece, and her fate will be my fate. England and France have already sent a fleet to assist the Greeks—why will they not send an army also, and give you the command? I intend to fight for the Greeks, and to loan them the amount for which I have sold Newstead Abbey, said Lord Byron.

My Lord, I have heard of your noble conduct towards the Grecks, and I hope your example will be followed by all the noble spirits of the country, said the General.

Is it not strange that all Europe has not risen against the Turks, and exterminated them, and recovered those places rendered dear to the Christian, and to the readers of the Bible, and classic literature? The Bible should have prevented Palestine and the Holy Land from the desecration of the Turks; it certainly would if the Asiatics had been endowed with the power of self-civilization; but their institutions are equally debasing to mind and body, and must by a decree of Providence place them beyond the power of civilization. All the crusades, ancient and modern, have not been able to recover the Holy Places, or to infuse into the Turks the least respect for Christianity, and they never will. Turkey must be obliterated from the earth, and other races must occupy her place. The Turks hold the keys of every sacred place, dear as life to the Christian, and assess a tribute on all who visit them. Pilgrims have marched in hundreds of thousands to these shrines, but the Turk still desecrates all that we regard as sacred. Peter the Hermit, and Cœur de Lion could marshal nearly all Europe in their various crusades, but Turkey would not yield her polygamy or her slaves to any Christianizing influence, and never will.

I hope my example, and the example of hundreds who are now in motion, will enable Greece to recover her independence. We owe to Greece a debt not easily discharged. Her language and literature brought with them one half of our civili-

zation. These Turks came from the centre of Asia, and, under Mahomet, were near extending their conquests over all Europe. No nation was ever guilty of greater cruelties in their wars of conquest than the Turks. With them every war was a religious war—they destroyed all who did not bow to the crescent, and they now hold under their iron rule every place celebrated in ancient history or the Bible. Palestine, Judea, Carmel, Basham, Tabor, Damascus, Rama, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Mount Tabor, Tyre, Lebanon, Palmyra, Aleppo, Antioch, Miletus, Hellespont, or the modern Dardanelles; also Joppa, now called Jaffa, so conspicuous as the port of Judea, and the only point of communication which David and Solomon had with the Mediteranean. In the middle ages, Jaffa rose to fame from being the nearest port to Jerusalem, for the landing place of the great crusades, under Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip of France. Jaffa continued the head-quarters of the Christians in those celebrated wars of the various crusades, and was the scene of one of Napoleon's most inhuman acts—the destruction of all his prisoners. All the places conquered by the Turks are sent back to barbarism.

There was a canal, before the Christian era, which connected the Nile with the Red Sea, but it has been closed since the Turks conquered the country. It has now passed into the hands of a company of Europeans, and it is to be reconstructed. Hungary was the battle-field for centuries on which the Crescent and the Cross were contending for victory; and it would be fortunate indeed if all the battles that are to be fought between Catholics and Protestants could be fought in Hungary rather than in England, said Lord Byron, as he joined his friends.

Those who listened to Lord Byron's remarks were impressed with the truth of his views.

I see Gifford, the critic, in the corner of the room; his face

always looks as if he had been drinking vinegar, and was begging for a lump of sugar to sweeten him, said Mrs. Barbauld.

Do you think a lump of sugar would sweeten him? I think he would have to be dipped in sugar, like an almond, said Dr. Darwin.

If England had never possessed any talented authors till he discovered them, we should have been in the dark ages at this time, said Mrs. Barbauld.

I know of no sight more interesting to men of sensibility, than that of a young person stepping forth to assume an arduous profession, and claiming a place among the talented and the virtuous. I envy not the person whose heart does not respond to such deeply interesting scenes, said Dr. Darwin.

Miss Kemble's talents are to undergo a rigid criticism tonight. It would be perfect ecstasy for these critics to demolish such a fair creature. The more splendid the talents, the more conspicuous is the mark at which a critic aims, and the greater his happiness if he can only level the actor to his own miserable criticism. They attack all alike; and when an actor or a writer does fail, as will sometimes happen, the critic triumphs. No person can estimate the broken hearts and the sensitive nerves that these critics destroy. Here is a fair creature, only fifteen years of age, an orphan, who owes to Miss Mitford all that she is; and if she could be assisted by the critics, an etherial spirit might be fanned into a flame that would burn brightly, and shed a lustre over a devoted circle of admiring friends; but I know that they will crush her, said Mr. Coutts.

The company had nearly all assembled, and all were animated by the same desire, all were cheered by the same fond hope.

The history of Vic has charmed many romantic girls, and her beauty had deeply interested more than one of the audi-

ence before whom she is this evening to appear. Her own heart is not the only one that beats with deeper anxiety, as the hour for her success or defeat steals upon us. A life of splendid success, or a night of despair, are the visions now flitting before her. Here comes old Crabapple, said Mrs. Barbauld, as she turned from Mr. Coutts, and saw Mr. Gifford approaching.

These children are to achieve a great victory, or will be doomed to an ignominious defeat, was the grave and measured language of Gifford, the stern critic.

They have no such word in their language as defeat! If they do not meet the expectations of their friends, they will try again; that is all that can happen, said Mrs. Opie, as Mr. G. F. Cooke approached.

If I could only be assured that these boys will be able to sustain themselves, as well as I know Vic will sustain her part, I should be relieved. I have spared no pains in their education! For ten years they have been my constant companions, and they have claimed all the affection that an own parent could lavish on them. I cannot think of their failure! My heart tells me they will not fail! Who knows the anguish of a parent's heart, when a beloved child is to step forth and assume the responsibilities of an uncertain professional life? The thousand snares that are set to catch unsuspecting youth, the stores, the painted vices, the games, the nightly revels, the influences that few can resist, and that bear our youth to the grave of virtue in this great city, appall my heart! Can these boys escape? asked Mr. Cooke.

Ladies and gentlemen, will you walk to the hall? The play will soon commence.

The company was seated. The bell rang. The curtain rose. Miss Kemble, in a clear voice, recited Byron's beautiful prologue:

Since the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;
Since, now, to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect;
To-night, no Veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
A MITFORD, the KEMBLES will salute you here,
They cannot fail to draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night, you throng to witness the *debut*
Of embryo Actors, to the drama new.
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try;
Clip not our pinions, ere the birds can fly;
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler, only, fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise,
But all our Dramatis Personæ wait,
In fond suspense, this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward;
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze;
Surely, the last will some protection find,
None to the softer sex can prove unkind:
Whilst Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest Censor to the fair must yield.
Yet should our feeble efforts naught avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavors fail;
Still, let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive

Miss Mitford appeared. She seemed slightly embarrassed. John walked with a cool air and took his place. The dialogue proceeded, and all breathed with more freedom. In the next scene, Vic, Miss Mitford, Eugenia, Charles and John appeared. They proceeded for a few moments, till all had spoken, and then there commenced an applause that knew no bounds. All was still—and the play proceeded, with an occasional interruption, to the end. One enthusiastic burst of

applause then came from the whole audience, in which, by some mistake, the critics joined! The company advanced and joined the actors, and congratulations were mingled with heartfelt joy. Could genius have achieved more? Could happiness have been more complete?

Mr. Coleman, if you wish to engage these children, and give them half the proceeds of the house, you can do so. There is Miss Mitford, and there is Mr. Cooke; they are the guardians, and they may well be proud of such adopted children, said Mr. Rogers.

I shall close an engagement with them for ten nights, said Mr. Coleman.

Mr. Coleman, that is one of the most amiable and accomplished young ladies that I have ever known; her education is equal to that of any lady in London, and has been superintended by Miss Mitford. Miss Kemble is the centre of a very large circle, all of whom feel a deep interest in her welfare; they regard her as highly talented, and entertain for her a strong affection. They think her destined to shed a lustre over the drama and the age. The beautiful conceptions of the poets will find in her an impersonation of their own beauty. She will assist to delight the world of intellect. See to her, Mr. Coleman! See that she is treated as your own daughter! Cherish her, love her, bestow on her the deep affection that the noblest image of goodness must claim from hearts of sensibility. Let not the rough wind blow upon her, let the atmosphere around her be as pure as she is pure! I know what the life of an actor is; I regret to say that I know what the life of an actress is! This age is better than any preceding one, but it is bad enough! It must, and shall be improved. Catholics and their habits must be driven from the country. The virtuous world must not be excluded from all places of amusement by impure plays and impure actors, and by the tainted atmosphere that surrounds them. Society

must be elevated by new and wholesome influences. We must have plays without intrigue, and actors and actresses who have characters to sustain them, said Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Rogers, I will be to Miss Kemble a friend—I will fill the place of a parent. I will be to her all that affection can claim from age, and all that a fond parent could be to a beloved daughter. I will watch over her, I will guide and guard and elevate a genius of surpassing brilliancy. I cannot but feel the deepest solicitude for the success of a girl of such beauty and talent. Through all the changing scenes of a theatrical life, arduous enough, Heaven knows, she may look to me for encouragement, direction, and constant care. She inherits an uncommon genius. Intellect is seen glowing alike in every expression, and in every thought. She must be eminent. To whom is she indebted for her education? asked Mr. Coleman.

To Miss Mitford she owes all the eminence that she may acquire. Sustained, taught, encouraged by Miss Mitford, she is now to step forth upon an untried scene. The frail bark is freighted with fondest hopes, ardent desires, and kindest wishes—but inexperience guides the helm! A glorious reward will cheer us all, if no storm shall dash her upon a desolate shore, said Mr. Rogers.

You, Mr. Rogers, have devoted yourself to literature while attending to the drudgery of business. I know the feelings that animate all literary enthusiasts, and but few persons do know them. To literature, to science, to poetry and to the drama, the world is deeply indebted. The power of dramatic literature to charm is great, but its influence on society, in elevating and in purifying, is infinitely greater. The stage can do more than the pulpit to civilize, to Christianize, and to lead upward a whole nation. The pulpit reaches but a small fraction of the whole country—the stage attracts all to its shrine. If I could select the best creations of the best poets,

and prohibit the performance of all others, I would show you an engine of power of which you never formed a conception. A good sentiment was never uttered by any person in public to which there was not a prompt response in the human heart. The world was not originally bad—the heart is good and pure till debased by bad influences. Bad plays should be prohibited by rigid enactments, in every large city, and they are, you know, in London. Moral and historical plays should be free to the lower classes. I will accomplish more by the theatres, in elevating the standard of morals in London, or any other city, than all the pulpits in the city. The pulpit reaches only those who are already above the worst influences of a corrupt city; but the stage is constantly addressing a mass too low to be reached by any other moral teaching. Before the lowest theatres of London were placed under censorship, I could show you an entire audience, admitted at a low charge, every one of whom was a large or a small criminal.* The plays

* We copy from the Mercantile Guide and Family Journal:

A THIEVES' EXCHANGE.—We are apt to think that London offers a model for that chief reliance of cities, a police department; but it seems that in the very centre of London there exists a foul den of thieves and disturbers of the public, which bids defiance to the whole municipal militia of that great city. We find the following letter descriptive of one of these dens, in a late London *Times*:

"In the heart of London, on every successive Sunday in the year, in various streets, alleys, and courts to the north of Houndsditch and therefore in my own immediate neighborhood, are congregated upwards of fifteen thousand persons engaged in traffic of various kinds, and constituting what is called the "City Exchange Fair." The trade is carried on principally in Cutler Street, Phil's Buildings, City Exchange, Exhibition Mart, Harrow Alley, and Petticoat Lane, places notorious in the annals of crime for outrages and abominations of all descriptions. The articles offered for sale consist for the most part of wearing apparel and jewelry, and the fair lasts for the greater portion of the day. I speak from personal observation and inspection, and hesitate not to characterize the place as one of the very foulest sinks of profligacy and crime to be found within the length and breadth of London. Of the fifteen thousand individuals there assembled, some are Jews of the lowest grade, but the great majority are nominally Christians; uniting together in forming a multitude of the most ignorant, lawless, brutal, and degraded ruffians that the metropolis can furnish. In this vile haunt crimes are both plotted and perpetrated; for, in a spot at the entrance to Harrow Alley, I was myself informed, on the occasion of one of my visits, by one of our excellent police, that of all the males there congregated, of various ages, and to the number of several hundreds,

selected, the plays purposely written, the sentiments uttered, were the sentiments of thieves and robbers.

Impure Novels and plays have done more to degrade the nation, than virtue, religion, or schools, or science, can do to elevate its morals, its character, or its virtue. Every man who writes a play or a novel, and enshrines virtue for the worship of her votaries, adds to the purity of his country's morals, and the power to resist the sea of bad influences in which so many of both sexes are constantly wrecked. He who writes a play, a novel, or a poem, that pampers the bad passions, inflicts an injury on society that his own example, and that of hundreds, however virtuous, cannot counteract. Your poems have been honorable to your genius, and to your heart; but who are they that are benefitted by poetry? There is not one person in one hundred who can comprehend

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every individual had been a convicted felon. Stolen property is here disposed of to any extent, "and no questions asked;" and an inducement is thereby held out to thieves from every quarter to bring hither the results of their crimes, assured of their immediate and safe disposal. I could furnish you with many details of this den of horrors, but I will content myself by affirming that if there be an epithet in the English tongue more descriptive than another of a place reeking with blasphemy, clamor, and obscenity, and of a loathsome assemblage stained with every vice named or nameless, that I would select and apply it to this foulest of foul scenes and filthiest of filthy multitudes. No man can possibly imagine it who has not visited the place and seen it with his own eyes.

"I detest Puritanism, and am as much opposed as any man can be to severities towards the poor. But the suppression of this infamous fair would be a boon to the public at large. I will not believe that the Legislature is cognizant of the facts above detailed, and of such a scene existing in the midst of us and spreading a moral contagion in all directions. Were it known for what it really is, I feel sure that the knife and cautery of the law would have ere now removed this pestilent ulcer from our body politic, and at least for one day in seven, have cleansed our city from this horrible plague spot. The evil is not—cannot be known, or I am confident it would not be suffered to exist.

"We may coincide or differ on some of the minor points of the bill now under discussion, and at the same time give each other credit for good intentions, but I am sure we must cordially agree in our condemnation and our desire for the immediate suppression of this most execrable scene, hateful alike to God and man.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS HUGO,

Senior Curate of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.

BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, July 2.

a sentiment uttered in elevated poetic language. If you would employ your genius in writing plays or novels, you would reach every reader, and your sentiments would have a response from every heart. Novels are read by young persons before virtue is fixed in the mind. A French novel is a school of vice, and the French people are accomplished scholars in all that tends to demoralize society and a reading age.* Our infant schools, our Sunday schools, our English schools, our seminaries of learning, boundless as they are, may be rendered almost useless by a polluted literature, spread over a reading world. After a long night of Catholic darkness and degradation, the human intellect is springing forward with an energy that knows no bounds. The demand is for works that interest the intellect and reach the heart by their true pictures of real life. The age for the worship of old saints and great sinners is past, and their dogmas are thrown to the winds. It is for works that show us what the vast capacities of the human mind are, and not what the ignorance of past ages has regarded them. It is for works which show that this country is not to be compared with the Catholic darkness that settled like a pall upon the past ages, and will, if unchecked, destroy the energy of the coming age.

May I look to you, Mr. Rogers, for a play or a novel that will sustain my theory of society as we find it in this enlightened age? asked Mr. Coleman.

Mr. Coleman, you have taken me by surprise! I did not expect to receive a moral lesson from a theatrical manager. I am delighted with your views, but you leave me no opportunity for argument. I can do no more than assure you that I approve of every sentiment that you have uttered. I have

* An eminent French actress, who recently attracted so much of the admiration of this country, has a number of children by as many different men, and is a perfect impersonation of French society and French morals. At her splendid palace in Paris, she nightly entertains a class of men who equally disgrace Paris, French society, and all with whom they associate.

never tried my powers of invention. My conception of the wants of the reading world, however correctly it may be formed, is no guarantee that I could create the characters that would interest the understanding, or the sentiments that would captivate the heart, or find a response in the mind of this highly intellectual age. I will give your suggestions due consideration, and I may possibly attempt to draw those characters that would be approved by this age of virtue and intelligence, said Mr. Rogers, as he withdrew.

Mr. Gifford, how were you pleased with the new play and the young actors? I recollect you called Rienzi hard names, said Mrs. Barbauld.

The young actors performed very well, and the play gives me encouragement. Till now, I have seen no play for years worthy to be called such. The world has been going backward. We had no plays, we had no poetry, we had no English language. The plays were without plot, the poetry was all prose, with the lines reversed. Our English, I fear, is to be all French or German. I have almost resolved to criticise no more books of any kind. If you, Mrs. Barbauld, or your daughter, would write a play, I should be sure that it would add to the value of our classic literature. Sir Walter Scott says your daughter has a genius of high order, and has already published a volume of poetry which I have not seen. She resides at Oxford, does she not? asked Mr. Gifford.

She does, said Mrs. Barbauld.

I hope you will remind her of the dramatic field. No talent would be so well rewarded. We have but few plays that inculcate virtue. The old writers who had genius, selected such indelicate plots as to unfit them for the parlor of modern refined society, said Mr. Gifford.

The poetry of my daughter is admired by some partial friends, but you would tear it to atoms, if offered for criticism, said Mrs. Barbauld.

You do me injustice. I will always give my own opinion of a writer honestly, and I care not whether I agree with another or not; I will not hesitate to speak out, and my criticism would be worth nothing if I were to do otherwise, said Mr. Gifford, as he withdrew.

Mrs. Rogers, I am told that the valiant General is really engaged to Eugenia. Is it true? asked Mrs. Barbauld.

There is nothing more probable—he was an enthusiast in every thing, and I have for some time suspected his attentions would result in an engagement, said Mrs. Rogers.

I am very glad to hear that he is engaged—very glad indeed: these marrying men are always in the way. They ask half a dozen young ladies all at once to have them, and the one who says yes first, they take! I am very glad indeed that he is engaged! My nieces were very much alarmed for fear that he was going to offer himself to one of them. I am sure we should never have allowed Kate or Ida, to have him! To have an officer—oh, that could never be thought of! Do you know how many times he has been rejected? asked Mrs. Barbauld.

I never heard that any girl had an opportunity to reject him. Eugenia is the richest girl within our circle, and I think she has been fortunate; he is an educated man, and may yet reach a peerage—and that, you know, is what all cannot obtain, said Mrs. Rogers.

Peerage! A pretty man for a peerage! Aunt Ruth says she knew him when he went barefoot to school, in the highlands of Scotland. He had better talk English before he looks for a peerage! He has been rejected nine times!—yes, nine times—Aunt Ruth says so! Poor fellow, it must be very refreshing to be accepted at last by Eugenia, or any other girl; I hope she will make much of him. Do you know who his father was? asked Mrs. Barbauld.

I do not, said Mrs. Rogers.

He was the drummer of a regiment, said Mrs. Barbauld.

Oh, then he had a father! You know that many young men cannot claim that distinction, and none have grandfathers except the nobility, and some of them you know were tailors! These merchants and bankers are now pretending to be gentlemen! There are so many of these upstart rich men—men of yesterday, that they will outnumber the old families of the nobility, I fear. If wealth could purchase titles or respectability, our old Scotch families would stand a poor chance for eminence, these times. The McGregors of Scotland, you know, lived at one time, by robbing each other; but the present nobility are more respectable than that. You know, I suppose, Mrs. Barbauld, that I am related to King Robert Bruce! Do you think you can find any of the nobility who can go further back in their genealogy than that? I will admit that some of the Scotch were not so refined as our modern ladies are, but our family is ancient—and that, you know, is the basis of all the nobility of England, said Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Rogers, what do you think of emigration? Do you think the poor creatures who go to America die without much suffering, or is it generally a lingering death? asked Mrs. Barbauld.

I hear that they do not all die in the hospitals of that pestilential climate: for it is certain one Bishop has made a fortune by selling graves to Catholics. The Catholics, I suppose you have heard, are now a political party, and are largely represented in the President's privy council, and fill the best offices. The bow and arrow are now exchanged for the dirk and pistol, which are carried by all parties, but more generally by the aristocracy, who have acquired the title of sporting gentlemen. The new importation of priests and patriots have introduced a high degree of refinement, and they monopolize the fighting, and the calling of each other liars, and other names familiar with them, but not found in the dictionaries.

The country is undoubtedly progressive, but it is generally thought to be *downward*, by the Bishops, and those who buy and sell churches, and masses, and trade in land and religion, said Mrs. Rogers.

Do the natives still carry the scalping-knife? asked Mrs. Barbauld.

The President is a native American, and is called the Great Father by all the Indian tribes—and they ought to know their own relations—and I am sure all the natives are savages, and carry scalping-knives, and use them too, said Mrs. Rogers.

I know a young couple, with two lovely children, who wish to emigrate, but they are entirely without the means of paying their passage—do you know any Society that will help them off? asked Mrs. Barbauld.

Certainly I do. The Commissioners of the Poor will pay a part of the passage, possibly all, in the miserable vessels now carrying off the scum of our population. They have paid the fare of thousands. I know a great many towns that have sent every tenant of their poor-houses to the United States, and have rented their workhouses; this you know is much cheaper than supporting them in England. The Duke of Northumberland has sent to the United States at his own expense, five hundred of his own tenants, nearly all of whom were women and children, and men without sense. They had married cousins, till half of them were of one name, and till there were not half a dozen who had sense enough to earn a living. The Government is constantly sending convicts to America, and no longer send any to the penal colonies in Australia. We shall soon have good times in England.

Ladies and gentlemen, our levee will be held on Wednesday evening next. Will you mention the night to our friends, and say to them we ask the favor of a general attendance, as the chaplets are to be presented to the Kembles, said Mrs. Rogers.

Mr. Coutts, said Mr. Wiggin, the next levee of our friends will be honored with the company of Mr. Bates, formerly of Boston, and now a partner in the banking house of Baring, Brothers & Co. Lord Ashburton is a partner of the house—and in a recent emergency placed one million sterling of his private property to the credit of the house. Mr. Gray of Boston, one of their richest men, was a correspondent of Samuel Williams, whose recent failure was announced on 'Change.—I was born in Boston, and my early business life was spent in that city. After establishing a house in London, where I have spent the most of my time recently, I am about to return to Boston to reside; but shall visit London occasionally, as long as my partners continue the business of our house. I am acquainted with the merchants of Boston, and entertain for them the very highest respect. They are mostly self made men, and started from the public schools; they are now generally wealthy, and command the respect of the commercial world. I have visited Boston frequently during my residence in London, and always with increased pleasure. There are more rich and liberal men in Boston, than in any other city in the United States, and their annual donations to charitable societies amount to nearly three hundred thousand dollars. The Honorable William Gray had some years since in his employ, as a sea captain, Mr. Beckford, to whom he was much attached. He also had in his employ a clerk, to whom he was equally attached, by the name of Bates. Mr. Gray loaned them capital, and they commenced business in Boston, under the firm of Beckford & Bates. At that time there was a merchant by the name of S——, who had three children, two daughters and one son; the son was for years an officer in the United States Navy. Mr. Bates offered his hand to one of the daughters, was accepted, and soon married. Soon after, Mr. Gray sent Mr. Bates to Europe as his resident partner, and to him were consigned all his India vessels for years. On

relinquishing business, Mr. Gray recommended Mr. Bates to Messrs. J. & T. H. Perkins of Boston, in whose employ he remained till invited by Lord Ashburton to join his house, Baring, Brothers & Co.*

Near Mr. Sturges, there lived Mr. Marshall, who had three daughters and one son. Mr. Marshall was an India merchant, and Mr. Sturges sold hats, and according to the refined code of Boston exclusive society, the former gentleman ranked some degrees above the latter.

All the daughters of Mr. Marshall were handsome, but Emily was beautiful. She possessed all the beauty of countenance and expression, all the elegance of shape and motion, all the grace and fascination, with which woman is capable of being endowed by nature. Her hair was black, her eyes were dark, and her complexion clear and transparent. Her arms and hands were faultless, her stature was medium. An expression of countenance which no painter could reach, and no writer could sketch, formed a being that may never again visit the earth. She danced, she conversed, she smiled, as no other person ever danced, conversed, or smiled. A person of equal claims to transcendent beauty, does not live. Those who saw her in her coach, or in the street, were compelled instinctively, and unconsciously, and against all laws of politeness, to stop and gaze upon an object, that seemed to them a celestial visitor. I have known many beautiful ladies in Boston, London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome, but I never saw one whose claims compared with hers, said Mr. Wiggin.

Can you give us a sketch of the prominent young men of your time? asked Mr. Rogers.

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* Mr. Bates is now acting as umpire appointed by England and the United States in the dispute I have submitted under the commercial treaty recently made by the two governments. He has recently awarded to Mr. Fry, of New York, and to Mr. Fairbanks of Boston, one hundred and ten thousand dollars unjustly taken from them nearly twenty years since and unjustly retained by the English government.

I knew all the young and middle-aged men who were then on the business stage, and all of them are now filling high places with honor to themselves and their country. I knew five brothers at school at Groton, by the name of Lawrence—all possessing talents of a high order. One of these was destined by his talents, to add largely to the high character of the American people. All who knew him felt assured that he would achieve all that education, talent, enterprise, virtue, liberality, and devoted attachment to the Union, can achieve.—His State torn by factions, will receive from him sentiments of wisdom, which will during his life, stay the tide of fanaticism now threatening to sweep union and its blessings from our favored land. Fortunate indeed will it be, if Massachusetts shall regard his suggestion, and make education, scientific acquirements, and respect for our Constitution, the cherished purposes of a devoted life. I knew a boy at school in Hillsboro', N. H., by the name of Franklin Pierce, a young man of great promise, and the son of a revolutionary patriot, Gen. Pierce. I knew two boys in college by the name of Sumner, sons of the high sheriff of Boston. I knew a boy in the store of Whitwell, Bond & Co., by the name of B. Seaver. I have seen a boy making shoes at Natick, Mass., by the name of Henry Wilson. I have seen a boy studying his lessons, by the name of Smith, and I have seen him a devoted student in science.

I have seen at Haverhill, a boy at work with his coat off, by the name of Spofford, and have seen another at the same place by the name of Tileston. Their talents will raise them to the highest eminence in the commercial community. I have seen a boy at his father's store in Marlboro street, Boston, by the name of George Ticknor. I have seen a boy attending school at Charlestown by the name of Walker. I have seen John Adams, the second President of the United States, in his own house in Quincy. He has told me that he did not speak to

Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, for twenty years—but at the age of nearly eighty years, they renewed their friendship, and buried all political animosities. Adams was the leader of the Federalists, and Jefferson of the Jacobins. During their political ascendancy, every Federalist wore a black cockade, and every Jacobin wore a white one. In those days there were but two political parties, and party spirit was inflamed to a degree, of which it is not easy to form a conception. These eminent statesmen and benefactors of their country, died at an advanced age, on the fourth of July, within a few hours of each other. I have heard Daniel Webster deliver their funeral oration, and in terms of thrilling eloquence, he urged all parties to cultivate a love of the Union, as our only sheet anchor. If we live under a Constitution unequaled in the world, it is to Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, and those who framed the Constitution, and to Webster who defended it, that we owe all our eminence.

I knew a boy in the public school in Dorchester, by the name of Edward Everett. I have placed myself in a window in Brattle street church to hear him preach—no other place could be obtained; at that time he was but twenty years of age. I have heard Mr. Holly deliver his discourses with as much eloquence as Mr. Everett, and neither of them has ever been equalled by his successors. Mr. Holly, unlike Mr. Everett, refused to have a single sermon printed. I have attended the wedding of Mr. Everett, when he was united to the richest heiress in Boston.

I have seen a boy attending school at Worcester, by the name of George Bancroft. I have heard both father and son preach in a Unitarian church. In some persons, genius is discoverable at an early age. To men of genius the world must always be indebted for its progress and its greatest elevation. They despise the prurient influence of dogmas, and aid us by the light of true philosophy.

I have heard H. G. Otis, who was at the head of the aristocracy, make speeches of great eloquence on Sunday evening at Faneuil Hall. He always argued, as did all the members of the Hartford Convention, that any State had a perfect right to secede, nullify, or form for herself a separate government. This doctrine converts the Constitution into a rope of sand, and when once adopted by a majority of the States, the Union will no longer have sufficient strength to bear its own weight. Mr. Otis was a man of eminent talents, and he well knew to what results such sentiments would some day tend; but a dislike to the government, and a love of popularity, induced him, in common with all abolitionists, to perform the part of a demagogue. I have seen his son, H. G. Otis, Jr, attempt to make a speech, and break down. I have heard men of great eloquence advocate political sentiments, which their children now occupying high places, will refuse to acknowledge.

I have heard Josiah Quincy, Senior, make a speech in Faneuil Hall, in which he argued that it was unbecoming a moral and religious people, to rejoice at the success of our army, or navy, over England, with whom we were then at war. I have seen a resolution to the same effect, adopted by a large majority! I have seen a convention from all the New England States assembling at Hartford, the object of which was, secret discussion of secession, and disunion. I have frequently heard Dr. Morse preach in Charlestown. I have seen his two sons of great talent, attending school in the same place.—One of them is destined to acquire an eminence in science, unsurpassed by any man who ever lived. I have attended worship in the old South, in which the British troops, in the revolutionary war, trained their horses. I have visited Daniel Webster in Sumner street, and I have heard him urging the conviction of the two Crownshields, who murdered Mr. White, aged seventy-five years, a man of great wealth, and the highest respectability. The murder was committed in the still

hours of the night, when the pious man had commended his spirit to his God, and was sleeping to wake no more on earth! This murder was committed by two young brothers for a small consideration; the price was paid by him who was an heir to the property—but a will was found, and he was not the fortunate inheritor! One of the brothers committed suicide, and the other was hung with Knapp, who paid them for the murder: the three were connected with the very first families of Salem.

I have heard Major Benjamin Russell open all the Sunday evening caucuses in Faneuil Hall, for a series of years. The Major was editor of the Columbian Centinel, and the leader of the Federal party, or the secessionists of those days. H. Austin was the editor of the Independent Chronicle, and the leader of the Jacobins. Thomas Selfridge offended the son of Austin, and young Austin caned him in State street. Selfridge took from his pocket a pistol, and killed him instantly, and escaped without punishment. I have known the President of the United States to order out the militia of Massachusetts, to be commanded by the United States officers, for the defence of the seaboard. I have known the Governor to refuse, and thus resist the constitution and the laws. The troops were ordered out, but were kept under the State officers appointed by the Governor.

This was the first act of Nullification, and as a dangerous precedent has inflicted a deep wound upon the Constitution—and if not rebuked, will lead to certain dissolution of the Union, and to anarchy, and ultimately to despotism.

I have seen Charles Sprague, the eminent poet, and financier, with his books attending a public school. I have visited in the house now standing, in which John Hancock lived at the time that he signed the Declaration of Independence, as President of the Convention. Those who value freedom should make a pilgrimage to this shrine, to which we are at least as

deeply indebted as to the emigrants in the Mayflower. I have frequently been in the building, now standing on the spot, where Franklin was born. I have often visited the revolutionary wharf, and in imagination seen the Americans, dressed like Indians, who threw into the ocean the cargoes of tea, on which England had demanded a tax that freemen could not, and would not pay. To drink tea at that time was certain to incur the disgrace of being a tory.

I have been intimately acquainted with Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, who published the first newspaper in the United States. I have been a schoolfellow with Palfrey and his brothers, at Milton, Massachusetts. I have at the same place been a schoolfellow with R. B. Forbes and his brother. I have seen a boy in the grocery store of Crocket & Seaver, by the name of Thayer. I have seen his brother in a broker's office in State street. I have seen Uriah Cotting projecting great schemes for improving a great city. He added millions to their wealth, and died without friends, and has not a monument of respectability to mark his resting place. The respect paid to departed worth, is a sure test of the virtues, and the intelligence, of a living age. The Bostonians should erect a Pantheon to the memory of their illustrious men. They could fill every niche with names which have shed a lustre upon their city, and the country.

I have been acquainted with J. and T. H. Perkins, whose liberality to the blind should never be forgotten. No city could ever claim men of so much wealth and liberality as the Bostonians—and no city was ever raised to the same eminence by their wise legislation, and their excellent institutions. The Bostonians have reformed half the errors that formerly disgraced large cities, and no person accomplished so much for them as the venerable Josiah Quincy. Their greatest vice still exists, to inflict the deepest misery on thousands of widows and of orphans. If they could transform their abolition

agitators into advocates for temperance and virtue, the lives of these men would inflict no injury on their country.

I have seen a boy attending school from his father's house in Charlestown, by the name of Samuel Osgood. I have frequently visited Dr. Holbrook of Milton, who owned a situation on Milton Hill, unsurpassed for the beauty of its surrounding landscape. I knew Mr. Grant, who devoted a life to the cause of reform in their social habits. I have seen John Augustus devoting the energies of a whole life to the amelioration of the sufferings of the poor and friendless. I have seen a boy by the name of Enoch Train in the store of Samuel Train. I have been intimately acquainted with Loring and Curtis, eminent merchants. I have associated with Gassett & Upham, Minchin & Welsh, Tappan & Mansfield, John Tappan, Tuckerman, Rogers & Cushing, Samuel Dorr, B. & C. Adams, Draper & Stone, Carnes and Rodes, and T. R. Wales.

I have seen Mr. Eliott, one of the earliest importers, and the latest to wear the three-cornered revolutionary hat. He died, leaving one million two hundred thousand dollars to sons who have nobly sustained their father's high character.

I have seen Fulton at work daily in New York, with untiring industry, till complete success crowned his efforts, and enabled him to propel his boat by steam, at the rapid rate of five miles an hour! Inventors and discoverers are entitled to more veneration than those who improve, or adapt to use, the discoveries of others. I have seen a boy at work in a mechanic's shop, in the same place, by the name of Hoe. The time occupied by a prosy speechmaker may be sufficient for Hoe to multiply his speech one hundred thousand times—and in the same time, Morse may send the speech three times round the world!

I have been acquainted with John Parker, who, dying, left three millions of dollars to his worthy family, but forgot the

public charities, that add so much to the high character of the Bostonians. I have seen the wealthy and eccentric family of Wigglesworth, possessing immense wealth, walking ten miles before breakfast for a whole lifetime, puzzling naturalists, and exciting the smiles of all who saw such singularity. I have seen Benjamin Bussey, who was a button maker in early life, driving four horses in his own coach. His donation to Cambridge University, was a farm—now of immense value. I was acquainted with Mr. McLane, who endowed the Hospital that bears his name, and one of the best of the numerous charitable institutions of the State.

I know the names of all Bostonians, who have supported with their talents and their wealth, the institutions which will reflect credit on the city, the country, and their own name, for all coming time. I have seen enough of Bostonians, and their institutions, to satisfy all reflecting men that the great men of one age, are the persons to whom the succeeding age are indebted for all the good institutions under which they live. For the regard that the leading Bostonians feel for those who are soon to succeed them, they are bound to persevere in their virtuous reforms. They should lay broad and deep the institutions for which they are contending. They should ever agitate public sentiment, and bring every voice to the support of virtue and its best institutions. They have a man among them who may achieve a victory over the sufferings of the human family, that can never be surpassed. The agonies of life, and the pains of death, may be by his discoveries lulled to repose. The self inflicted sufferings will then be all that can afflict the world. Some other benefactor of the world may arise to complete the dispensation, and show us how to close the avenues to vice, and enable us to drive sickness, sorrow, and suffering from the world. When this is accomplished, the Bostonians will add another to her claims, of having the most perfect city that can be found in any coun-

try. If they can succeed and fix temperance on their soil, every city will imitate their example, and strive to reap their reward.

The success of this intellectual and free people, is not to be limited by the success of European Catholic demoralized cities.

I have seen all the Appletons, the Parkmans, the Sears, Masons, Thorndikes, Warrens, Bigelows, Jacksons, Winslows, Emersons, Bradleys, Gerrys, Sullivans, Mortons, Dearborns, Sumners, Phillips, Lawrences, Johnsons, Howes, Grays, Lowells, and Sewells. I have seen all, to whom a splendid city owes her pre-eminence—and some to whom she is not deeply indebted.

Mr. Adams, you have allowed me to run on with my recollections of past times, always interesting to persons of our age. You represent the United States in one of the European courts, and you have seen the most of Europe; you will oblige us by giving your views of the mission of a nation that is now filling the minds of all Europe. Will you indulge us with a comparison of the condition and prospects of the two countries? You are well acquainted with the cities of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Salem, &c. &c. We both know that the United States are some day to occupy an elevated position in the family of nations, and you will excuse me, when I say that you have done your full share of labor, to fix on our soil the institutions which we both hope will exist forever. You have seen the lovely private residences in Middlesex in England, and you have seen those around New York city. Those which surround New York, and all the large cities of the great country, are already well known and admired. You have seen the banks of the Hudson, and the lovely villas with which they are adorned, and you have seen Long and Staten Island.—

You have seen Roxbury, Brookline, Dorchester, Newton,

and their lovely residences will not soon be forgotten, said Mr. Wiggin.

I have seen nearly all of England, and I have been in doubt which place most deeply interested me. The trade of Liverpool will always attract the attention of the merchant. The great antiquity of the buildings of London will most deeply interest the antiquary. The objects of interest in England are spread over the whole country, and not confined to one city as in France. The churches of England, venerable with age; the hills covered with ruined castles, the rail-roads and canals, the fortresses built hundreds of years ago for the protection of the coast; every new scene has its peculiar attraction, and the mind of the traveller is ever filled with delight. I could wish to ever live among her classic lakes, and in the scenes of rural loveliness. Wherever we visit we are ever inspired with new enjoyment; and I could wish to live the life that England offers to her favored residents. The hills of Middlesex, the rural scenery, the costly palaces, must ever charm the visitor; but the chief ornaments are the villas of the wealthy citizens of London, among whom the merchants are conspicuous. As the world progresses in knowledge and wealth, all learn the folly of making military adventurers the heroes of the world. Intelligence, virtue, and wealth, in this age, are the objects sought for. In a free country a military despot will find no worshipers. The virtues that the intelligent world now respects are here found in all their vigor, and a more delightful scene of quiet beauty does not exist. It may be equaled in the city of New-York, and on the banks of the Hudson, and on Long and Staten Islands, and in time we may surpass them in all these places Around Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston, are single villas that cannot be surpassed, but Middlesex is one large city full of taste, architectural display, and great magnificence, and no place can surpass it. While London has been a city of immense trade, for nearly one

thousand years, the United States claim but little more than two hundred years, and our vessels exceed in number those of England. New-York, by her position, in the centre of a sea-coast of thousands of miles, and lying at the only natural outlet of our great inland seas, must sustain a never ending commercial pre-eminence. It must be the largest city in the world. The commercial importance, however great, when once attained, it will ever retain. It cannot be expected that the United States will always remain united and free as at this moment, but the city under every change will be the only natural outlet of the great wealth and vast productions of the whole continent. England is surrounded by natural enemies. Europe is densely populated with Catholics, who would rejoice to see England annihilated. She is a small island not larger than some of our states, and she is crowded with a population, one-third of whom are Catholics, in a state of degradation of which we in America have no conception. England incurred a debt of 2000 millions of dollars in fifteen years war, with Napoleon the First, and who shall tell us that some succeeding Napoleon may not be a Napoleon the First in his hatred to England, and involve her in a hopeless war? In her struggle to maintain herself against the Catholic states, now becoming more intolerant, and her own infuriated Catholics, she may soon see herself again involved in a war from which she may never recover. She may not be able to pay her interest on a debt now rapidly increasing, and when her credit is once impaired she will lose her navy, and then her colonies, and her foreign trade, and her manufacturing pre-eminence, and finally her national existence! We sincerely hope that this time will not come, but still we fear it. London has no advantage in location over fifty other places in Europe, and must some day sink in obedience to the laws of our Creator, that have decreed youth, maturity, and old age, and ultimate decay to nations, with the same unerring

certainty that he has to individuals and to doubtful institutions. Before the birth of our Saviour, Asia was the highway to a trade that built cities of splendor which are now hardly equaled in the new world. They were the abodes of a half-civilized people, whose vices, and crimes, and conquests brought destruction, desolation, and ruin in their train, and the very names and location of the greatest cities were forgotten and lost. Homer with all his genius could not invest Troy with a name to mark the soil once trod by living heroes or imaginary gods. De Gama, the Portuguese navigator, discovered a route to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and hundreds of those cities vanished from the face of the earth and were buried in oblivion. Layard, and others, have dug down to Nineveh and Babylon, but no power can ever repeople them. Champallion, Young, Sharpe, Birch, Salvoline, and Brugsch have recently enabled us to read a language once uttered by the lips of eloquence. Hieroglyphics recorded the names of men and of kings who lived and died long ere the oldest records of Scripture began. Short and simple were all the records that stones, and columns, and temples, have brought to us. The world knew nothing and could record nothing. The religion of Egypt rested on a mythology too debased for contemplation; and the priests who worshipped in their Temples of Isis were, of all created beings, the most infamous.* The efforts of the intellect were feeble at first, and nearly six thousand years have been lost to intellectual man. If there had been no teachers but priests the world would now be involved in Egyptian darkness and horrid debasement. Science and learning have but just opened a page that antiquity could not have written; and it is

* Bulwer's Arbaces, the Egyptian priest of Isis, is drawn, in the Last Days of Pompeii, to the life, and bears a near resemblance to the priests of a religion yet tolerated in the degraded nations of Europe. We can almost excuse the ignorance and superstition of the dark ages, when we reflect on the vices of their priests and leaders.

so large that six thousand years of freedom, progress, science, learning, genius, inspiration, multiplied indefinitely, will not enable us to fill.

The greatest earthly empires fade and crumble. Westward the empire of intellect is taking its way, and will construct institutions to flourish in freedom, when Tyranny and Popery shall have no existence but in the pages of history. Some future benefactors of the world may connect the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, and give a new direction to the trade of the world. The trade of England with the Pacific is one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and that of the United States, twenty millions annually; these figures will some day be reversed. That the Pacific Ocean, and its vast shores, are to be the scenes of busy nations, surpassed by none in virtue, intelligence, enterprise and wealth, cannot be doubted. When that time comes—and it certainly will come—Europe with her Popery and her demoralization, will recede, and America, with five hundred millions of inhabitants, will give laws, and lead the world in intelligence, virtue, and every element which will make the country glorious.

London may yet be a Nineveh, and New York must be the London of the later world. Mr. Macaulay said the history of Popery would be finally written on the ruined arch of Waterloo Bridge; he meant it would never be written.

To the eye of the Deity, time is a point, a nothing! Who shall tell us that New York will not be a great city, full of virtue and intelligence, when Waterloo Bridge, now new, is crumbling to the dust—and Rome, with her errors, her intolerance, and her persecutions, shall exist only in the pages of the history written on the ruined arch of that Bridge?

Take an extended view, and see how much more glorious we in America are to be, than any country which has preceded us. See in imagination the dense masses that are to gather here. We now have freedom, and its glorious rewards;

but is there a reflecting man in existence who does not know, positively know, that society as it now exists in Catholic Europe, with its debasing influences, would destroy the fair fabric of our liberties in an hour? And yet we are rapidly spreading those influences, which, if unchecked, are destined to reduce our country to a level, if not below, the most corrupt capitals of Europe. If the fruits of their corrupt society are despotism and degradation, our country is more sure to be involved, for the reason that with us, vice has its full share of votes, and its representation. Who are now the representatives of our vices? Are they not invading the highest places? Need they be named? Are they not filling the country with disgrace? Where can honesty be found? Are not villany, and money, crowding justice from its shrine? Is not the very heart of justice tainted, and are not the streams flowing in vice, and corruption, to our speedy ruin? The ermine of our judicial robes is sullied by contact with money, and with impurity.

Ignorance and vice are the willing tools of demagogues and despotism. We can buy one hundred votes for vice, or for bad men, that cannot be bought for the support of honest men or honest measures. Our men of immense wealth are soon to lay it at the feet of some virtuous or vicious aspirants, and to crumble in the grave, and their spirits are to reap their reward.

Is there a soul so mean, that while possessing wealth, and talents, and social influence, he would do nothing, and sacrifice nothing, to fix on our beloved soil influences which will go on benefitting posterity, and shedding on his country a never ending glory?

If we believe in any future state, we cannot disbelieve in the power of social influences, to regenerate and purify society, and the world. To men with souls, the world must look for its regeneration and purification. If dogmas can do nothing—and who is not convinced from past experience that

they cannot ?—then to virtue, and to virtuous society, and our leading men, we must look for our aid.

Look over the whole of our immense country ! Was there ever such a sight offered to the contemplation of reflecting men ? Did the sun ever shine on such a country ? Did freedom ever dwell in such a land ? Did industry ever people such fields of beauty ? Did thirty millions of souls ever enjoy the happiness here enjoyed ?

For what were such scenes of beauty bestowed on us ? It was not for the degradation of all who occupy our soil ! The millions who are to come after us, to occupy our places, will be good or bad, high or low, happy or miserable, just in proportion to the influences now exerted to fix our institutions —our free and elective governments—our virtue and intelligence, firmly on our soil.

Reflecting men are, and ever will be, in the aggregate, virtuous men, and to you we now address ourselves. We ask you to arise for a time, and examine the claims which virtue makes upon her votaries. Can you be indifferent to the institutions which you help to fix, the character and condition of the millions that these institutions are to mould ? To the eye of a reflecting man, it is not more certain that these broad fields of beauty exist, than it is that they were intended to be the abodes of a virtuous, innocent, and happy people. The virtues, the innocence, the happiness of this country, will never be placed here by miracles, but they may be, and we believe they will be, by the efforts of the virtuous.

We earnestly ask you to persevere, and work incessantly. The world is taking sides, and will be with us, or against us. That the virtuous will be the majority, in the end, is as sure as that the Deity lives to guide, to govern, and to purify the world.

Time is short—eternity succeeds. The world is not a worm that perisheth. We either do not exist as intellectual beings,

or we have within us a spark of intelligence that will never die! Inspiration has ever pointed Intellect to a glorious immortality. The groveling passions have ever pointed to this world, as all for which we live. The finger of one points to Heaven; the finger of the other points to earth. Guided by one, our march is to civilization, to virtue, to happiness, and all they can bestow on man. Guided by the other, we shall march to ignorance, to dogmas, to degradation, and to death. The light we have has been acquired by toils, by sacrifices, by martyrdom, and death. The votaries of virtue, of literature, and of science, have lived, and toiled, and died, that the light of their glorious discoveries of truth, might beam on man.—Christianity, no longer shackled by ignorance, shows us a Deity who beckons us on, and upward to him. The eye of a Catholic, as he looks upward, sees a Holy Mary—a mortal subject to his own infirmities, but a God of Catholic creation. The true Christian, with more than mortal ken, sees, as he looks upward, a God from whom his spirit came, and to whom he is assured it will return. All that can add dignity to life, is the conviction of a life to come. To limit life to its scenes on earth, is to level an immortal spirit to an equality with the brutes that perish. A struggle to elevate the condition of the people, is a struggle against Catholic dogmas, and against infidel vices.

Inspiration is the voice of the Deity, speaking through men to souls, who see a Providence as clearly, as they see the harmony, and the beauty, which every where meet the eye and cluster around the heart. To men of genius and of inspiration who are now speaking, as men could not speak in Catholic Europe, the world of intelligence is turning its eyes for light, for hope, for happiness.

The clearer the conviction of life's higher mission becomes to all, the more elevated and purified will be the lives of men, and of nations. Providence has not given us a sun to warm,

with more certainty, than he has given us inspiration to hope, to cheer, and to guide us upward, in civilization, and to him. We believe that the highest rewards of virtue, and the highest civilization, are a life of happiness here, and a sure extension of that life, beyond the highest eminence that intellectual man can here attain.

We believe in the immortality of virtue and its institutions, and we believe in the immortality which virtue bestows on man. If this double immortality is to be the reward of the virtuous, sweet will be the remembrance of our efforts in virtue's cause, said John Q. Adams.

As Mr. Adams turned from his place, he discovered that half the company had been listening to his impromptu speech.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHAPLETS.

The friends of Reason, and the guides of Youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
These still exist, by Thee to Fame consigned,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

ROGERS

At Mr. Rogers' levee were assembled between three and four hundred persons.

Among the distinguished guests were Lord Byron, Lord Ashburton, Duke of Norfolk, Eugenia, all the Foreign Ministers, Mrs. Barbauld, Duke of St. Alban's, Miss Mitford, Managers Coleman and Price, Mr. Pinckney from the United States, Mr. Bates and lady, Mr. Wiggin, Mr. Peabody, Bishop Heber, G. Canning, E. Burke, W. Pitt, Fox, General McDonald, Mr. Izard from the United States, Lord Liverpool, Mrs. Hemans, Messrs. Coutts, Senior and Junior, John Q. Adams, Mr. Carter, the New York editor, Baron Rothschiln, Col. Stone from New York, Mr. Lamdon, Mr. Boot, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Perkins, Beckford, the richest commoner in England, and his son-in law Earl of Hamilton.

Mr. Wiggin introduced Mr. and Mrs. Bates to the company. The conversation turned upon the failure of Mr. Williams, and the immense operations of his house, and of the house of Overard & Co. of Paris, the new loan, etc.

Miss Mitford, a friend of mine has this day informed me that Mr. Coleman has had such full houses, that he could not sell tickets to all who applied for them. Miss Kemble, he says, is more successful than any debutante who has appeared for years, on the London stage. Were all the Kemble children to be here to-night, to receive the chaplets that are to be presented to them? asked Mr. Coutts.

They were to be here, and no doubt will be in season. Eugenia has consulted her friends, and they all approve of the presentation of the chaplets, said Mrs. Rogers.

Mr. Rogers, did Mr. Williams have a large American correspondence? asked Mr. Coutts.

I have been informed that he had, but Mr. Wiggin is acquainted with the American merchants, and can give you more information than I can. Mr. Wiggin acquired an immense fortune in Boston, under the firm of B. & T. Wiggin, and his banking house is now one of the most respectable in London. He visits Boston often, and may be regarded as a resident of Boston, with as much propriety as of London, said Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Coutts turned from Mr. Rogers and joined Mr. Wiggin.

Mr. Wiggin, are you acquainted with the American merchants now engaged in the London trade? asked Mr. Coutts.

I am acquainted with Mr. Gray, Boot & Son, Upham & Faulkner, Mills & Co, Dwight & Co., Brewer, T. K. Jones & Co., Minchin & Welsh, Waterson & Bray, Blackstock, Gassett & Upham, Tappan & Mansfield, John Tappan, Edwards & Stoddard, Tuckerman, Rogers & Cushing, A. & A. Lawrence, Dorr, Shaw, Sturges, Nichols, Barnes & Rodes, Lane & Lawson, Appleton, Denny, Searle, and in New-York with

Leroy Bayard & Co., Preserved Fish, Palmer & Co, P. & J. Stone, P. Remsen, Haggerty & Austin, Astor, Mills & Co., Schermerhorn, Benson, Cheseboro, Rhinelander, Douglass, Lorillard, Rutgers, Shotwell Fox & Co, Gouverneur, Stuyvesant, Vanderpool, Prime, Ward & King, Darke, Barclay, Buchanan, Rosevelt, Milledoler, Allen, Morris, Beekman, Platt, Chaney, Bartlett, Alsop, Lawrence, Franklin, Sanford, Dennison, Adams, Van Courtland, Lee, Van Allen, Platt, Phelps, said Mr. Wiggin.

Do any of these houses lose by Mr. Williams, asked Mr. Coutts.

They may, small sums; but the Yankee merchants are very shrewd; the greater part of them, no doubt owe him. While England is fighting, the Americans are making fortunes. Vessels cannot now be bought in America, and every ship yard is full of ships of the largest class. Freights have advanced fifty per cent., and such a condition of prosperity was never known in any country; the Americans have the carrying trade of all the world. The great New-York Canal may yet be constructed, and a tide of wealth will flow into the city, of which, in this country, we can form no conception. This canal, when constructed, will be the largest in the world, and the most valuable that ever can be made. The immense lakes of America may be regarded as inland seas, and the largest lies near the centre of the continent, and half way to the Pacific Ocean, said Mr. Wiggin.

What has been done by your government for those men who applied steam to boats, and for the men who first agitated the public mind and prepared it for the great idea of constructing a canal to connect the immense lakes with the ocean? asked Mr. Coutts.

Nothing has been done, and nothing will be done, said Mr. Wiggin.

The British Government gave Watt a monopoly of steam-

engines, by which he acquired a fortune of half a million, but America should bestow twice that sum on those men, who have done so much to increase your wealth and greatness. England has had steam-engines for one hundred years, but they were never able to propel a boat of the smallest size. We have had men whose dust now rests under splendid mausoleums, but none of them ever performed for England the eminent services that these men have conferred on your country. We now have wooden rail-roads at Newcastle, on which we transport coal; if you Americans should adapt steam-engines to rail-roads with iron rails, and connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, you will have all the trade with the Pacific, and ours alone now amounts to nearly thirty millions of pounds.

I am told that an estimate has recently been made of the probable population of the United States in the next century, and found that according to its present increase, they will have two hundred millions, and the city of New York five millions! Can such an estimate be correct? England will bear no comparison with her; we shall sink into insignificance by her side. How vastly important that such a country should give a right direction to her institutions! I do hope they will have no Catholics to ruin the country. All the earnings of those ignorant men are demanded by their priests. The Pope of Rome drew from England one million of pounds every year for hundreds of years, and the Catholic wars have cost her half as much more. These Catholics are increasing, and becoming daily more intolerant; not a single Protestant can now worship in Catholic Europe without subjecting himself to imprisonment in the inquisition. All the races have in turn been their victims. The Jews, for one thousand years, have been robbed and murdered by Catholics with as little compunction as a highwayman feels for his victim. The Catholic authority for these robberies were their own invented dogmas.

They were the same inventions that have led Catholics to fight and destroy the Protestants, and all others who opposed their tyrannical hierarchy. No intelligent person can contemplate the destiny of the United States without a strong desire that they may exclude Catholics from their soil. Just as sure as she admits them, she will have to fight over the same battles that deluged England with Protestant blood. The Catholic countries of Europe are crowded with a mass of animal life, too low for elevation and too debased for the safety of Europe. If the Catholics once get their priests fixed on the soil, all free institutions will soon be trodden out. A free country never did exist, and never can exist, where they have political power. Why are they admitted under any law, your population is increasing fast enough without them? The Pope and Napoleon are now trying to involve America in war. Napoleon has just issued his Berlin and Milan decrees, by which he has ordered his armed vessels to take every American vessel on the ocean, and under it they will rob her of 100 millions of dollars and leave her in ruinous war. Napoleon is a Catholic, but has confined the Pope of Rome in a cell in France, and through him controls the Catholic influence of all Europe, and receives the revenue of Papal Rome, amounting to 400 millions every year, said Mr. Coutts, as Mr. Wiggin joined his friends.

Mr. Coleman, did you ever know any young aspirants to make a better appearance than the Kembles? asked Mrs. Barbauld.

I never did. I have come to-night to see the chaplets presented—no testimonial could be more appropriate, and no persons can be more entitled to such notice: I think it should be something valuable, said Mr. Coleman.

Is Vic properly esteemed by your audience? asked the Duke of St. Albans.

She certainly is—the house has been full every night—I

never saw greater enthusiasm manifested. When I have Mr. Rogers' new play, the theatre will not accommodate the audience, and I contemplate doubling the price of my tickets; the young nobility of all England are now in London, and nightly throng the house, said Mr. Coleman.

Ladies and gentlemen, will you walk to the hall—the chaplets are now to be presented, said Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Rogers, these are the chaplets with which I am to crown Vic, and John, and Charles; I have bestowed upon them all my skill, but I do wish they were more beautiful;—Vic is a lovely girl, and I am not satisfied with my own efforts, said Eugenia.

They are beautiful, and I am sure all will say they are; but I agree with you, Vic should have all that taste can display, and all that affection can entwine in these garlands, said Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Rogers, will you expect me to make a speech? asked Eugenia.

Certainly, was responded by a number of voices.

Ladies and gentlemen, Eugenia is now to present the chaplets to our young friends. Will you please to march around the room till she is in front of Vic? asked Mrs. Rogers.

The columns marched to music, and the scene was magnificent—it was dazzling. The gay dresses, the happy faces, the enthusiasm, the display of beauty, the garlands, the young actors—every thing conspired to add interest to the presentation. On what scene can the eye rest, or can the imagination picture, of deeper interest, of higher hopes, or of purer enjoyment? No description can portray such scenes—they must be seen to be appreciated.

In the following manner, Eugenia addressed the children. You are stepping from the sanctuary of home to assume in new scenes, the duties and the responsibilities of a public life. Our hearts will not allow us to look upon you

with indifference. We are your ardent admirers, and sincere friends. You are destined, we fondly believe, to place your names among the most exalted of our countrymen. Called so early from private life, you will need energy to pursue your profession, virtue to oppose temptation, and humility to protect you from the danger of adulation. These chaplets which we now bestow, are the emblems of our love. Hold them ever in your view; remember that wherever you are, our kind regard, our fond sympathy, our earnest prayers, shall always be for your success, and for your happiness.

We admire your talents, and we know that you will cultivate them. Directed aright, they will place your names among our country's benefactors.

The influence of your position must always be exerted for the cause of virtue. As your personal friends, we know how to estimate your private virtues. Never forget, that virtue is the basis on which character ever builds her loftiest superstructures. Place your aspirations high, and your aim will be sure. Let no ordinary attainments satisfy you. Exalted intellects must build for you proud temples, which the less ambitious cannot reach.

The charms of literature, the love of science, the gift of genius, are your heritage. To look through life, to cull with liberal hand the pure joys of life's pleasant journey—to inhale the fragrance from every garden's pure influences, are your rewards.

In life's great drama, each plays a sad or merry part;—we bow, recite, and at our exit, other actors fill our place. The world's plaudits are well earned, when the last act in virtue ended, shall relieve us from its toils. Enshrine virtue and truth on the altar of your hearts—touched by celestial fire, may they illume your way through the mists of this bewildering life. Sail with caution on the stream of time, and a propi-

tious Heaven will endow you with sufficient confidence to navigate the vast ocean of eternity.

Miss Kemble looked up to Eugenia, but could not command her voice. Her friends were deeply affected, but she soon recovered.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you. I thank you for this new evidence of your regard. Without the affectionate care of our liberal friends, we could not have appeared on any dramatic stage. To you all, we owe a debt of deepest gratitude. To one of you, I am indebted for all that a child can receive from a parent. I was left in early life an orphan!—You will excuse me, but my feelings are oppressed! I had no relatives! I had no friends! What might have been my perilous condition?

Frail, unprotected childhood! The thought appalls me! Have I escaped? What tales of suffering might my life have revealed! From these, an angel form has saved me! May Heaven smile on her. May her wealth flow in like a gentle stream. May her life be sweetened with every enjoyment!—If misfortune should assail her, may she here find a heart as warm as that on which I have so oft reposed.

For my brothers, I thank you. Your kind sympathy will cheer them on in their labors. Their profession is an arduous one—but their reward, if they persevere, will be rich indeed!

While we have a heart, our friends shall be enshrined here. While sensibility exists, we will ever acknowledge our obligations. While memory holds its place, your kindness cannot be forgotten. May Heaven's choicest blessings fall like gentle dews upon you. May the golden chain which binds heart to heart, forever bind yours to their purest joys. These chaplets that have been placed upon our brows by the hands of her we love, shall ever direct our thoughts to you.

May lives so dear to us, flow on in happiness, to have no end!

Miss Kemble's friends crowded around her, and the congratulations were sincere and heartfelt. The boys were congratulated by all their friends.

To Mr. Cooke, who had participated so deeply in all that concerned the boys, the moment was the happiest of his life.

Here are three young persons, stepping forth upon a new scene, full of hope and confidence; but they are destined to travel in paths where hundreds have fallen by the way. What shall be their destiny? The book of Fate shall unfold it to us. No parents will guide them—they have no experience to direct them, and in their path lies concealed many a snare. Fortunate indeed will it be for them, if, years hence, they retain their claim to the affections of their numerous friends. A brilliant reward or disgraceful defeat awaits them. Elated by excessive adulation, or visited by the scorpion lash of ignominy, who can follow them with an eye of indifference? asked Mrs. Barbauld.

Many of the ladies were deeply affected with the scene before them.

Do you think the parents of these children are permitted to look down on this scene? asked Mr. Hemans.

Undoubtedly they are. The mind knows no annihilation—it will return whence it came. This doctrine is not only intelligible, but it is the only one that can have an influence on the character and the life of individuals. The Catholics regard Holy Mary as the author of their being and the framer of their minds;—and like Mahometanism, their creed will ever chain the intellect to its own debasing character. In our enlightened age, the intellect must lead, and religion, or a consistent faith, must rest on it, or it can have no basis, and can effect no change in human character—cannot elevate society, or advance civilization. A faith that was formed when ignorance sat like a dark pall upon the world, must flee when the light of intellectual truth and universal knowledge pervades

and guides all but the degraded Catholic people, said Bishop Heber.

Do you believe that religion can be made clear enough for the benefit of all mankind without the aid of Catholic dogmas, such as Holy Mary, Holy St. Nicholas, St. Augustine, St. Patrick, and one hundred other old saints—the doctrine that the sacrament is the real blood and body of our Savior—the doctrine of purgatory, or half-way house to Heaven, where all arrive, if the priests are well paid—the doctrine of original sin and total depravity—and finally, a place where brimstone will destroy all but Catholics? asked Mrs. Hemans.

Those are all Catholic inventions, and they know it. There is not one of them taught in the Bible, said Bishop Heber.

One of the most pernicious doctrines requires single and married ladies to confess to unmarried priests! One no less injurious to society is the doctrine that the Pope is the only inheritor of our Savior's power, and an infallible interpreter of his will—under which it is estimated fifty millions of Christians have lost their lives. Does any man of sound mind and common sense believe them? Are they not impediments to true faith, by the odium and ridicule they throw over sacred subjects? asked Mrs. Hemans.

Sensible men regard all of these as the mummery of the priests, and as silly as their lives are odious, said Bishop Heber.

Why did the intellectual portion of the world ever subscribe to such abominable doctrines? asked Mrs Hemans.

They never did. These dogmas were the inventions of designing Popes, in the dark ages, when there was no intelligence, or learning, or learned men in the world. They are fables, traditions, and pure inventions; and every intelligent and educated Catholic knows and acknowledges it; they are the dogmas of priests, and no other persons believe or respect them. The Popes aimed at power, and succeeded in obtaining it; and for fifteen hundred years reigned over the whole

world with a rod of iron. These inventions were the cause of all the bloody wars that have carried off millions of the human family.* The ignorant were led on to butcher and to be butchered, they knew not for what. The priests knew, but pure religion had nothing to do with it, and was not accountable for it. It is possible to fill the mind of young persons with such intolerant notions, as will keep the world in a war of extermination, and the Catholic priests will do this if they can; but who is so ignorant as to regard this intolerance as the evidence of religion? asked the Bishop.

Should not a class of men who teach such absurd and such destructive doctrines, be regarded as dangerous citizens in any country? asked Mrs. Hemans.

They certainly should. The intelligent and educated classes who are now leading the world, despise equally the doctrine and the priests; but the ignorant will ever be led by priests, and can never be moulded into tolerant citizens. Every free country should exclude Catholics, by rigid laws, from a resi-

* Our best historians estimate the loss of human life by Catholic persecutions at fifty millions! Mr. Brady stated, at an 8th of January dinner, that his ancestors were from the bogs of Ireland;—and he thought the religion taught by the mother to her children on her knee, should be in moments of great peril, and in the closing scenes of life, the consolation of all. He is right. Now, what would be the treatment of Seward, President Pierce, Mr. Cass, and Mr. Greeley, if they should worship in Rome, agreeably to the religion that they received on their pious mothers' knees, not in the bogs of Ireland, but in the great and free country of the United States? Every one of them would be used as the Madiai family was, confined in a cell, and in peril of their lives! The American minister saved the lives of those whose only crime was worshiping as their pious mothers had taught them! Would this country interfere to save the lives of Pierce, Seward, Cass and Greeley, or would they surrender them to their *friends*, to be burnt, with the resignation of Christians? The Americans have no objections to Brady's dying any time he pleases, and in the faith that came from the bogs of Ireland; but they object to being burnt by the priests of that religion, as they would be if the priests had the power. A priest in the bogs of Ireland was recently tried for burning Protestant Bibles. We should like to be informed if it was the same priest at whose altar old Mrs. Brady imbibed all the family piety that has descended in refreshing showers on the *eminently pious* Mr. Brady? Hughes came from the bogs of Ireland, and is no doubt a near relative of the *pious* priest who burns Bibles, or men, and will, no doubt, import the priest, and make him one of the dozen new Bishops of New York!

dence on its soil, said Bishop Heber, as he turned from Mrs. Hemans.

Mr. Mitford, what will Samuel Williams's estate pay? asked the younger Mr. Coutts.

I do not know, but I should like to sell my claim, which is large, at five shillings on the pound. Mr. Coutts, I hear that you have made an immense sum by one or two of your operations, said Mr. Mitford.

If I have, it is not one-fourth as much as you and Mr. Overard have made in Paris, said Mr. Coutts.

We may make a few millions in the India Company, said Mr. Mitford.

Do you intend to sell out and close your connection with that splendid bubble? asked Mr. Coutts.

I have advised Mr. Overard to sell out the last share of his stock, and invest the proceeds in specie, and to come immediately to London. In writing him I stated that you were pursuing this course, and that the London bankers believed a crisis was approaching that would astonish, if it did not ruin the country! Was I correct in thus writing him? asked Mr. Mitford.

You certainly were. When I see every article rising in value from one pound to three, four, five and six pounds, I know a crash is approaching. I have sold all my stock and securities, and will not invest one pound, for the present, in anything but specie. Your partner is certainly an extraordinary man. A candid historian, who records the events of this age, must have a high character for truth, or he will not be believed. Does Mr. Overard have the confidence of the commercial community? Did he not connect himself with some men who were regarded with suspicion? asked Mr. Coutts.

Mr. Overard moved in the highest circles, but some of his associates were not the most virtuous. Among them was a Mr. Wilson, with whom a difference arose respecting a lady.

Mr. Overard made some remarks which gave offence to Mr. Wilson, by whom he was immediately challenged. Mr. Overard killed Mr. Wilson with the first thrust of his sword, and was imprisoned in England, whence he escaped after a long confinement, and by paying a large sum for a conditional pardon. The India Company is a corporation unlike any other ever set in motion. It is not easy to conceive of such an institution; and its details and its consequences will equally astonish the present age, and all who may be disposed to investigate its magnificent schemes. It has raised the French nation from bankruptcy to independence, from poverty to boundless wealth. The government is not only rich, but every individual also, who had the good sense to invest money in its stock, said Mr. Mitford.

Do you think Mr. Overard will obey your directions, and sell out, and return to London? asked Mr. Coutts.

I have my fears, said Mr. Mitford.

Allow me the privilege of an old friend. Within one year from this time, that entire fabric, the India Company, and every thing connected with it, will be blown away, and not a vestige of it will be found! It will involve you, Mr. Overard, the French nation, the French people, and all who hold the stock, in one common ruin! The price of a pound of sugar has advanced to five or six times its value, and every other article in the same ratio; and every man of sense must see that a reaction is near. The Company has issued stock to the extent of nearly one million of shares, valued at five thousand livres each, and will never pay one pound on a share! Now what must be the condition of France, and all the creditors, who not only hold the shares, but the notes of the bank to the extent of untold millions? It is enough to frighten any financier. They cannot tell where ruin will end, when once commenced. The India Company have put out their notes till the Director-General has no means of knowing the amount of the

paper that they have issued! And when the bank fails—and it certainly will fail—it will produce universal bankruptcy, involving, directly or indirectly, all France, and many persons in England.* Within one year, specie will be worth twenty-five per cent. above the Bank of England notes and the Government bonds, and no business paper will find a purchaser! I will not hold one pound of your paper, if it is offered to me, even if it should have a dozen endorsers. If Mr. Overard will not sell the company stock, ask him to purchase yours. The Barings, the Rothschilds, Brown, Brothers & Co., and Rogers, are all immensely rich, and they will be powerful competitors of your house and mine. Mr. Bates, of Boston, a merchant of unusual claim to talent, has recently joined the Barings, and will bring with him a large share of American business. The Barings, Brown & Brothers, Peabody, and Wiggin & Holford, will have the American business. The Rothschilds, father and son, have acquired a larger fortune than was ever held by any banking house, amounting, it is supposed, to one hundred millions; and they do not feel a very powerful sympathy with your house or with mine. Mr. Rogers does not claim American business, but his house is as solid as Rothschilds' or the Bank of England, said Mr. Coutts, as he withdrew.

Does Miss Kemble attract as full houses as at first? asked Mrs. Rogers.

The excitement increases every night, and the house is not large enough to accommodate the audience. The last night, garlands were thrown upon the stage in great quantities, which, you know, is a very unusual occurrence. She has a great many admirers off the stage, as well as on it, said Mrs. Opie.

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* For a history of the India Company, read Mackay's Popular Delusions

Does Mr. Coleman allow a general introduction? asked Mrs. Rogers.

They say he does not—but you know that distinguished patrons of the theatre have always been indulged in certain privileges, of calling at the theatre in the morning, and conversing in the green-room with all the stars—and Mr. Coleman cannot prevent it, said Mrs. Opie.

I must inform Mr. Rogers of this instantly! This must not, on any condition, be permitted. I shall see that Mr. Rogers goes immediately to Mr. Coleman! While Vic visits my house, she shall hold no conversation with any person at the theatre. This is one of the evils of the life of an actress! Nothing is so contaminating, said Mrs. Rogers, as she turned from Mrs. Opie.

Have you heard the news from France? asked Baron Rothschild.

What is it? asked Mr. Pinckney.

Napoleon has taken three more capitals, and it is thought all Europe will soon yield to him, and be incorporated in one great French Empire! In all the cities which he has taken, he has put one-fourth of the inhabitants to the sword, and says he will destroy them all, if they make any objection to being robbed! He has carried off every article that is worth removing to Paris. In Paris, the Napoleon clubs have erected another guillotine in the largest square of the city, and it is in operation from sunrise to sunset. Madame Roland, and five hundred of the highest nobles, have lost their heads, and some hundreds are led to the new slaughter house every day! At Lyons, the revolutionists could not behead their victims fast enough, and they placed two hundred persons in sacks, and threw them into the river! Murat, one of the Napoleon club, has been assassinated by Charlotte Corday. Every priest in France has been murdered by the Catholics.

The Duke of Orleans, the brother of the King, who voted

in the Assembly for the King's death, has been guillotined !* Pichegru and Captain White have been strangled in prison. In the French Island of St. Domingo, the blacks have risen and murdered, in the most horrid manner, every white man, woman, and child in the place ! More than one hundred thousand wealthy citizens were murdered in cold blood, and with unparalleled barbarity !

News is this day received of another of Napoleon's murders ! The Duke d'Enghien, son of the Duke of Bourbon, and a lineal descendant of the great Conde, was residing in retirement, at Strasburg in Baden, a neutral territory. A file of soldiers was sent by Napoleon to the Duke's residence, and he was hastily brought to the fortress of Vincennes. At twelve o'clock the same night, the Duke was aroused from his sleep and marched to the court-yard blindfolded ! A platoon of soldiers were waiting with loaded guns, and at the word of command, seven balls were fired at his heart !

His only offence was his relationship to the late unfortunate King.

By an arrival on the continent, in thirty-five days from America, we learn that war has been declared against England.—America threatened to declare war if England did not repeal her orders in council; and they were repealed sixty-five days since ! News of their repeal had not reached the United States thirty days after, at which time they declared war—and for the want of fast-sailing vessels we are to be involved in a war which will cost four hundred million pounds.† The American privateer General Armstrong is now lying off Liverpool, and has already taken five vessels, one of which had three millions in specie on board !

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* The father of Louis Phillippe was educated by Madame de Genlis with Miss Rivers.—For these facts, read the Appendix to the second volume of United Irishmen, or the Life of Fitzgerald.

† Read the history of the war for this fact.

The English army in the Peninsula under Sir John Moore, has been nearly annihilated at Corunna, and Sir John was killed by a cannon ball.* The French army have taken Saragossa in Spain, and robbed the city of every article worth removing. From the Church of "Our Lady of the Pillar," Marshal Lannes took property to the value of one million of dollars. This city was defended by General Palafox, in the most heroic manner. A girl, the relative of Palafox, loaded and fired one of the cannons on the ramparts, and the name of the "Maid of Saragossa" is placed in the records of female heroism never to be forgotten.†

The United States have been making fifty millions every year by remaining neutral, and enjoying the carrying trade of all the world. Napoleon has now issued his Berlin and Milan decrees, by which he has ordered every French armed ship to take American property wherever found, and to hang every American seaman found on board the English vessels. The French have already taken fifty American ships and three hundred American seamen;—all the sailors are to be hung! said the Baron.

I never heard of such villany! I hope his own Catholics will dispose of him, said Mr. Pinckney.

You have not heard all! The mail has just arrived from Dublin, and brings us news of the most appalling events, said the Baron.

What more can have happened? asked Mr. Pinckney.

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* Sir John Moore received his death wound while leading the 42d Regiment to the charge. His shoulder was shattered to pieces, and his arm hung by a film of skin; the breast and lungs were laid open. This touching scene will live for ever in the British heart, embalmed in the exquisite words of their poet—

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

† Eugenia of our novel, was the descendant of Palafox.

The whole of Ireland is in one blaze of insurrection! A treasonable correspondence has been detected, the thousands implicated are among the first citizens in wealth and respectability. Every city, town and village is at this moment the scene of the most deadly conflict ever known! One-third of the inhabitants, who did not join in the insurrection, are the victims of the rebels—fires light up the horizon from ocean to ocean, and blood is flowing in constant streams. A girl by the name of Rivers has been the agent by whom the correspondence with Hoche, the Directory, and Baron Jewel has been conducted. She has been in London, and in daily conversation with the principal rebels, Lord Fitzgerald, Emmet, McNevin, and others. The English army have already lost twenty thousand men, and the rebel army nearly three times as many.* The conflict is not ended, and no one can tell who are to be the victors! Every man in England and Ireland who can carry a gun is under arms! The English cabinet have lost their usual energy, and are vascillating in ruinous consternation! The names of the implicated are Lord E. Fitzgerald, T. A. Emmet, A. O. Connor, R. O. Connor, T. Russell, J. Chambers, M. Dorening, E. Hudson, H. Wilson, W. Dowdall, R. Hunter, S. Butler, A. H. Rawson, J. N. Tandy, H. Sheaves, J. Sheaves, O. Bond, B. B. Harvey, L. McNulty, J. Russell, O. Perry, T. W. Tone, T. Wright, W. L. Webb, W. Hamilton, M. Dowling, R. Kerwin, J. Reynolds, D. Swift, T. Corbett, W. Corbett, W. Weir, J. Allen, T. Bacon, R. Emmett, J. Holt, M. Keogh, W. Tenant, R. Simms, S. Nulson, G. Cumming, J. Cuthbut, W. S. Dickson, W. Drennan, W. Orr, S. Orr, W. P. McCabe, H. Munroe, J. Dickey, H. Haslett, W. Sampson, J. McCracken, W. Sinclair, J. Sinclair, R. McGee, J. Milliken, G. McIlvain, R. Byers, S. Kennedy, R. Hunter, R. Orr, H. Grimes, W. Kean, J. Burn-

* For this fact read Fitzgerald's Life, recently published by P. M. Haverty, No. 110 Fulton street, New York.

side, J. Greer, R. Osborne, M. Turner, W. Simms, J. Rabb, J. Hope, W. J. McNevin, J. Sweeney, J. Cormick, J. Sweetman, P. Fennerly, W. M. Byrne, J. McCann, J. Esmond, W. Lawless, E. J. Lewins, W. Byrne, W. Devereaux, J. Devereau, G. Byrne, E. Kyan, C. Teeling, B. Teeling, R. McCormick, S. Doorley, F. Rourke, B. Mahon, J. Sweetman, E. Fitzgerald, W. Aylmer, S. Burrel, F. O'Donnell, C. O'Donnell, J. Kelly, J. Cleney, J. Clinch, J. Burrill, M. Dwer.

PRIESTS.—Warwick, W. S. Dickinson, W. Porter, Barber, Mahon, Birch, Ward, Smith, Sinclair, Stevelly, McNeil, Simpson, Kearns, J. Murphy, M. Murphy, Kavannah, Redmond, Stafford, Roche, O'Keon, Pindergast, Harrill, Quigly, Tufte, and some thousand citizens of less eminence, all of whom, if taken, will no doubt be executed.

No civil war was ever so destructive! In many instances, one or two thousand rebels attacked the same number of loyal Irish, and victory was only declared when not half a dozen were left on either side! Death with gun, sword, pistol or knife, seemed the fate of the whole country! The people were headed by the priests, and extermination was on the banners of both parties! At the moment the news from Ireland was received, every man on board the eight hundred armed ships was in open insurrection, and the Government could not send a single vessel to sea!

The French minister at Madrid has embroiled the King and his son in a deadly feud. Napoleon induced Ferdinand to visit France, and he now retains him as a state prisoner, and has sent an immense army to conquer Spain! The French army, at last dates, was driving the allies before them, to certain destruction! Napoleon has made his brother Joseph King of Spain. Joseph has executed three hundred of the principal citizens of Cadiz, after publishing a free amnesty![*]

[*] Read Alison, vol. I., page 489.

Murat, the brother-in-law of Napoleon, is made King of Naples; and Louis is King of Holland. Sweden has made Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals, Crown Prince of Sweden. Jerome is made King of Westphalia. Napoleon has expelled Lucian as a simpleton, and unfit for any station. An infernal machine has been fired at Napoleon by the Catholics, and dozens were killed who were near him, but Napoleon lives to carry his conquests over all Europe, treading to the dust every country, every city, every individual, including females, in one common ruin! We have a report to-day that Napoleon has fought a great battle at Arcola, in which the Austrians lost 18,000 men! A few days after another battle was fought at Hohenlinden, in which the Austrians lost 14,000 men! At Jena the Prussians were beaten by the French, and 60,000 men were destroyed or taken prisoners!*

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* We copy the following from the Mercantile Guide:

Loss of Life by Wars.—We have seen it sometimes remarked, in reference to the loss of life in the Crimea, that certain battles were among the bloodiest ever fought, the sacrifice of life the greatest, &c. But such writers either forget, or certainly know very little about the terrible battles fought in former times, and even of a comparatively recent date, and within the memory of persons living. Let us notice some of these.

At the battle of Arcola the Austrians lost, in killed and wounded, 18,000 men; the French, 15,000.

At Hohenlinden the Austrian loss was 14,000; the French 9,000.

At Austerlitz, the Allies, out of 80,000 men, lost 30,000 in killed and wounded or prisoners: the French loss only (!) 12,000.

At Jena and Austerstadt the Prussians lost 30,000 men, killed and wounded, and nearly as many prisoners, making nearly 60,000 in all; and the French 14,000 in killed and wounded.

At the terrific battle of Eylau the Russians lost 25,000 in killed and wounded; and the French 30,000.

At Friedland the Russian loss was 17,000 in killed and wounded—the French loss, 8,000.

At Wagram the Austrians and French lost each 25,000 men or 50,000 in all, in killed and wounded.

At Smolenski the French loss was 17,000 men—that of the Russians 10,000.

At Borodino, which is said to have been "the most murderous and obstinately

In France, the Government Bank of India, holding the whole of the national property, it is thought, cannot hold out, or pay specie much longer! If it fails, France, now owing

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fought battle on record," the French lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, 50,000 men, the Russians about the same number, making in all 100,000 men in one battle!

At Lutzen the French loss was 18,000 men; the Allies 15,000.

At Bautzen the French lost 25,000 men; the Allies 15,000.

At Dresden, where the battle lasted two days, the Allies lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners 25,000 men; and the French, between 10,000 and 12,000.

At Leipsic, which lasted three days, NAPOLEON lost two Marshals, twenty Generals and about 60,000 men, in killed, wounded and prisoners; the Allies, 1,790 officers and about 40,000 men; upwards of 100,000 men in all!

At Ligny, the Prussians lost 15,000 men, in killed, wounded and prisoners; the French 6,800,

The battle of Trebbia lasted three days; and the French and Allies lost each about 12,000 men, or 24,000 in all.

Here we have battles, among which are some, compared to which those in the Crimea were but small engagements, great as they appear to us. Besides these were several others of minor importance to the foregoing, as to the loss of men, but large in the aggregate. There were those of the Bridge of Lodi, a most desperately contested fight, the famous battle of the Nile, a sea fight, in which NELSON lost 895 men in killed and wounded; and the French 5,225 men in killed and wounded, 3,005 prisoners and 13 out of 17 ships engaged in the action; that of the Bay of Aboukir where the French had 8,000 men engaged, and the Turks 9,000; and every man of the Turks was lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners; Novi, Engers, Marengo, a most desperate and bloody engagement. Maida, where the French, out of 7,500 men engaged, lost about 4,800 in killed, wounded and prisoners. Talavera, another famous and bloody engagement; Albuera, where the British, out of 7,500 men engaged lost 4,300, Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulons, Paris and Quartre Bas.

In all these battles, the loss, in killed and wounded on all sides, was at least a MILLION of men! besides thousands in skirmishes, minor engagements, &c., and that within a period of less than thirty years! Enormous as is this loss and injury of life, of those who fall in battle and are maimed by wounds, it is but small compared to the loss of life caused otherwise by war. "The numbers killed and wounded in battle," says a writer, "are no full index to the loss of life in war, and seldom comprise one fourth of its actual victims." It is small compared to the immense numbers carried off by disease, exposure, and other casualties incident to war.

ALISON says of the campaign of 1799; "In little more than four months the

ten thousand millions of dollars, is bankrupt, and not one bank in one hundred, will sustain itself! The alarm has reached the merchants of all Europe, nearly all of whom will fail. In London, the consternation is so great, that an order in council has suspended specie payments, of the bank of England, for five years, and it is thought doubtful if it will ever resume! The bank shares, and Government bonds, have fallen to fifty per cent. of their par value, and not one pound of specie can be obtained, said the Baron.

Can this be true? asked Mr. Pinkney.

In addition to all other causes of alarm, there is a run upon all the banks, and more than one half have failed! The crops are only half the usual quantity, and starvation is carrying off its thousands! The whole population of working men, with their families, are marching, in masses, to the destruction of the public buildings, and private property. The Bank of England has resisted two attacks of the Catholic mobs, now consisting of fifty thousand men, armed with guns, pistols, and swords! The destruction of lives, and property, is beyond computation! The militia are not able to quell the mob, and the people are in despair! By the last mail from the continent, we learn that Napoleon has been successful in four of five decisive battles, and a number of States have made hasty treaties with him, against positive stipulations with England! The Emperor Alexander, of Russia, met Napoleon, on a raft,

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French and Allied armies had lost nearly half of their collective forces; those cut off or irrecoverably mutilated by the sword, being about 116,000 men." And "The survivors of the French army from the Russian campaign were not more than 35,000 men, out of an army of about 500,000 men!"

Such are the curses of war! It is the greatest calamity that can befall a nation, and more to be dreaded than plague, pestilence or famine. If it has any advantages, they are of such character as the hurricane or earthquake produce in nature, more of a negative than of a positive character, in the destruction of tyrannical government, and old, time-worn political systems of error and oppression. War should be a dernier resort; and a nation should submit to almost any evil rather than engage in one.

in the river Niemen, and the next day, the treaty was signed! There were more than one thousand English merchant vessels, with full cargoes, in the ports of Russia, all of which have been declared prizes of war, and confiscated! In the other continental ports, there are over two thousand vessels, with their cargoes, all of which will be lost! Napoleon has issued a decree, imprisoning every man, woman, and child, of English birth, who may be residing, or found traveling in France, and there are over ten thousand, who may remain prisoners for twenty years! said the Baron.

That Napoleon is a rank fiend, he is the incarnation of wickedness, said Mr Pinckney.

We have a report, to-day, by the fast sailing packet Arago, at Antwerp, in forty-five days from New-York, that a great battle has been fought near New Orleans between Packenham and Gen. Jackson! Packenham has been killed, and his army destroyed! The same vessel brings a report of a great naval battle on the Lakes, in which the entire British force was captured by Commodore Perry! These, I am sure, cannot be correct, said the Baron.

I think you may be mistaken—I believe they are true, said Mr. Pinckney.

It is just ascertained that some irresponsible persons associated with Napoleon, have been manufacturing French bonds till they amount to ten thousand millions of dollars, and the value has sunk to one dollar for one thousand!* Napoleon has taken Vienna, and will soon capture every city on the continent! In Vienna he found, and removed over fifty millions of pounds of specie, and merchandise, pictures, and statues, and has positively left nothing that he could remove but bare walls! From every church he took the pictures, and

* Read Alison, vol. I., p. 484.

the gold and silver, and precious stones consecrated to God, and to religion, said the Baron.

A North American Indian is infinitely more civilized and humanized than this wretch, said Mr. Pinckney.

It is this day discovered that there is a very large deficiency in the English funds, and Lord Melvin is implicated, and is supposed to be a very large defaulter! said the Baron.

This is horrible! Positively awful! Will England be destroyed? asked Mr. Pinckney.

No! By no means, said the Baron.

Are you prepared for such a crisis? asked Mr. Pinckney.

I am. I have been expecting it for some time. Mr. Burke told me confidentially, some months since, that he believed Napoleon was an unprincipled adventurer, and would not only conquer most of the European nations, but would rob them of every dollar and then enslave them all. Fox, you know, always contended that Napoleon was a man of some magnanimity of soul, but he now admits he was mistaken. Burke, in his speeches, prophesied all that has happened, but many men could not believe that any being would commit the acts that Napoleon has, said the Baron.

Are the bankers of London prepared for such a crisis? asked Mr. Pinckney.

Some are and some are not; I have the vaults of my bank crowded; I can get no more into them. I have recently received ten millions from the United States, and had to pay above par. Mr. Coutts, Mr. Rogers, Barings, Peabody, and Wiggin, have large accumulations of specie. I shall be willing to buy the English bonds in such amounts as the Chancellor may require, but I shall give no more than the market price, said the Baron.

What is the value of the English bonds this day? asked Mr. Pinckney.

They are worth fifty pounds on the par of one hundred, but

they will fall to-morrow, I think, to forty-five per cent., at which I will take twenty, forty, or sixty millions, if the Chancellor requests it, said the Baron.

My sympathy for England, as the only Protestant country besides America, is very strong, and I am glad to find one man of your strength to stand by Pitt and the nation; but England has other troubles beside the want of money, she is to be ruined by the Catholic fiends. England, I know, will be compelled to yield. No wisdom can guide her through such perilous scenes. She has wise statesmen to rule, and powerful friends to aid her and to loan their money, but her difficulties lie too deep for their relief. Her Catholics at home and Catholics in Ireland are her greatest enemies, and will ruin any country. What power but omnipotence can sustain her in this her worst crisis? She must sink, the die is cast, said Mr. Pinckney.*

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* We copy the following from ALISON, p. 460, vol. 3.

These cursed, double cursed news, have sunk my spirits so much, that I am almost at disbelieving a Providence. God forgive me! But I think some evil demon has been permitted, in the shape of this tyrannical monster, whom God has sent on the nations visited in his anger. The Spaniards may have Roman pride, but they want Roman talent to support it; and, in short, unless God in his mercy should raise up among them one of those extraordinary geniuses who seem created for the emergencies of an oppressed people, I confess I see no hope. The spring tide may, for aught I know, break upon us in the next session of Parliament. There is an evil fate upon us in all we do at home or abroad."—SIR WALTER SCOTT *to* ELLIS, 13*th December*, 1808, *and September* 14, 1809. LOCKHART'S *Life of* SCOTT, ii., 225, 227, 253.

To the same purpose, Sir James Macintosh said, at this period, writing to Gentz at Vienna, "I believe, like you, in a resurrection, because I believe in the immortality of civilization; but when, and by whom, in what form, are questions which I have not the sagacity to answer, and on which it would be boldness to hazard a conjecture. A dark and stormy night, a black series of ages, may be prepared for our posterity before the dawn that opens the more perfect day. Who can tell how long that fearful night may be before the dawn of a brighter morrow? The race of man may reach the promised land, but there is no assurance that the present generation will not perish in the wilderness. The mischief has become too intricate to be unravelled in our day. An evil greater than despotism, even in its worst and most hideous form, approaches—a monarchy literally universal seems about to be established."—MACKINTOSH *to* GENTZ, *24th December*, 1805; *and to* WILLIAM OGILVIE, *Esq.*, *24th February*, 1808. *Memoirs of* MACKINTOSH, i., 307 and 383.

England shall be sustained! She shall not sink! Our people, the Jews, have been persecuted by Catholics, for eighteen hundred years, and nearly one fourth of our number have fallen victims to their horrid persecutions. I have written to my German brothers, and we have decided to sustain England, for the reason that she is Protestant. I do hope, Mr. Pinckney, that you will never allow a Catholic Church on your soil. Can you look, with indifference, on the horrors that Catholic dogmas are inflicting on England and Ireland! If these Catholics find such causes for intolerance and persecution, such deadly hatred toward each other in the New Testament, we, Jews, are most fortunate in not having been schooled in its belief. We never destroyed each other in obedience to our Bible. Ours teaches love to God, and love to man, but these Catholics are constantly murdering each other, or their Protestant brothers. The whole world despises them. They have always had a book, which they called a revelation. For fifteen hundred years, every priest copied a Bible to suit himself, from a mutilated book borrowed of another priest. The priests put into their Bibles, sentiments and doctrines, that suited their depraved characters, and such as were never defended by honest men; but, by keeping the book from the people, the fraud was not detected. Their fables, traditions, inventions and alterations, are perfectly ridiculous, and throw doubts upon the truths, that all the world would believe, if they were not connected with Catholic inventions. By the means of their inventions, they established a despotism over the bodies and the souls of mankind. For fifteen hundred years, they required all the world to admit that the sacrament was the real body, and blood of the Savior, and they burnt all who would not subscribe to an impossibility! Do these Catholics believe that woman, to whom we are indebted for half our high civilization, and all our refinement, was the cause of all the vices, and sins of the world? Is there a person living

beside Catholics, so ignorant as to believe that the world was created only six thousand years ago? Who believes that Mary is our creator and one of the four Gods? These dogmas shock the common sense, as well as the religious sentiment of this enlightened age, and it is time that they were thrown to the winds, and they are, by all men of sense. The Catholics have made hundreds of alterations in the Old Testament, and no passage, in our Bible, charges the sins of the world to females; this invention is an eastern fable. Men and priests have been the sinners, and females have been their victims. All our elevation, above Catholic nations, in early and later years, is due to the exalted character of our females, whom their priests despise, and abuse. Until the reformation, no Catholic priest allowed his Bible to be read; but the Protestant Bible has always been in the hands of the people. Catholics now say, you, the Protestants, have altered your Bible, and we will not allow our children to attend the schools, in which your Bibles are read without note or comment. This is the undisguised language of that Bishop, who, in New-York, has caused so much noisy controversy, and has shown so much ill-temper. We, the Jews, know that the Catholic Bible, is not the Bible received by Moses and the Prophets. The Catholics now call all infidels, who do not admit their spurious edition, to be the revealed voice of Heaven. The term infidel, as applied by them, is a foul libel on all the Protestants of the world, and should be visited back on Catholics by the most severe denunciations. The Protestants, knowing no worse epithet, call them Roman Catholics. You, in America, are allowing them to build churches, and cathedrals of great magnificence, and to spread their dogmas in a most effectual way, by the numberless schools taught with, and without pay, over the face of your beautiful country. You Americans, are not aware of the injury that you are

doing to the peace and prosperity of half the world, said the Baron.

You cannot have a greater dread of Catholics, than we have in the United States. We know that a great party, united together, under the strongest obligations that can be created, and having a faith, a Bible, and a Pope of their own, can never live in peace with those who are in daily contact with them. A collision must come; and one must destroy the other! Washington always entertained but one opinion, and that he frequently expressed to me in his confidential conversations. He always regarded the hierarchy, as a power above the state, and a power under which all goverments must finally fall, if Catholics were allowed to poison a country with their dogmas, and their immoral priests. Washington always contended, that imported voters would sell their joint vote to the highest bidder, and the greatest demagogue would always be the purchaser. The price paid for the Catholic vote, would be the offices, out of which the greatest amount of money, and power could be secured. Washington's views are the sentiments of the Americans, and the fixed basis on which the legislation of my associates in the government will always be administered, said Mr. Pinckney, as he withdrew.

It now becomes necessary to step forward a few years in life's drama, and to look around us again. Our story is professedly a fiction, but almost all the incidents are facts, recorded in authentic history. Facts must always have an interest with which fiction cannot be invested. The most interesting events of life, are not generally those that begin, and end, in the same short period of time, required to relate them. Such events cannot have the interesting developments, nor the moral lessons, that are embraced in the first and last scenes of a busy age. Most novels embrace the lifetime of their principal actors, and do not include earlier or later dates.

The Last Days of the Republic, while it claims to be a fiction, details like history, events just prior to the present century, and extending in the order of their occurrence, with slight deviations, to the present date, January, 1856. All the great events which shook Europe to her centre, and came so near the destruction of England, took place between 1797 and 1815.

Eighteen years in the history of a country is so short a period that the novelist may be fairly allowed to group the most important events as occurring simultaneously. The writer has not availed himself of this privilege, but has alluded to them in the order of their occurrence, and has regarded his scene as constantly progressing in time. Just prior to the close of the last century, there appeared in Europe a being unlike any with whom the past world had been afflicted. By those nations that he conquered, including all but two in Europe, he was regarded as a scourge, sent by an evil spirit to destroy their liberties, and to send society and the world, as did the northern barbarians, back to misery and the lowest degree of civilization. The remarks made by the actors, in this part of our drama, come from Englishmen, and no one, we think, will doubt their being the true expression of their feelings and their deep anxieties. We need not tell the readers

of history, that England was for a time abandoned by her reflecting men, as lost to freedom, to civilization, and to national existence. To the young readers of our fiction, we cannot expect to convey any accurate conception of the deep anxiety that settled on the minds of men in the darkest period ever known by any nation.

Napoleon has found but few apologists in free countries, and, in a land of liberty, his name is held in deep abhorrence. If the love of liberty is to be inculcated as a virtue, the detestation of tyranny in a land of freedom is no less a virtue. That the young may know, by the acts of a tyrant, what freedom is when contrasted with them, comments on the acts of Napoleon should be multiplied indefinitely. Washington fought for freedom, and Napoleon fought to enslave Europe; if one was an emblem of virtue, the other was the type of him who, under different names, has always been regarded as an enemy of man.

Our limited plan has allowed us only to allude to a few of the many acts which must, by the virtuous, be regarded as hostile to virtue, to progress, to civilization, and the most cherished objects of virtuous life.

Those fortunate men who live to write a history of the nineteenth century, will have a pleasant duty to perform, and such a one as was never yet enjoyed by any historian. Mr. Bancroft has, in his history of this country, nearly crossed the Appian way, and will soon reach a city, state, and an era; of which the greatest men of the past ages never formed a conception. If there is a desire in the soul of every man now living, stronger than all others, it is, no doubt, that he may live to read the history, (or the greater part of it,) of the nineteenth century, written by such men as Prescott and Bancroft.

That age is indeed rich in materials, in which writers of

fiction, find facts all ready at their command, more interesting than their invention can furnish.

If it should be found that the writer has blended fiction of any value, with the deeply interesting facts of history, the best judges of our country's wants will appreciate his motive, and may give him credit for the little benefit he may be to his country.

He assures his readers that he never held any political office, and there is none that he would accept. To receive the approbation of the higher classes, would be more agreeable to him than the election of any individual to an eminent station; however much he may desire to elevate Union men, when disunion is threatening the destruction of the country.

In departing from the usage of other writers, and introducing, as do newspapers, individual names and the daily incidents of life, the writer has hoped to invest his story with deeper and more general interest, than he could in any other way.

If any person whose name may appear in this novel, shall be inclined to censure the writer, he asks indulgence in consideration of the end proposed, and the beneficial results hoped for, in a general circulation. The writer positively assures the public that they shall never know him; and if he keeps his word, they will give him credit for entertaining a strong hope, that some of the principles contended for, will be approved, and some of the sentiments will find a response in their hearts, and an increased circulation through their agency.

While the writer positively assures the American Party that they shall never know him, he offers the work freely to any person who may think it worth claiming—he shall never be contradicted by the writer. It is not only expected, but hoped, that one class of readers will condemn the work—as that will be its best passport to those circles, to which the ambition of the writer would consign it. The work is a con-

test for principles—and not a bid, like most novels, for the approval of every newspaper. It is of the reflecting, and of the higher classes only, that he asks a verdict,—and he will tell them in advance, that he is better pleased in having suited himself, than he will be in suiting them, however highly he may value their good opinion.

The writer is perfectly independent, and does not demand one cent of the public, and writes only to amuse himself. To lash the vices and the errors of society, is his highest enjoyment. Principles are matters of interest to him, and while contending for them, he asks for approval on his own terms, or none will be received.

If the principles contended for are not national and self-sustaining, his work, and the country, may be sustained by some other person, for he will not sustain them. Follies were born prior to the last age, and lashing will not correct them all, in this. Follies have given employment to more than one writer of biting sarcasm; and writers of similar tastes will find material enough for their employment, even in this virtuous age. Individual follies, multiplied indefinitely, constitute a country's follies. While this country has many virtues, and claims many honors, it has within its bosom, men who would disgrace any country and any age. The country has no back on which the lash can be placed, but individuals have—and through them, the country is to be corrected. If the Americans shall decide by their verdict, that certain classes and certain individuals need correction, the writer, in further efforts for their good, asks for the pleasure of holding the whip.

INVISIBLE SAM.

CHAPTER VI.

FEMALE VIRTUES.

Ah! why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?
Hers what no wealth can buy, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulded by decay;
A world, with Memory's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

ROGERS.

THE Manchester, a ship of five hundred tons, was lying at the Dock, in London. It was the worst vessel in London. It was old, weather-beaten, a slow-sailer, and could not be insured. Two ladies were seen walking toward the Manchester. Captain, what do you charge for a passage to New-York? asked a delicate female.

We have not fixed our price yet, but we will take you lower than any other vessel; it will be between two and three pounds, said a rough-looking character.

Have you any berths? Have you a stove. to warm the vessel? asked the lady.

We have not, but all these things will be attended to; we have just discharged a dirty cargo, and are nearly ready for another, said the sailor.

Does the Manchester leak? asked the lady.

Not a drop; she is nearly new, said the sailor.

How many passengers shall you take? asked the lady.

We shall take no more than can be well accommodated; we shall not crowd the vessel, said the sailor.

How long will you require to reach New-York, asked the lady, whose name was Bright.

We shall cross in fifteen days, said the sailor.

This is the vessel for me, said Mrs. Bright, to her companion, Mrs. Burnham.

Mrs. Bright was young and handsome. Care was marked upon a countenance, yet possessing every element of beauty. Her eyes were black, her complexion remarkably clear. Her hair was very dark, and arranged with exquisite taste. Her features were faultless. Her clothes had been rich, but were worn threadbare; every article was neat, and placed with great care upon her beautiful form. The melancholy expression of her countenance, seemed to heighten the interest of the scene, and to see such a person, in that place, excited the sympathy of one person, who watched her motions, with no ordinary feelings.

No person could look at Mrs. Bright, with indifference. Her eye, beautifully formed brow, remarkably delicate features, an expression that gave assurance of deep intellectual resources; all assured those who saw her, that she was a superior person and a stranger in such scenes.

Can it be that such a person is taking passage in that vesself? said the stranger, audibly, although he seemed to be addressing no one. I must know more of so remarkable a person. There is some untold tale, some dark mystery here! I will know more of this woman! Mrs. Bright was conscious of the notice that she had excited, and seemed anxious to conceal her face from his steady gaze.

She advanced twice to ask the captain a question of deep

interest, but one that she was afraid to have answered. She looked around to see if she was noticed—she advanced to the captain again!

Captain, I am poor, and wish to leave England, and try my chance in America. Will you take me for half price? It is all that I have, said Mrs. Bright.

The captain paused. He looked closely at a face which he thought surpassingly lovely, but she was evidently suffering under some deep anxiety.

I will if you are going alone, said the captain.

I am going with my husband and two children, said Mrs. Bright.

I shall take you for no less than I take others, said the captain.

I will come again, said Mrs. Bright.

As she turned to leave, her eye met the face of him who had watched for some time the countenance and the actions of Mrs. Bright. She left the vessel.

I have seen that face before! Who could he be? He watched me constantly—he would not give me an opportunity to speak; he was before my eyes, and I felt embarrassed.—Who could he be? asked Mrs. Bright.

I know him well, said Mrs. Burnham.

I do not think we shall be able to go to America! The Commissioners of the Poor will not allow me but one pound, and we cannot go for that amount. This vessel is a miserable one, and I am sure there cannot be a worse one, and it is of no use to look for a lower passage,—and even in this we cannot take passage with the money that we have, or can obtain, said Mrs. Bright.

The town of Nelson sent all their parish poor at two pounds each, and nearly one-third of the parents died, and left numerous orphans to suffer in America, said Mrs. Burnham.

Do you think we shall die? Will Isabella and John die? For myself, I am resigned to any fate, but I cannot bear the thought of losing them, or of leaving them unprotected in a land of strangers! I do fear that we shall all be lost! It is melancholy to go on board of a vessel that you cannot expect to leave alive! I must try some of my friends, and see if they will lend me a few pounds. I will call on Mr. Caxton first—my husband was in college with him, said Mrs. Bright.

The next day Mrs. Bright called on Mr. Caxton.

Mr. Caxton, I am going from that home once so dear to me! I need not tell you, that I am in deep distress! I am going to America, called by some, "that glorious land of liberty and of virtue." I have read a large advertisement, which stated that men and women were wanted, and good wages would be given. I can work, you know—I am young, said Mrs. Bright.

Mrs. Bright, you astonish me! You do not mean that you have decided on such a step, said Mr. Caxton.

I have decided to go! I have not worked, but I can, and will! I will begin a new life in America—I will support my family by my daily labor. My husband is entirely discouraged, and his relatives have discarded him. He attended to his office till the new house, the 'Robert Burns,' was opened near us, and he has paid but little attention to business since, said Mrs. Bright.

Can it be that you have determined to take those two lovely children of yours across the ocean? You have rich friends—your husband was educated with me at Oxford; and you were the delight of a large family. Your husband was the first scholar in his class, and had explored the deep mines of classic lore, the deep subtleties of metaphysics, and the varied learning of the schools; his stupendous genius was the admiration of all. Your education qualified you for any position in life. You cannot work, you have not the necessary strength

—your form is too delicate; none can work who are not early compelled to labor, said Mr. Caxton.

Mr. Caxton, my strongest motive in going to America is to change the scene, and to get rid of the influences by which my husband is here surrounded. In America, I am told, they are making great efforts to get rid of the awful vices which surround us here. You know that my husband's talents are of the highest order, and his early success was great, and his income for a young lawyer was large. His friends were numerous, and he soon joined the club, and was from home continually. But my feelings forbid my telling you all, said Mrs. Bright.

Mrs. Bright, I did not expect a call from you under such circumstances; but if, on reflection, you are still determined to go, call on me a few days hence, and I will give you all that you may require, after you have obtained all you can from the Commissioners of the Poor, said Mr. Caxton.

Mrs. Bright returned home. The next day she called at the office of the agent, and arranged for their passage in the Manchester. In a few days she had disposed of all the few articles which her husband had not placed in pawn and she called again on Mr. Caxton.

Mr. Caxton, I have decided to leave London for that happy country, and I have called for that assistance which you so kindly offered me. I think that in America I can earn enough to repay you for the amount which you may loan me. My husband, I yet hope, will, in that land of temperance, where he will be removed from associations and influences which have so much injured him, regain his energy, and pursue with credit, a profession that he by his talents, is so well able to adorn. I have seen letters from America, representing it as a Paradise! We shall have no friends there. I do at times sink with an oppressed heart! I give up valued friends here. You know we occupied a large house, and my husband was

social in his nature, and like most of us in England, entertained a large circle of friends. I have, Mr. Caxton, shed many tears, before I came to this! But you see I am firm now! These Americans are very humane and liberal—and the ladies, I am told, are constantly assisting all who need their kind attention. A neighbor of mine has received a letter from her friend in New York, that certainly would induce any person in my condition to emigrate.

Mrs. Burnham's letter says that all the New York ladies visit ragged-schools and Sunday-schools, and help the poor, and all the poor families get along very well. Do you think the New York ladies can assist so many as are going out now? They must be rich, I am sure, said Mrs. Bright.

When does the Manchester sail? asked Mr. Caxton.

Next week, said Mrs. Bright.

Here is the money that you will need to pay your passage, and here is a roll of sovereigns sealed up, and you are not to open them till you arrive in America. I shall not tell you how much there is, but the money will do you good when you arrive. The Americans should never admit any person without such a sum, said Mr. Caxton.

Mr. Caxton, I cannot acknowledge, in a suitable manner, this kindness of yours. To say that I thank you, is a cold expression; but my heart is warm; and to you it shall be ever pledged in deepest thankfulness. If I can get a school, or if I can obtain sewing or work of any kind, in that happy country, I will repay you all; you shall never be forgotten. We may be able to redeem all and yet be respected by a large circle of friends, and I am at times encouraged. I could endure my own suffering and live or die where we are, but I cannot think of bringing up my children in this place, where vices are constantly pressing the masses downward to the earth. In America my children will inhale with their breath the energy that so peculiarly

marks the American character. Here there are no influences in operation to improve the condition of the masses. All efforts are abandoned, and we are left to see misery, sorrow, and suffering rapidly extending to all who are poor, and to all to whom poverty is sure to come. By any person who will visit with me the scenes of suffering that flow directly from intemperance, it will be admitted that the efforts of the charitable cannot much longer be sustained, if the stream of suffering and degradation is to be allowed to constantly enlarge by the increase of the stores which so much debase the lower classes. I am surprised to see the increase of poverty, crime, suffering, and destitution. And yet, I ought not to be surprised. You know that I have long been familiar with the sufferings of the lower classes. I have been connected with Sunday-schools as scholar and teacher, since I was twelve years of age, but now we are all in despair. The increase of intemperance, and the vices that proceed from it, have increased to such extent as to drive all from the field of labor, and the charitable have abandoned the masses to the ruin by which they are surrounded. To see the sufferers, many of them children of the age of my own, is more than my feelings can endure. When I arrive in New York I will write to you, and I know you will rejoice to hear that our condition is essentially better than in London. Adieu.

Mr. Bright called to look at the Manchester. He walked around, he went on board. He was mute. Oh, God! is this the condition to which we are reduced? Is that the vessel in which we are to leave this beloved country, this land of freedom, this home once so happy and the abode of relations and friends, who seemed to make life all that happy life can be? Am I in my senses? This vessel will never reach America! We cannot go in such a vessel; we shall all be lost, I am sure we shall. There are other vessels; I will not risk our lives in this. But where are we to get the money? We have not

the means of paying more than we are charged in the Manchester; we must go in her or not go to America! But we are stealing away unknown to all. We have rich friends; once they would not have allowed of this. But now I have lost them all, and they shall not know how wretched we are. Why is it? Why am I so neglected and so wretched? I know why it is; it has come from my keeping company with those whom I met at the sign of the Robert Burns.' In that house was laid the foundation of all my errors. I will reform. I will go to America, but I will never again visit such places of vice, said Mr. Bright. He wiped away a tear.

It was a sleepless night to Mrs. Bright. The few days that she yet had were spent in making some small preparations for the voyage. A few friends had heard of their intentions and had called, with true affection, to bid them a long and perhaps a last adieu.

James, here is the family Bible, but I must call at the office of the Bible society and buy a Bible for each of the children.

Mrs. Bright called at the office in Bond-street.

Mr. Doddridge, I am going to America, that happy land, and I have come to ask you for two Bibles for my children, said Mrs. Bright.

Our Bibles are for gratuitous distribution, and you will select such as you please. I am pleased to learn that you are going to that prosperous country. There is no other country like America. They are at this moment making a great effort to banish the vices that we have fixed forever on our soil, and I have no doubt they will succeed; they are entirely different from our people, and are not all victims to the habits and vices that for years have crowded our masses to the earth. In the city of New York there is a Bible society that employs more than three hundred men, printing and binding Bibles; and in such a city, I am sure they will have virtue

enough to banish the stores that sell spirits, and cause, everywhere, so much misery, said Mr. Doddridge.

Mr. Doddridge, will you oblige me so much as to have written in this Bible the name of John Bright, from his mother, and in this Isabella Bright, from her mother, said Mrs. Bright.

Mrs. Bright, the similarity of our pursuits have brought us together often, and I know something of the qualities that you possess, and the sentiments that have always governed your life. I need not say that I entertain for you no ordinary respect. In that land of temperance, I am sure you will find congenial minds, and with such persons you will form friendships that will add to the enjoyments of life. Here is a letter to Mr. Phelps, a valued friend of mine, that may be of service to you in a land of strangers. I wish you all the happiness that your most sanguine hopes have promised said Mr. Doddridge.

For your kind wishes, and for the Bibles I thank you. This letter, I am sure, will be of great value to me, and I shall acknowledge your kindness by letter soon after my arrival in New York.

The last preparation was finished, the last kind words were exchanged, the last kind kisses were on their lips! They were on board the Manchester!

The Manchester sailed. But she moved as if loaded beyond her power to float. She lay like a log—and a more wretched company was never crowded into any vessel. The pilot took her through a wrong channel, where she touched a rock or a sunken wreck, and was detained for repairs. The Captain was evidently uneasy, as he had not properly trimmed his ship. She was too deep at the bows, and she rolled and was in danger. Mr. and Mrs. Bright and the children were all sick on the second day. They were crowded into a dark hole, with one quarter more passengers than there should have been

There was no fire, no stove, and no opportunity for washing, except in the ocean. There was no ventilation—the atmosphere in which they were confined was the stench of death!

I shall die! I cannot sleep! I cannot eat! I must die! I can never live to reach that glorious country! My strength is nearly gone! I am feverish! I am frozen! There is no fire—there will be no fire! Why did I come in such a vessel! O, death! If it were not for you, my husband, and these darling children, how sweet it would be to yield up this life into the hands of Him who gave it, said Mrs. Bright.

A flood of tears each day relieved a heart already stricken too much for life. After a few days' sail, a sea struck the Manchester, and swept the deck. The wind increased, and it seemed as if the vessel could make no headway. Consternation was seen in the faces of all. She rolled as if she must go over! They took in sail, and were some days in repairing damages. The weather continued tempestuous, and the wind was ahead. The ship tossed from wave to wave, her seams groaned and creaked, as if she would strain to pieces! The wind increased! A sail is gone! was the alarming cry. We are between two billows, mountain high! Look! That awful wave is coming on us! O, hear the wind! It is the knell of death! Who can be heard? The roar is awful! The ship is leaking! the ship is leaking! was the cry from below.

We are sinking! said Mr. Bright.

The vessel rose again, but the deck was half under water.

Captain, are we safe? asked Mr. Bright.

One more such a sea will be our last! The Manchester was on her beam ends, and a miracle saved us, said the Captain.

The storm continued, and the whole vessel was a scene of wretchedness.

Here is an awful death! See, this child is dead! It was well this morning, said a passenger.

Is it the cholera? It must be, said all the passengers.

Shall we all die? Who has any medicine? Where is the doctor? Who will take care of the sick?

No one! was the response that came from hundreds of sorrowful hearts.

Are we all to die, and have no effort made to save our lives? Captain, what shall we do? asked Mr. Bright.

What shall you do? Why, die, of course! Who cares how many die? The more the better! I have seventy-five more passengers than the law allows, said the Captain.

Is there no nurse, no physician, no medicine, no hope, no consolation in this our deep distress? I did not think of this! I cannot live—I do not wish to live, said Mr. Bright.

Go upon the deck, you stupid clown! What are you mourning about? asked the Captain.

Do send up that medicine chest from the cabin! I have seen it! There is some drug that will smoothe the way to death, if it will not cure, said Mr. Bright.

You shall have no medicine! Throw all the bodies over as soon as they are done breathing! Steward, you need not wait to roll them in canvass, said the Captain.

Yesterday five died—to-day ten have died! O, merciful Heaven! shall we all die? asked Mr. Bright.

What if you do—who cares? asked the Captain.

Captain, can we be allowed to have a little warm water? The children require it, and the steward refuses us the smallest quantity, said Mr. Bright.

No, you can have no warm water. If you want water, dip it from the ocean—there you will find enough! Where you are going, neither warm nor cold water will put out the fire, said the *humane* Captain.

O Heaven! Twenty more have died! My turn is near, said Mrs. Bright.

Steward, you must throw them over faster—you must not wait for them all to be cold! This man is nearly done breath-

ing—he is in his last agony—a collapse has commenced—he may as well be thrown over! Bring out all the sick ones—none will live—place them all in a row on the deck, ready to be thrown over, said the captain.

Captain, shall I clean up below? The steerage is in a condition too foul for human beings to breathe, and I am sure all will die, said the steward.

Not in the least! There will not be many left by the time we arrive. Leave the clearing up till we get rid of the cattle, said the captain.

James, I know my time is near—I must go soon! This pain tells me too plainly what my disorder is, and what its termination will be. The worst of all disorders will soon be fixed upon this heart! I have no desire to live, except for you and these dear children. My spirits and my life are ebbing fast, said Mrs. Bright.

Take in that sail—five knots is fast enough, said the captain.

James, when I am gone, will you take care of John and Isabella? I need not ask—I know you will. I did not think of death so soon! It seems but yesterday that we bowed at the matrimonial altar, and the prospect of a happy life to none could be more certain. You had just commenced the practice of the law, your father was rich, and my relatives were wealthy, talented, and in the very highest circles. Can I die, and leave all that was once so bright and promising? These lovely children, too! They were given us to make more perfect life's purest joys! I am soon to take leave of all on earth, and it is hard to part from scenes that should have been so lovely. I did hope that in the great country beyond the sea, we were yet to retrieve our losses, and again claim our rank in society. But it is ordered otherwise, and I submit to the decree of Heaven. This disorder has reached my heart, and my

strength now is failing. Before I go I must ask—and I know you will promise, that you will never more renew your acquaintance with those who have brought us here. O, this pain! I shall die! I cannot long survive!

One half your early friends are now occupying places of great respectability, and are rapidly acquiring the fortunes that will enable them to live in elegance, if not in splendor. The other half are rapidly descending to that condition, from which there is no escape but disgraceful death. All that we now see before our eyes was plainly seen as an unavoidable result. In these, my last moments, I am unwilling to censure you; but how often have we talked of the lives of those to whose companionship all our misfortunes are to be traced. Virtue cannot exist without temperance, and life cannot be happy without virtue. No law of our nature is more fixed than the law that virtuous life bestows perfect enjoyment, and a neglect of duty, leads unavoidably to degradation and an early grave. These children are the most lovely that ever blessed parents' hearts! Who shall guide them in the ways of virtue? You need not tell me that some kind hand will be extended to lead them up to all that life, and love, and hope could ask! It cannot be; it is to ruin, to disgrace, to early death, they must descend! Their talents and their beauty entitle them to God's highest blessings; to a life all joy, and an acceptance hereafter. But Providence acts through human agencies, our errors have cut them off forever. None but parents can train children to virtue and to happiness. Without parents, their minds are uncultivated, and virtue has no existence. The broad stream of evil influences sweeps past and they yield, and happiness and purity of life are wrecked; the fate of one, is the fate of all who are left thus unprotected. I cannot leave John and Isabella alone in horrid desolation. I can see them, in imagination, surrounded

by all the difficulties that make life miserable. Oh! that I could take them with me. There is no pain in death! It is the thought of those we leave that inflicts the deepest pang. We know that we shall live again, if our lives are guided by virtue or religion. Oh! could we only know that our errors would not fall on those we love. Was it for sufferings like ours that lives of innocence were placed in our care? I know they were not. I know that John and Isabella should have been placed in scenes of purity and innocence, where every virtue would have adorned minds of unusual brilliancy. And yet, I fear that our own conduct has placed them amid influences that will ruin them. To save a life from degradation! Can any thought, can any hope in life's last moments, be more inspiring? What is great? What is glorious? What in life is so ennobling? Who will not help to save the loveliest image that goodness ever called its own?

Oh, that I could believe that some hand of mercy will take these children, and lead them upward in innocence, in virtue, to happiness and Heaven; then could I die in peace! There are no kind ladies in America to save so many little sufferers. They will all die in deepest desolation! My strength now is failing—my last thoughts, my last prayers, are for you, James, and these lovely children. Have I, James, done my duty to these children? Have I done my duty to all, so far as I knew how to perform it? Do you think some kind lady will take care of Isabella and John?

Mr. Bright was deeply affected!

John, come to mother! Will you be good when I am gone?

I will go with you, mother!

Kiss me, John! Kiss me, Isabella! Again! You cannot go with me, but you shall both come to me, and we will ever live with our Creator!

Mrs. Bright was exhausted. She fainted! She attempted to speak—her lips moved, but no voice was heard!

She died!

Oh God! She is not dead! She is, she is! Why am I left? My heart is bursting! Captain, you will not commit this form, once so lovely, to the ocean, without Christian rites! I know you will not! You are not without human feelings, said Mr. Bright.

I will give you one hour for preparation, said the captain.

She will never breathe again! Thy life, thy love, thy virtues, are ended here! Oh God, we thank thee for all that a pure life has taught! Take, oh take to thyself, a spirit all love, all beauty, all heavenly graces! To the ocean wave, the boundless image of thy unmeasured goodness, we here commit this form!

Too pure for earth, her spirit has winged its way to thee. From thee it came—to thee it has returned; with thee it will ever live. A spirit from Heaven was clothed in human form; in Heaven it will but change its own form, and take thy own image. All that was mortal, we have committed to the waters by thee created. Buried deep in caverns of thy ocean, no human eye will ever reach that form! The eye of Omnipotence will ever look down on all in mercy. All the created world is thine, and thy omnipresence is here and every where! With deep contrition here we kneel! Sustain us, O sustain us, or we die in deepest suffering! We bow in humble adoration to thy will! To thee alone we look—as thou wilt, we live or die!

All who witnessed this melancholy scene were in deepest sorrow. Who will next be called? I too shall soon sink beneath the wave that will forever hide me, was the response of every heart.

Poor Mr. Bright's heart was broken. Each day some familiar face and form was consigned to that grave, which of all

others must most appall the heart! Who will survive? Will this voyage be ever ended?

The Manchester arrived at quarantine.

Captain, can I be allowed a little help to get my trunks from below? asked Mr. Bright.

You need not be in a hurry. We are at quarantine, and shall not go up to the city for thirty days, nor till we get another voyage engaged for the vessel, and it may be sixty days, said the captain.

My spirits are fast sinking. I know that I shall soon follow my Isabella, and I wish to go. Captain, I have eaten nothing, and the children have had nothing for two days. Can you allow us to have a little broth, to keep us alive? asked Mr. Bright.

If you live till you get anything from me to eat, you need not fear that you will ever die. What business have you to ask me for anything to eat, you miserable outlandish ——? asked the captain.

In thirty days a boat was seen approaching the Manchester.

Get into that boat, every one of you. I will give you thirty minutes to move your plunder, and if any of you are not ready in that time, you may get up to the city as you can, said the captain.

The boat arrived at the wharf. The scene before Mr. Bright demanded all the energy that he could summon. It was enough to appall a stout heart. An immense pile of trunks, boxes, beds and barrels were just on the edge of the pier, and ready to fall into the water. Give me two dollars for bringing up your baggage, said a rough-looking character.

How is this? My receipt says, to be delivered in New York, said Mr. Bright.

Give me two dollars, or all your baggage goes into the water, said the man.

Mr. Bright paid.

Where are my children? Have you seen my children? I have lost my children! said Mr. Bright.

They were found at some distance, in the street.

What can I do? Where can I get rooms? O Heaven, my heart is sinking! If I could only see one friendly hand extended, in this my deepest distress, it would remove this load from my heart! I can get no house, or part of a house, and I have no place to cover my head, or in which my children can have the rest their exhausted condition so much demands, said Mr. Bright.

If you will give me three dollars in advance, you may put your trunks into my room for two days, said a rough-looking Catholic cut-throat.

I can do no better. Here is your money, said Mr. Bright.

They were shown to a small attic. They looked around. It is full of vermin! Are these the bedfellows that misery brings to men?

Darlings, you cannot remove your clothes. Lie down and see if you can sleep, said Mr. Bright.

Exhausted nature claimed repose. They slept—they slept sweetly.

It was midnight, and the great orb of heaven was shining down. The world was rejoicing in Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. All was still. A muffled form appears! Another comes! The door opened softly.

This is not the man, said McFlippin.

I tell you it is, said McQuirk.

How do you know? asked McFlippin.

I saw the money when he paid me the three dollars. He had good clothes, and Nick watched him at the quarantine. He swears that he is the man. You see he has a Bible in his pocket, said McQuirk.

How shall I dispatch him? Have you the dagger? asked McFlippin.

Here it is, said McQuirk.

Shall I kill the children too? asked McFlippin.

Dead men tell no tales, said McQuirk.

That boy is laugning at me in his sleep! I cannot strike! You must take the dagger! There, strike now! Did you hear a noise? asked McFlippen.

There are footsteps! Hark! See who that is! We must wait till to-morrow, said McQuirk.

The morning came. Mr. Bright walked out alive! He walked toward the Hudson.

Where shall I go? Was ever man so distressed as I am? O that I could be with my departed Isabella! She was a Christian. O that I were! She is happy—I will join her! No, I will not! I have two children—I will not leave them, in horrid desolation to suffer and die! Here is a store—I will just look in. You do not keep spirits? If you do, I cannot stop here. Why, here is a face that I have seen before! Have I not seen you some where? asked Mr. Bright.

You have. I know you well—you are my old acquaintance. Come in here—let us take a drink, said McQuirk.

I never do that. I will walk away. Where shall I go? The world is dark. I will walk on the banks of this lovely river. Happy, happy men who live with their beloved wives and children in this pure and happy country. I know there is virtue here, all things look so lovely. I wish I had been born here—I should not then have known the "Robert Burns," and the persons in the "Robert Burns" would not have known me; I should now have been living with my beloved Isabella. But all is dark—it is now too late for reformation! My Isabella is gone, and I wish to go to her, and end my suffering. O that I were dead! This aching heart will burst!

Have I a right to take my own life? The thought is too

painful to be endured! But life is worse! I have a right, for no one can prevent it, and I will do it! But let me reflect a moment. The world, and all created things, were made for man by a kind Providence. Then why was not man made for virtue, and the enjoyment of all that in life is so bright and beautiful? He was, I *know* he was. But to retain his virtue and his power to enjoy life, is the great difficulty, surrounded as we are by the bad influences that vice and vicious men place around us. I have lost my power over myself, and shall end my troubles here! This liquid will end all suffering, and I go to join my Isabella! But how can I join my Isabella, if there is no life to come? And if there is a life to come, may there not be both happy and miserable beings, as there are in this world? If there are two conditions—and who can doubt it?—some preparation may be well! I am not certain that I am prepared, but my energy and my enjoyment are gone, and I wish to go! This phial will cure all my ills, or it will place me beyond the power to cure the ills of either life! The world exists forever—why should not my intellect? A power created and sustains the world. A power originally created the intellect, and now controls it. The power and the intellect came from the same hand, and are clearly the same that created the world. That power could be no other than the Deity! I am in doubt who most offends a just Deity—the men who set snares for my weak mind, by influences most foul, or I who yielded thoughtlessly to the vices that most easily destroyed me. It is the pestilential atmosphere placed by bad influences around us, that most exposes and then degrades man! I shall be forgiven! I was the victim of others' sins! O Heaven, look down in pity and forgive! Receive, O receive this repenting heart! Who knows the anguish that is driving me to despair? I die the victim of sins that taint the air we breathe, and ever press life downward to an early grave!

A man suddenly appeared and caught the phial from his hand.

What means this? Is it self-destruction that you meditate? Beware! After this there may be another life.

Mr. Bright turned upon the stranger a look of indignant contempt, and walked a short distance, followed by this man or vision.

You do not know me; you I well know. You were a passenger on board the Manchester from London, said the stranger.

Mr. Bright seemed astonished!

Well, what if I was? asked Mr. Bright.

I knew your wife; I saw her when she engaged her passage. I knew her before you did. Did she not write these poems? asked the stranger, as he handed a volume, much worn and defaced.

She did, said Mr. Bright.

I saw your wife's last moments, and I saw you commit the body to the wave. Do you believe that the inspiration that enabled her to form and record such thoughts, such sublime thoughts, as we read here, was buried in the waves, or does it still exist in the same etherial form that gave to her the character of an angel? Do you not know that you have the same spark of life in you, which thinks and reasons, in your lucid moments and in your hours of degradation? You cannot get rid of the conscience; every bad act of your life has visited on you its own consequences. It accuses you this moment, and you will have no peace till you reform. The conscience is an emanation of the intellect, and is independent of the body, and will live as long as light, truth, virtue, and the Deity do exist. You know that this book exists, for you see it; you know that, it is the sure evidence

of the existence of the mind of your wife, which you could not see. The mind of your wife as clearly had a separate existence as this book has. You cannot be a materialist, for you know that your wife's mind and body were not the same. The mind was not the body, and the body was not the mind. The body is perishable, but this book may, and the mind will, live as long as the spirit lives, of which it is the emanation and the sure evidence of its existence, said the stranger.

Who are you that utters this mysterious language? No man speaks in this manner! said Mr. Bright.

You know me not, some other time you may know me, said the stranger, as he walked away.

This is very strange. He seemed to know me, but I am sure I never saw him! I could not be deceived, it was a man. But he vanished! How could a man vanish? It could not have been a man. It was a vision. Yes, it was a vision from the other world sent to save my life. I remember now, that he did but utter Isabella's sentiments. It was a spirit sent by her, I know it was. O! that I had lived as Isabella lived. No joys, no peace, no sweet converse, could bestow more of life, of love, or happiness; it was all that life can give, it was life's noblest pleasures here below. This life is full of gushing joys while innocence, and hope, and faith, and love claim all our mind and heart. When passions take the helm, tossed in a sea of ruin, all virtue, innocence, purity, and happiness are lost. I will return to my attic. I must pass that shop, but I will not enter it, said Mr. Bright.

Come in here, I have been waiting for you; come in and take a drink. You are my old acquaintance—I want to tell you all about England. I have many friends—I treat them all—I will treat you. I knew you would come in. I say, Bright, what shall we take, punch or beer?—punch is best. Punch then it shall be. Drink that. There, now you feel better, I know you do. I say, Bright, it is of no use to pre-

tend to be virtuous here; come, drink again. We never read the book that we saw in your pocket last night, said McQuirk.

Mr. Bright was astonished!

I did not see you last night. I slept soundly, said Mr. Bright.

I say, Bright, we never say prayers here—we have no troubles—we drown them all; come take another drink, said McQuirk.

I will just take a glass of beer—that, you know, is not alcohol, said Mr. Bright.

McFlippin, I say, give Bright another punch; that beer will sour his constitution; I will pay. There, Bright, shuffle those cards, said McQuirk.

I never do that thing, said Bright.

Only once, that is nothing you know, I always lose. There, Bright, you have won my dollar. I will go you five dollars! I always lose, said McQuirk.

I must take off my belt, said Bright.

I say, Bright, let me take that belt in my hand: it is beautiful; let me feel of it—it looks heavy! What a beautiful belt it is!—did your wife make it? asked McQuirk.

Mr. Bright shed a tear, but did not reply.

There must be some gold in that belt, thought McQuirk, as he handed it back to Mr. Bright.

Mr. Bright returned to his miserable attic.

Father, I want mother, said John. Mr. Bright could not speak.

When will mother come back? asked Isabella.

Mr. Bright held his handkerchief to his face.

At ten o'clock at night, they were all again asleep upon the floor.

Two sweeter cherub faces never smiled on any parent. The heavy bells tolled out twelve o'clock!

Two muffled forms meet on the stairs below! One walks lightly up the stairs!

Come in and shut the door! Are they all asleep? asked McQuirk.

They are, said McFlippin.

Which way are the faces of the children? asked McQuirk.

To the wall; did you see the gold? asked McFlippin.

I had it in my hands, said McQuirk.

Have you the chloroform? asked McFlippin.

Here it is, said McQuirk.

Pour it on this handkerchief—pour it all. Do you hear a noise? asked McFlippin.

They have not moved; now is your time—now you have them, said McQuirk.

All was still as death!

The gold is safe in my pocket, said McFlippin.

This was the roll of sovereigns presented by Mr. Caxton.

The next morning, it was late before any noise was heard in the attic.

Nick, they say a man has killed himself in our attic! Will you see if he is dead? asked McFlippin.

Nick visited the attic.

He is cold and stiff, said Nick.

A word in your ear, Nick. Five dollars, you know! Here is a sack, and at twelve o'clock to-night it is high water! Do you understand? asked McFlippin.

I guess I do—I have done some of this business before.—You will stand by me if I get caught? asked Nick.

That I swear on the Catholic bible, said McFlippin.

Who pays the priest for confession? asked Nick.

I pay by the season, but I do not tell him all. Keep the door shut—the children will make a noise, and if the coroner comes he will question us, and we may be *nabbed*, said McFlippin.

I will tell you what it is. I do not like this business! I could do it once in a week, but when you come to two or three times, I want you to get another man! I have no objections to rob every night, but killing is another thing! These lawyers want too much to get a fellow off! I have been caught five times robbing, but I was never convicted yet, and I never shall be; but if we are caught murdering, we must raise one hundred dollars, or swing, said Nick.

Mr. Hays, a merchant doing business near McFlippin, heard there was something suspicious in McFlippin's house, and called in.

I say, McFlippin, have you any dead men in your house? asked Mr. Hays.

They say a man killed himself in our house last night, said McFlippin.

It is now twelve o'clock! I will give you two hours to obtain a coroner, and if he is not in your house in that time, I will have you indicted for murder! You know, you Catholic cut-throat, that you have killed many a man, and have thrown him into the dock! This slaughter-house of yours has been watched by our new Mayor, and it is ascertained that you have been at this business for years! Dozens have gone into your house who never came out alive, and there is a place like yours in every street where emigrants and travelers take lodgings! Do you kill all, or spare your brother Catholics? asked Mr. Hays.

Mr. Hays, will you just step aside? I have something private to say to you. I must admit that there are some bad men about these streets, but I am a respectable man, and honest. If you will go with me to-night I will show you some men who are not so respectable citizens as I am, said McFlippin.

McFlippin, if I am to follow you through your dens of vice, I shall take my pistols, said Mr. Hays.

I hope you will not mention my name to any person in con-

nection with this unpleasant business, for if it is known that I am showing you the "Christians," they may kill us both. If I show you some of them, I shall depend on your honor. Will you meet me at eleven o'clock at No. 29 —— street? asked McFlippin.

Show me what you have seen, and tell me all that you know of these dens of vice, and I will consider well your claim on me, said Mr. Hays.

They separated. At eleven o'clock they met on the side-walk at No. 29 —— street.

Now you must express no surprise, and must not lose your self possession, even if you have a knife at your throat, and a pistol at your breast! Keep cool—leave me to converse with all—and I will, I think, bring you out alive, said McFlippin.

You *think* you will bring me out alive! If any man injures me I will shoot you instantly, said Mr. Hays.

If you have not strong nerves, and entire confidence in me, you had better not go in, said McFlippin.

I would go in if Beelzebub were standing guard! Go ahead! I have two of Colt's revolvers, both loaded with two balls in each barrel, said Hays.

They entered.

Pass down the stairs. Here I am in trouble. I find my keys do not fit—the Governor of the "Christians" must have put on a new lock. The new Mayor and the Know Nothings are a troublesome set of fellows. We had no difficulty with the old police, for one half of them belonged to our society—and we paid the others by the year. I have opened the door. Walk through the passage, but make no noise. I shall have some difficulty here again. This is an extra door, and has been recently made for greater safety. I have this bunch of keys, but I do not know which one opens the door! I have succeeded. Now it opens; we enter here. Now take this lad-

der, and drop it down this scuttle, while I hold it open, said McFlippin.

What horrible noise is that? Is it made by man, or by fiends? asked Hays.

You will know soon, said McFlippin.

How many rooms are there here? It is a little world, said Mr. Hays.

There are one hundred and fifty rooms connected, and there are lodgers in them all, said McFlippin.

In how many rooms are spirits sold? asked Mr. Hays.

Nearly all, said McFlippin.

How many persons are there in these dens? asked Mr. Hays.

There may be from sixteen to eighteen hundred persons, including women. Look in at the door, but do not go in yet. What do you see? asked McFlippin.

I see a crowd of men with awful faces, and false whiskers, and black patches! The sight is frightful! They are hump-backed, one eyed, and one-legged! The sight is most horrid! Do they murder? Oh this smell! I am sick. I cannot look on such fiendish sights. They are too horrible for man to gaze upon, said Mr. Hays.

They are playing cards, and all games for money, said McFlippin.

Will they see us? asked Mr. Hays.

They all know me, said McFlippin.

See, there are men loading guns and pistols, and sharpening knives! Are they going out to murder and rob? asked Hays.

They are. One man has just returned, and is showing a pocket-book which he must have stolen. These men are not the worst class. The females you see are better dressed, and rob in stages and cars, but pass for virtuous.—Naw walk down these steps. Now follow me in the dark. Take hold of my hand, and walk slowly. We are now deep

under ground, and at a great distance from the street. Look now into those rooms that you see are twice as large as the others. Here are two hundred rooms. I must have some conversation with this man at the door. Jack Cade, I want to pass in Tom Burke—he is one of us, said McFlippin.

You cannot go in, nor can Tom Burke, said Jack Cade.

But you know me—I tell you it is all right, said McFlippin.

The new mayor has given us too much trouble; the guards are now doubled; you cannot go in—it is of no use—you must send for Captain Kidd—he is President this month said Jack Cade.

But I passed the other story easily enough, said McFlippin.

Yes, of course you did, they were only thieves; half of these men are murderers, you know. If the Mayor should get a Know Nothing in here, he would hang a dozen of us, said Cade.

Send for Captain Kidd, said MFlippin.

Captain Kidd, this is Tom Burke. I know him well—he is one of us, said McFlippin.

Pass in, Mack and Tom. Jack, let these men pass. I have known Mack in this business ever since he came from Ireland, twenty years ago, said Captain Kidd.

The miserable Know-Nothings have carried five more states, said McFlippin.

You do not say so! Our chance of getting in Mike for President is small. I wish we could get Live Oak and Fillmore down here, they would never see daylight! Can we dispose of Barker or Houston, if we are well paid? I know of a man who will do it for five hundred dollars, said Kidd.

What looking creatures! Are they men, or are they fiends? What horrid looking faces! Shall I get out alive, without their notice? asked Hays.

You said you would not be frightened—but I must tell you to keep your hand on your revolver. Hundreds of men are drugged, and brought down here, and never see daylight again. Robespierre, I am looking for Danton, said McFlippin.

Here I am—who called me? were uttered in tones that seemed unearthly. The sound came from a huge mask.

Mr. Hays started, as if shaking with terror.

Danton, where is Murat? asked McFlippin.

He is out on a *cribbing* excursion. He caught a *flat* last night, and here is the specie. Do you see the belt and the yellow boys? asked Danton.

Danton, do you know any verdant emigrants, recently imported? asked Robespierre.

I guess I do. One or two ship loads arrive every day, and we crib one or two flats every night. I say, Mac, how many rooms have you in your house in which you can lodge emigrants? asked Danton.

Danton, we will talk about such business at my house not here, said McFlippin.

Mr. Hays, look at that card-table. Every man there has been at Sing Sing. Two men were put in for highway robbery, but C—— got them released by obtaining a certificate from the aldermen that they were honest men; this certificate cost one hundred dollars. The two playing cards together were caught in the act of store-breaking, but the alderman let them off without trial; for this each paid fifty dollars. The man in front is Irish Bill. He was indicted, and his wife made a contract for his release, and the miserable judge did not keep his promise. In the corner is Connelly, who keeps out of sight till he can raise the money charged for his release. His wife, with the true instinct of a woman's nature, has never deserted him; in other scenes this woman would have been a heroine. The alderman and judges ask for more money than she can raise. In front are ten men who

were policemen before the miserable Know Nothing party troubled us. Twenty in room number one, have been indicted for large and small offences, but none of them were brought to trial. You see Chapman and Finlay, they made a good speculation in the Martha Washington, but some of the lawyers *snapped* them. Kady, how long since you left Sing Sing, asked McFlippen.

Why, McFlippin, are you here? Why did you ask the question; have you been to any *whitehouse?* asked Kady.

No. Kady, you were fortunate in getting off without a *noose*—you know you killed a man. Who was your lawyer? asked McFlippin.

C—— and B—— got me off, said Kady.

You should have robbed without killing your man. How dared you kill him? Such things bring us all into trouble, said McFlippin.

How dared I kill a man? Why, that is nothing! If I had been caught with a knife in my hand and blood on my clothes S—— or B—— would get me off, said Kady.

McFlippin, who are the worst men among the "Christians" as you call them? asked Hays.

Do you see Snob Jemison, he sticks at nothing. He will kill a man for fifty dollars and trust for half the money. McGuire cleans the guns and pistols and does the night robbing. He charges twenty dollars to rob a house, and twenty dollars extra if he kills a man. Sturvisant makes the clothes. Bob Hawser is half Turk, half Mormon. Judge Watchman is Mayor of the Hall, he is to run against Mayor Wood next year. Hartman sweeps out. Bowmans is bottle-holder. Lighton keeps the money, and is called rich, but spends too much on elections. Tom Maloy does the butchering. Tom Hearn does the shuffling, and is rich. Hall has been in the hands of the law often, but he has no trouble—I manage the business—he is rich and pays liberally. B—— has been

indicted frequently, but never tried; he expects an office from the party assisted by our society. Ryan and Patten know something of Cahill the police officer, they are ready to pay for a character. Hammel was accused of taking a deep interest in the Bonded Warehouse, but Mr. C—— has engaged to clear him or have no pay. Reed, Tuckerman, and Schuyler are managers. Kissam does the forging. He is an educated man, and I can get him out of trouble soon—he has money. Grossback was detected with one extra wife: the judges advised him to join the Mormons to save the heavy expenses, but he preferred paying largely, to keep his name out of the papers: I did the business. White borrowed one hundred thousand dollars of his friends, and left for Europe the same day. Tompkins borrowed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and established a bank, of which he is the president and director; he promises to pay six per cent. on old debts for a full discharge. Charles Allen, the boy, used to drink with Quinn, and, by mistake gave a cut that may destroy life. B. Connor was a sailor and was struck by Cross, and a ball was fired in return. Carnell killed the father and tried to kill the sons, but he obtained help and sent the witnesses from the country, and is now here. Williams killed his wife and paid for bail, and the indictment is old now; he is safe. Shaffenbury killed a girl whom he had ruined, but nobody saw him; the lawyer is to get him off or have no pay. We have Shysters here every night, for consultation with their clients. Lawton killed a man, but he is one of the *Brotherhood*, the alderman has given him a character and he will get off without trial. Eberton shot Geffry; he is poor, and will be hanged if he cannot get one hundred dollars; I shall do all I can for him. Wilson was detected in highway robbery, but he is a pious Catholic, and all our society are pledged to assist him, and I know how it can be done. Churchill took money from a thief, but he was one of our best men, and will

have no trouble; he is rich; I shall get him off. Wilson has found two men to swear that he is crazy, and wants one more, and will pay well; he has rich connections, said McFlippin.

McFlippin, do you know anything of Ellen Rogers, the segar girl? asked Hays.

I guess I do, said McFlippin.

Do you know anything of the murder in Leonard-street? asked Mr. Hays.

I guess I do, said McFlippin.

Do you know anything of Dr. Lightnor, who was murdered in Broadway? asked Mr. Hays.

I shall not tell you all I know, said McFlippin.

Are you an agent of all the Catholics? asked Mr. Hays.

All who get into trouble call on me, said McFlippin.

Then you are a general agent for all who have friends—you act for all the rogues and robbers; am I correct? asked Mr. Hays.

I always help the unfortunate men. I have tender feelings, and too much sympathy for their sufferings, said McFlippin.

What does it cost to get off a real bad fellow—one who robs or sets fire to houses? asked Mr. Hays.

From fifty to two hundred dollars, but if the unfortunate man has money, the *respectable* lawyers sometimes charge five hundred or one thousand dollars. Men of character do not like to defend these men, and some will not do it. The aldermen charge fifty dollars for a good character, and we have no difficulty with them. I charge from ten to fifty dollars, but the lawyers, judges, and aldermen make the most money, said McFlippin.

You seem to understand this business. Why is it that you can do so much for your unfortunate countrymen? asked Mr. Hays.

It is my respectability that enables me to do so much for the Catholics, said McFlippin.

I will stay no longer, the air will make me sick. I can see no more! It is too horrible! I had heard of these places, but I had not seen them. We will return to the pure air and the light of the moon. Now we breathe pure air again. Will you tell me, McFlippin, how it is that you and others obtain your licences to sell rum and keep such houses as these? asked Hays.

I will tell you, Mr. Hays, but you must be my friend; you know that I am a respectable man. We have a secret society called the "*Brotherhood.*" We have a president, directors, and all the necessary officers. We number thousands and thousands. We take an oath to act with each other and to fight the Know Nothings. We have secret signs and watchwords. We wait for the nomination of the other parties, and then our respectable men call upon the candidates for aldermen, and for other offices, and promise them as many votes as they require for their election; but we require a written pledge that we shall all be licensed, said McFlippin. You know that under the old law, no person could be licensed to sell spirits, if he did not keep a tavern with ten beds; we made every alderman swear to disregard the law, then we agreed to give him as many votes as would ensure his election, and we always put in our own men, said McFlippin.

Then the city is governed entirely by men of your selection, and your "*Brotherhood*" can put into power any man, or set of men, or keep out of office any whom you dislike? said Mr. Hays.

No power can keep out the aldermen who go with us for licensing the stores that we keep, said McFlippin.

McFlippin, I must say that this is the most infamous, most diabolical, and the most unaccountable combination of villany that was ever generated on this soil, or under any government. I could not have believed that such a nest of villains could be found even in Catholic Europe! This exposure will astonish

all reflecting men, and arouse a feeling of the deepest indignation. Did you say that all these men are Catholics? asked Mr. Hays.

Certainly they are; we admit no others to the *Brotherhood*. When we rob, or kill a man, we go to the priest and he pardons us and we pay for it, and then we can murder and rob again, said McFlippin.

Horrible, horrible! Were such things done in Europe, and was your trade learned there? asked Mr. Hays.

We learned the business in Europe, but the watch was constantly troubling us, and there was a small chance of escape if we committed a mistake. Here we have an agreement with the police, to pay a small sum to those who are not members of the Brotherhood. If the police-officers do not release us, we go to the aldermen, or send our president, and he gets our release. Sometimes we go to the lawyers, or ——, or some other Catholic friend, and they go to the aldermen and Judges, and we have no more trouble except to raise the money, said McFlippin

Do you mean to say that money will always get a Catholic from the hands of the law, whatever the crime may be? asked Hays.

Certainly I do. Do you suppose we shall put men into office who will not protect their best friends? We have one-third of the best offices in the State, and in the United States —are we not men of some consequence? Every man put into office by us has his price, and we pay it, and that ends the business. We can get up a mob and burn the city if we are opposed; infidels and heretics will never govern us—we are not to be put down by the miserable Know Nothings. I can give a signal which will be understood by every Catholic in the city, and the Brotherhood can be assembled at any place, in numbers of from one to five thousand persons! Mr. Seward is a good friend of ours, and put fifty dollars into the plate at

the Cathedral—we shall vote for him. An editor has joined our party, and will help us to overthrow this Know Nothing Protestant government! This editor is a good friend of Hughes, and one of them will be made a cardinal. If this editor can inflame the South, and cause a separation of the States, we shall soon dispose of the Know Nothings. A few years ago the editor presided at a meeting to which Hughes was invited, the whole object of which was to congratulate the Pope for not destroying so many lives as his predecessors. The Pope informed him that they were mistaken in him—he would not yield one tittle of his right to persecute. The editor says he never went within one mile of an American Council, and he asks nothing of the Know Nothings, or any Union man—he wants no Union. He goes for his own party, or the destruction of all parties.

The Bishop intends to keep all the Catholics by themselves, he does not allow any of them to marry Protestants. He makes nearly one hundred thousand dollars every year by his cemeteries, and in addition to this income, he charges from ten to two hundred dollars for masses, to remove a soul from purgatory. There are six thousand stores, nine-tenths of which are kept by Catholics, and each store takes fifty dollars every day for spirits, and this amounts to one hundred and nine millions of dollars in a year! The new Catholic editor pretends to be a temperance man, but that is all for effect:—the Catholics, you know, all drink. A man who keeps a museum has been black-balled; the "Brothers" will have none but respectable men in their society.

We are a great benefit to the city; we sell the spirits which are imported by the rich men and respectable merchants. I am very respectable. I can control more votes than any man in the city. I keep open doors election days, and the *Brotherhood* pay for all that is drank; those who drink pay nothing! We pay the city for our licences; it is a great benefit to the

city for us to sell spirits; the city would lose a great deal of money if they were not to licence us, you know. The whole six thousand stores are kept by respectable men, and all make a great deal of money, and some are very rich. Oh, we make more money than any other men, why should we not keep stores.

We have friends coming every day from all the societies which are forming in and around the city; they give us all the money we want, and we can get lawyers and judges to nullify any law. One of the Brotherhood imports one million of dollars in wine, and another the same amount in brandy, and one distills nearly one million of dollars' worth of alcohol every year! I guess they can afford to pay the lawyers and judges something. I buy my brandy for fifty cents per gallon, and it is so good, that when they drink once, they always take a second glass.

The Brotherhood meet every night. We know all about the murders and robberies. We knew about —— before it was done, and we know who raised the money to get him off to the Island. They all apply to me. We can raise more money than the cold water societies. We shall dispose of Carson—we have men watching him! Men must be fools, to think six thousand stores are to be shut up. We have too much money and power for that.

McFlippin, do you not know that all the vices and sufferings of our great city—drinking, night-walking, house breaking, robbery, murder, house burning, and starvation, all come from such places as yours? What motive can reflecting men, who are the majority in our great city, have in licensing and legalizing all the vices which fill our courts, jails, alms-houses, and our streets? asked Mr. Hays.

I know that the Know Nothings say that drinking is the cause of all the vices, and I suppose it is, but if we were not to sell the spirits other persons would, and we are no worse

than others; while we make money we shall always have a majority for the stores, said McFlippin.

Do you know that the alms-house costs this city one million of dollars every year? asked Mr. Hays.

Who cares for that? We do not pay the money, said McFlippin.

Do you sell spirits to the new emigrants in larger quantities than they drink it at home? asked Mr. Hays.

Certainly we do. Many could not obtain the money in Ireland, but here they can, and they commence drinking the moment they arrive. We give them spirit for three cents per glass that would cost them ten cents in Ireland, and we give them as much tobacco for two cents as cost them six cents. We make a great deal of money by the new emigrants, said McFlippin.

Does your society ever assist the widows or the orphans? asked Mr. Hays.

Never, that is not our business; our business is to make money, not to spend it; we leave that business to the ladies and to liberal men, but the sufferings of the widows and orphans are enough to touch the hearts of all who are compelled to see them! said McFlippin.

Have your priests no power to persuade you from your ruinous business? asked Mr. Hays.

They never attempted anything of the kind. No Catholic ever voted for closing the stores, and none ever will, and if the laws were more severe than they are we should never obey them. Hughes says he will have no laws made that he cannot evade; he despises all laws and law-makers, and he knows something, I guess they will find. Virtue and temperance, you know, have been found by the judges to be unconstitutional, but spirits suit the constitutions of all men in office, and those who want offices, said McFlippin.

McFlippin, you appear to be a man of education; do you belong to the Catholic Church? asked Hays.

I do, and am a leading man, and associate with very respectable men. I meet the aldermen every night at the City Hall; you see I dress well, said McFlippin.

McFlippin, I must say that I am astonished to find a man of your intellect and your education employed as you are employed. I did expect to find a dull, stupid being selling rum and robbing and murdering, but I find a man as capable of reflection as any alderman in the city. Now, how am I to account for this strange connection of vice and decency? asked Mr. Hays.

Mr. Hays, I go to church twice a day, I cross myself with holy water, and I go to all the festivals and all the fasts. I believe in four gods, and I believe that Holy Mary was my creator and the creator of all things. I believe in all the saints in the calendar, and I am sure that I am in the true church; the Pope and Bishop Hughes say so. I went to a Catholic school, and was told that all others were filled with infidels, and I believe they are. I believe that all who are not members of the true church are heretics and infidels, and that God will destroy them. I believe that no men will go to Heaven but Catholics, and believe all Catholics will go to Heaven if buried in Bishop Hughes' consecrated cemetery. I believe that any priest, for ten dollars, can pray a soul out of purgatory into Heaven. If the family is rich, it sometimes requires fifty to get a doubtful man into Heaven. I believe that bread, when blessed by the priest, is the true body of the Saviour, and if any man doubts it he shall be burnt as millions have been. I believe that the cross represents all that is holy, and that all is holy to which it is attached. I believe that Bishop Hughes always tells the truth and nothing else, and I believe that Senator Brooks is a blackguard, an infidel, and a Know Nothing. We like the Whigs and the Democrats, and

sell them their wine and brandy, but the Know Nothings we hate, and mean to dispose of a few of them. But, you know, Mr. Hays, that I am an honest man, and, while I go to church, is there any harm in robbing infidels and heretics? The Pope has destroyed millions of heretics, and will have to dispose of twice as many more, before he gets England and America to join the true church. As long as I am in the true church I can do what I please; I shall be sure to go to Heaven, said McFlippin.

You have used the word infidel a number of times: do you mean by that name men who do not believe any Bible? asked Mr. Hays.

We mean those who do not belong to the Roman Catholics, said McFlippin.

Are Dr. Hawks, Dr. Hutton, Dr. Adams, and Dr. Cheever, infidels? asked Mr. Hays.

Certainly they are; did not Bishop Hughes tell the school committee that he had no respect for the Protestant Bible? asked McFlippin.

Why does Hughes have no respect for the Protestant Bible, which the Protestants regard as the voice of Heaven? asked Mr. Hays.

We suppose the Protestants have altered many passages, said McFlippin.

The Catholic Bible was in the hands of the priests for fifteen hundred years, and during the time the people had oral teaching only, and were punished if a Bible was found in their possession. During the dark ages, not half the priests could read and write; do not Roman Catholics suppose there were numerous errors committed, and alterations made, to suit themselves? asked Mr. Hays.

All the alterations and additions were approved by the Popes; we admit they were numerous, said McFlippin.

The Roman Catholics are unlike all other denominations, in

the fact of having a Bible of their own; do you suppose that Protestants and Catholics can ever live side by side in peace? asked Mr. Hays.

Certainly not; we will have nothing to do with them, they are all infidels, and we wish to see them all destroyed. You do not think we would have one of the infidels buried in our cemetery? We shall be in perpetual war as long as there are infidels in the world, but the Bishop says the Protestants will all join the Catholics in a few years, and then the world will be at peace, as it was when there were no Protestants and infidels in the world, said McFlippin.

Do you Catholics desire to keep this bitter feeling against the Protestants alive forever? asked Hays.

Certainly we do; if we did not, why should we ask for Protestant money to support Catholic schools? asked McFlippin.

What would you Catholics do with such men as Dr. Hawkes, Dr. Hutton, Dr. Cheever, and Dr. Adams, if you had them in Catholic Europe? asked Mr. Hays.

We should prosecute them in the court of the Inquisition, said McFlippin.

What would be their punishment? asked Hays.

The same as the Madiai family, imprisonment for ten years, and probably secret assassination or starvation, said McFlippin.

Where do Roman Catholics suppose their Bible came from? asked Mr. Hays.

The popes made it, but they were inspired, said McFlippin.

Did the saints of the middle ages and the saints of the more recent ages have any agency in preparing the doctrinal passages? asked Mr. Hays.

Certainly—when all the souls of the world were committed to the popes, they made so many alterations, that when the Bible was translated into English there were over five hundred different Bibles collected by the translators, but the

Catholic translation was the only correct one. You do not suppose the Protestants would select the same one out of five hundred that the popes would select—you must be worse than an infidel to suppose so, said McFlippin.

You have told me the truth, and all the truth, have you not? asked Mr. Hays.

Every word is true—I have concealed nothing—and now you will promise to protect me in this unfortunate affair of Mr. Bright? said McFlippin.

I shall take time to reflect on this business, said Mr. Hays.

The coroner came.

Mr. McFlippin, Mr. McQuirk, and Nick, will you put your right hands on the Bible. You solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! Kiss the Bible. What do you know of this case? asked the coroner.

He came to my house two days since, in great depression, and partially deranged. In his pocket, you see, is a phial, the contents of which caused his death. It is suicide, said McFlippin.

Is that all you know of this man? asked the coroner.

Every word, said McFlippin.

What do you know of this man? asked the coroner.

Nothing, said McQuirk.

Nick, do you know anything of this man? asked the coroner.

He killed himself, said Nick.

Where are the children? asked the coroner.

They were brought to him.

Come here, you sweet creatures! What a pair of eyes! Where is your mother? asked the coroner.

Gone to Heaven, Father says.

Where is your father? asked the coroner.

He is asleep, said John.

I do pity them! Who ever saw such lovely children! Who is there that would not like to claim such creatures!

How unconscious of their loss! Come here, my darlings What is your name? asked the coroner.

John, sir.

John, come to me. I like you, John, said the coroner.

So did mother, said John.

Are you going to be a good boy, John? asked the coroner.

I am going to be a great man, said John.

A great man, are you! Who said so? asked the coroner.

Mother, said John.

What else did your mother say, John? asked the coroner.

She said my grandfather was the richest man in England, said John.

Indeed! This is something new! What is his name, John? asked the coroner.

I do not know, said John.

Poor children! I suppose their mother used to tell them stories, to amuse them. Send them back to their room. They will soon starve, as thousands have done before them, unless some charitable lady finds them; but I do not suppose that the charitable ladies can support one quarter of the destitute children born in Catholic Europe. The crowds of the wretched emigrants that are coming now, will discourage all charitable efforts, and fill our city with the most degraded mass of pollution and deepest suffering. This business must be stopped, entirely! They must have some property, or stay at home! Gentlemen of the jury, as you can obtain no facts in this case, you must return a verdict that Mr. Bright came to his death by causes unknown to you, said the coroner.

About two weeks after this inquest, the following advertisement was inserted in the "Mercantile Guide:"

Five Hundred Dollars Reward.—The above reward will be paid by the subscriber for any information of the present residence, or of the untimely death of Benjamin Hays, mer-

chant, lately doing business at No. ——, Greenwich street, and residing at Hoboken. Mr. Hays left his place of business on Wednesday evening last, at eleven o'clock, to return to his family at Hoboken, and has not been seen or heard from to the present time. It is feared by his friends that he has been waylaid and murdered! Mrs. Hays and six children are now suffering under a suspense too painful to be endured, and her mind will soon yield to agonies that life cannot sustain! The above reward will be paid for any information respecting this mysterious disappearance, by

THOMAS HAYS, No. —— Wall Street.

Mayor Wood, with his usual promptness, commenced a rigid investigation, secret at first, but finally extended to every dark hiding place in the infamous streets of that devoted city. He dispatched a circular letter to every captain of the police, and stated that the increase of crime was beyond endurance; and he called on all to expel, by prompt measures, the men and the influences that seem destined to ruin our beloved city.

Nothing has yet been learned of the fate of Mr. Hays.

February 1, 1856.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIFTH AVENUE.

But why the tale prolong?—His only child,
His darling Julia on the stranger smiled.
Her little arts a fretful sire to please,
Her gentle gaiety, and native ease
Had won his soul; and rapturous fancy shed
Her golden lights, and tints of rosy red.
But ah! few days had pass'd, ere the bright vision fled!

ROGERS.

THERE is now living at New Haven, Conn., a retired gentleman by the name of Putnam. His taste is cultivated, his disposition amiable, his talents above mediocrity, and he commands the respect of all who know him.

His wife, who is but little younger than himself, has more literary taste, is more intellectual, and more ambitious. She has been educated with great care, by wealthy parents, in the city of New York. Schools and professors of the highest order, contributed to the cultivation of an intellect, which all acknowledged to be superior to those around her. She is yet young, but has a high position in a circle equally known, and equally admired, in two of our first cities. Her mind is of the

rigidly logical and philosophical cast; she believes nothing that cannot be demonstrated, and she asserts nothing that cannot be clearly proved. To speak of spiritualism, animal magnetism, astrology, or phrenology, is to bring down a shower of her reprobation. She is a good Latin scholar, and reads French as easily as her own language. Her conversation, always brilliant, is most attractive to literary men. Her society is sought by the talented of the second city in literary pretension in this country.

She had read till there was little left in her own library that was worth her notice. Literature and science seemed her only enjoyment. She would lecture by the hour on metaphysics, magnetism, chemistry, or any science, or any department of literature.

Emma, I have decided to visit New York, and spend a few weeks with sister Phelps, and read the new works in the Astor Library. I am desirous of being acquainted with Dr. Cogswell, who sister says is the best read man in this country. I have been once to Europe, and I may go again—but before I go, I wish to acquaint myself more thoroughly with the present condition of the literature of our own country. Your uncle, you know, is one of the richest men in New York, and I have promised your aunt Phelps to make her a visit in her new house in the Fifth Avenue, and I am sure she will be pleased to see me. Your aunt entertains her company like a queen; no person has more of the ease and grace which mark the manners of the very best society of New York. Her circle of friends is one of the most intellectual, and the most exclusive, and I believe your aunt has the respect, if not the affection of them all, said Mrs. Putnam.

Emma, to whom these remarks were addressed, was a child. She was an only child, and was the constant companion of her mother. Her age was hardly twelve, but her unusual intelligence, and a development beyond her years, enabled all to

regard her as one or two years older. She was a lovely girl. Her form was delicate, but of perfect outline. Her face was beaming with intelligence; her eyes were black. Her complexion was clear, and the color coursed through veins, that were not entirely concealed. Her hair was black, and always arranged with taste. Her movements were graceful, and had the ease of a more mature age. In conversation, her countenance seemed to express the beauty, that the most brilliant thoughts, and the most polished language, showed to be innate, in a mind of surpassing brilliancy.

The effect of the whole, on the mind of the beholder, was that of transcendent loveliness. No person looked upon such a countenance, without some expression of surprise. This was true at the age of twelve—what was the promise of coming years?

Children, always interesting, are sure to claim our admiration when stepping from the schools, to claim a place in the social circle.

Emma, when I go to make sister Phelps a visit, do you wish to go with me? asked Mrs. Putnam.

This will be delightful. You know, dear mother, I do love to visit aunt Phelps, and now we shall see her in her new house in the Fifth Avenue! When shall we go, dear mother? asked Emma.

Next week. Emma, you are now a girl. I shall not call you child any longer. Keep this in mind; and in company, and at all times in presence of your aunt and her friends, I wish you to consider yourself almost a lady, said Mrs. Putnam.

Mother, I am but twelve, you know. I fear I shall make a poor lady, said Emma.

But I wish you to conduct with propriety and dignity. I know you understand me: behave yourself so that your aunt, and your aunt's friends, will love you, said Mrs. Putnam.

That I will try to do, said Emma.

They left in the cars for New York. It was one of the most lovely mornings in June.

Mother, all we see is perfect beauty. Those mountains in the distance, the cultivated fields, the houses and gardens, the flowers around the houses—who owns them all? Oh, look at the gay party that now we meet—how happy they must be! All we pass, seem to smile in beauty on us. Now we see the water. Oh, see the ships! I do love to gaze upon the quiet water! Is the whole world so lovely, and so full of life and beauty? Why do we stay so much at home? asked Emma.

You have been a school-girl; but now you will go abroad and see all that is so gay and beautiful in society, and all of nature's grandest scenery, said Mrs. Putnam.

Oh, see that beautiful ship at the wharf! They are spreading the sails, and the sun shines on them. Is not the sight lovely? Where is she going? asked Emma.

She is going to starving nations, and is full of flour, and good things to eat, said Mrs. Putnam.

Why do not starving nations come here and eat?—why should they be hungry? asked Emma.

Thousands do come, but many will not work—they drink, and vote, and believe in foolish dogmas; they are led by priests without wives, and all are bad together, said Mrs. Putnam.

Why are priests bad men? asked Emma.

All men without wives are bad men, and in Catholic countries half the children have no parents to train them up in virtue, said Mrs. Putnam.

I am glad I was not born without parents in a Catholic country, said Emma.

All the world are glad they are not Catholics; Catholic nations are always at war, and very often fight each other; they

have no schools, and the children run in the street, said Mrs. Putnam.

I see a large steamboat! It is now leaving the wharf, full of ladies and gentlemen—how gay they are! I see them all looking at us and laughing; they must be good, or they would not be so happy. When shall we arrive at Stamford? O see that young gentleman and young lady, each on a beautiful horse! I wish I were a young lady—how happy they must be! Can I ride on a horse, with a young gentleman, on the Fifth Avenue? asked Emma.

If you should fall and break your limbs, what should I do? asked Mrs. Putnam.

Mother, is this the station-house? Oh see aunt Phelps's coachman—he is bowing to us; shall we take our seats? Now drive us carefully. Mother, this is a street of palaces—is it Regent street? asked Emma.

This is the Fifth Avenue, and we are near your aunt's house, said Mrs. Putnam.

Are these the houses of the nobility? asked Emma.

They are, but the occupants made themselves noble, and are more worthy on that account, said Mrs. Putnam.

Are they all charitable and good? asked Emma.

They generally are. In this church, and in one now in sight at the corner of Twentieth street and Sixth Avenue, more money has been contributed than ever before in this city, said Mrs. Putnam.

The carriage arrived at Mrs. Phelps's house.

Dear sister, and you, my lovely niece—I welcome you both! I am delighted to see you! I do thank you for this visit! Now you must feel quite at home, will you? There is the library full of books, and there is the conservatory.—Just smell those roses. Do you see the coach at the door? You can ride every day; but you, sister, I suppose will read at the library, while Emma will ride with me. You must

both enjoy every thing in your own way, and allow nothing to interrupt your enjoyment; let nothing fatigue you. On Sunday you shall hear Mr. Cox preach, and you will say that he is very talented, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mr. Phelps returned in the evening, and was delighted to find Mrs. Putnam and Emma at his new house.

You must show sister Putnam and Emma, all that in our great city is most entitled to notice and to admiration. We know your taste, sister, and we know that Emma will be pleased with every thing. We have churches, schools, lectures, literary men, literary ladies, some bluestockings, and some pretenders among the men. We have great men and little men, Live Oaks and scrub oaks, policemen and pickpockets, honest men and knaves—and you shall see them all, said Mr. Phelps.

I thank you, but I must first see Dr. Cogswell, said Mrs. Putnam.

You shall have my attentions, in any form that your inclinations may direct. Sister, do you read novels? Here is the last. Some scenes are good—but I am tired reading unnatural incidents, and stories about black children and white parents, and white children and black parents. We are led through dark passages, and scenes of vice, where the pure should never go, said Mrs. Phelps.

I rarely read such books, you know, sister. I shall go to the Astor Library, and there I shall find books which will make us wiser, and I hope better. I shall converse with a man who has seen the world, and whose pursuit is knowledge—whose life is pure, whose acquirements have elevated him, and whose example will live when he is called from his labors.*

* The writer, who has visited the Astor Library since it was first opened, wishes to bear testimony to the uniform politeness always extended to him. In conversation with hundreds who are regular visitors, there has been but one sentiment expressed. The few complaints made come from strangers who are not familiar with the simple requirements of the librarian.

I must go to morrow and see Dr. Cogswell said Mrs. Putnam.

The next morning, Mrs. Phelps ordered the coach at an early hour.

Emma, your mother has gone to the library, and has probably found some musty book two or three thousand—no, two or three hundred years old, and we shall not see her till dinner time; we will take a ride, and call at the fashionable and rich stores, said Mrs. Phelps.

Shall we see Mayor Wood? asked Emma.

It is possible that we may; we shall go near to him. You see the carriage is at the door. Tom, I wish you to drive moderately. We are yet in the Fifth Avenue, but shall soon be in Broadway, said Mrs. Phelps.

Who lives in this large house? asked Emma.

That is the Brevoort House, and is owned by Messrs. Carnes & Haskell, said Mrs. Phelps.

I see beautiful young ladies at the window—are they Mr. Haskell's daughters? asked Emma.

If they are very beautiful, they may be Mr. Carnes's daughters calling on their friends. It is a public house and one of the most fashionable in the city, said Mrs. Phelps.

Oh, what a handsome park! Do Messrs. Carnes & Haskell own this?—how very rich they must be! said Emma.

They are very rich, but they are only part owners of this square. It is Washington Square, and is owned with twenty-five others, by the great city. New York will be a larger city, with more beautiful squares and parks, than any other in any country, said Mrs. Phelps.

Who owns that great house? asked Emma.

That is the New York University, and educates hundreds of young men who enlighten the world, and dispel the darkness of past Catholic ages. Our rich merchants gave the money to erect the institution—they are very rich and very libe-

ral. Professor Loomis, and some of the most learned men in the country, are Professors, said Mrs. Phelps.

Here is another large house, I wish father owned it—how rich the owner must be, said Emma.

Mr. Stewart owns it, and Mr. Leland entertains the great men of all the nation—it is the Metropolitan Hotel, and well known over all the country. Mr. Leland is very rich and very popular, said Mrs. Phelps.

Here are two more palaces—do the nobility in England have such handsome houses? asked Emma.

They do not have such large ones. One of these is the Prescott House, and the other is the St. Nicholas—both of them are among our first hotels. The St. Nicholas is the largest house in all the great cities. It has one room of surpassing magnificence, and when you get married you may sleep in it—it is called the bridal chamber, and is fitted up with extraordinary splendor. Queen Victoria does not sleep in a room of greater magnificence, said Mrs. Phelps.

What church is this? asked Emma.

It is not a church, it is a marble temple, and is a store, and was erected by a man with money made by great honesty and enterprise, and the world respects him for his many good qualities. He has no children. His name is A. T. Stewart. He would give this temple for a daughter like you, said Mrs. Phelps.

Has he no sons? asked Emma.

He has none; but he is father to the friendless and the poor, and he fed hundreds when they were starving in the dreary winter. He has given large sums to ragged schools, and all the best institutions of our great city; his charities have relieved many a sufferer, and raised crushed hearts from deepest anguish. This is the City Hall—Mayor Wood lives here, said Mrs. Phelps.

I should like to see him, said Emma.

You shall see him; he is a remarkable man, and the very first who ever did his whole duty as Mayor of this great city, and the citizens are so delighted that they contemplate erecting a Pantheon, and will inscribe his name where it will be read forever, said Mrs. Phelps.

Where is the Pantheon to be placed? asked Emma.

It should be placed in the great Central Park, and have the names of all our great men inscribed on it; it may never be erected, but his name is already inscribed on the hearts of his devoted friends and our best citizens. You have read Roman history—do you recollect Cincinnatus? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I do—he was holding plough when called to save his country. Did Mayor Wood ever plough? asked Emma.

No, but he left his daily business, and now devotes his whole time to the interests of the great city, said Mrs. Phelps.

Here is another temple. Where can the money come from to build so many temples? Athens, Rome, Paris, London, have not more palaces—have they? asked Emma.

The merchants are very rich and very honorable; their integrity is known all over the country, and men from distant cities come to trade with them; they are raising the country to the highest eminence ever attained by any nation, said Mrs. Phelps.

Who lives here? asked Emma.

Mr. Coleman and Mr. Stetson live there; and they are among the noblemen of our great country. They are very rich and very charitable, and true Americans, and respected by all the thousands and thousands who visit them. I have met them often relieving the poor sufferers, who without their liberality would have been hungry. The house is owned by Mr. Astor, and is called after him—he is the richest man in our extensive country. Mr. Astor is one of the great number who are virtuous and liberal, and no man in Athens, Rome, Paris, or London, is more respected. His income is suppo-

sed to be nearly one million of dollars every year, and he gives to very many charitable institutions, and has done all he could to lessen the sufferings of the lower classes. His father gave the city the great Astor Library, a gift that will elevate the whole country in taste, literature, refinement, and virtue. In its immense halls, now soon to be increased by his own liberality, the young can learn, the middle-aged revel in intellectual delight, the student and the author can read the works of genius, and the aged can solace their declining days with life's purest enjoyments. I believe that the name of Astor will never pass from the records of this great city, nor from the hearts of its grateful citizens. He has recently given the Astor Library a lot of ground as large as that on which the Library now stands; his liberality to the library is but little less than his father's. This is Trinity Church, and is the most beautiful church in the United States; it cost more than any two others. The Society holds millions of dollars in real estate, and if our laws did not prevent it, the religious societies would, like the Catholics in Europe, finally have in their hands, half of all the property of the country. This is Wall street. Do you see hundreds of busy men all flying from place to place like crazy men? They are paying notes, and borrowing money, and transacting all kinds of business. Do you see that marble building, and the one adjoining? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I do—but if the other was a store, I suppose this is a store, said Emma.

No, it is not; it belongs to President Pierce and the great nation, said Mrs. Phelps.

What do President Pierce and the great nation do with it? asked Emma.

The merchants of the United States all pay duties on imported goods, such as you and I wear, and nearly three-fourths of the whole are collected in this building. It is called

the Custom House, and in it are employed nine hundred and sixty persons, all of whom are appointed by the President and his friends.

Live Oak will put in none but honest Americans. Men like our aldermen, elected by the McFlippin school, would not be trusted to carry the keys to the house of Live Oak. In the building connected with the Temple, the gold is coined which comes from California. The time will come when more will be coined here than in any other place in the commercial world. In this country the merchants lay their money up and become rich; in Catholic Europe, they spend it all in fighting among themselves, or in the most degrading vices. We shall have no enemies to fight if we exclude Catholics, and drive from office the dangerous abolitionists, said Mrs. Phelps.

How very rich President Pierce must be!—does he own all the gold that is coined? asked Emma.

He does not, said Mrs. Phelps.

Is he worth more than uncle Phelps? Mother says he is very rich, said Emma.

President Pierce is a very good, honest man, and keeps the money for the nation; but some of his political friends say that the spoils of the vanquished belong to the victors, and they put the money in their own pockets. The Know Nothings have been found honest, and have been asked to take care of the money, and to keep up the respectability of the great country. This is the Exchange. This is an honor to the merchants and to the country. It is a fit emblem of America; standing alone, and in sublime majesty! Here assemble the great money and merchandise dealers, from all parts of the world. They are our richest and best men. Their minds are enlarged by intercourse with the whole world; their dealings are conducted with strict honor, on which alone they rely for a faithful performance of their immense contracts with each other. They look above the petty divisions of creeds,

and regard the world as one great Temple, in which character and virtue are to elevate their class infinitely above the priests, who are always quarrelling, and exciting the bad passions. Chancellor Frelinghuysen is now approaching; he is a true American, and has warned the country against the sectional feeling, now threatening to destroy the Union, and this great country. Mr. Hubbard, one of the most respectable, wealthy, and enterprising merchants, is on our right; he is respected for his integrity, and is a true representative of the New York merchants. The stout gentleman is Mr. Tileston, and near him is his partner, Mr. Spofford, and on the other side is Mr. Griswold; they are very rich, very liberal, and are among the leading men of our great commercial city. Near them are Mr. Brown, Mr. Haven, and Mr. Collins; no person can look at them without yielding to the deep sympathy that oppresses the heart. In the mysterious Providence that no mind can fathom, they were called to part with daughters virtuous and lovely, whose loss every heart in this great city sincerely deplores. For them to see a child, a darling daughter, like you, would open afresh the wounds that all would heal. The world knows them, and respects them for their enterprise and for their genius, and while sympathy has a place in the heart, they will not be forgotten.

Mr. Dodge is now approaching; he is one of our rich and liberal men, and respected by all who know him. Here is an institution managed by men of great talents: it paid to the merchants nearly six millions of dollars, lost within two years by disasters at sea. From the amount paid by this office, we can form some estimate of the entire loss of property and life, by our great commercial country. One of their leading men, Mr. Jones, is dead! He was one of our best men; and all the merchants followed him to his last resting place. He was one of the renowned and honorable merchants of this great city. He had no children—he was alone—and in his last mo-

ments would have given half his immense wealth for a daughter like you, to smooth the pillow that supported his aching head. The venerable man in the waggon is a Commodore, and is immensely rich. He has nearly ten millions of dollars, but his greatest wealth is his ten daughters and their husbands—all respected and beloved.*

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* The most interesting reading that can be offered to the young is the sketch of the life of an eminent merchant.

In no country has a man shown a greater genius than Mr. C. Vanderbilt. Starting, where all start in this country, from the public schools, he has acquired one of the largest fortunes in the United States. In past ages of ignorance, military adventurers, priests, and saints, monopolized all greatness. In modern times, genius of a higher order has been shown by very many of our merchants. Men who have the talent to acquire a fortune of five or ten millions in twenty or thirty years, would have been as great as Cæsar or Washington in war, and as Cicero or Chatham in the senate, as Morse and Jackson in the fields of science, and as Fulton and Hoe in mechanics. If we were required to illustrate by examples the prospective greatness of this country, we should give names of men who during the first century of our independence have done more to show the vast capacities of man than all the world that has preceded them. Side by side with our great men in science we would place the names of men of immense wealth and great liberality. Fortunes are no more acquired by accident than great discoveries are made by accident. Great discoveries and great fortunes are the results of great genius combined with great enterprise. Many of our illustrious men have been called from the scene of their labors, but we have thousands around us whom the country delights to honor. Our valued citizens are constantly in the field, working, they hope unnoticed, in the cause of virtue and the best interests of society. How far a writer may go in invading the sanctity of private life and private charity, may be a question on which men will differ. That many men, and more ladies, spend their time and their fortune in relieving the sufferings of those around them, is well known to those whose tastes call them to scenes of suffering. Mr. Swift, one of our richest merchants, has for years supported a school at his own expense. Mr. Minturn, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Rogers and sister, and their associated friends at Dr. Muhlenburg's church, have contributed seven thousand dollars, at one time, for the support of home missionaries, the money to be expended under the direction of the reverend doctor. On this occasion five one thousand dollar bills were rolled together and deposited without the knowledge of the name of him who gave it The names of our truly liberal men would fill any book, and some other time they may be given to the public. Mr. Rogers built the church and pays the salary of Dr. Muhlenburg. The great men of one age are the founders of great names and the most valuable institutions of the following age. Posterity should place on their banners, not the names of saints, but the names of virtuous and liberal men who have lived and died with us and have left a valued name. In illustrating the prospective greatness of any country, we should place in conspicuous characters, the names of those who by their disreputable acts, and by their infamous characters, oppose the progress of their own country in all that gives dignity to society and advances civilization. In this way we

We thank him for what he has done—he has shown the world that we are a great people. He carried all his children in his own ship to Europe. To the sovereigns he said, "here are my jewels," and the Queen of England said, as she intro-

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energies to our leading men a knowledge of those persons whose lives have been of value who have not been valuable gifts to an age of unlimited progress. While many of our best men have been opening new avenues to trade, others of equal worth and equal genius have been working to fix valuable institutions on our soil. While these men were thus employed, our lawyers and our politicians have been pandering to the worst passions, and leading many to vice and ruin. Their intent may not be bad, but the result of their acts is most fatal to progress in virtue. While Van Buren, Seymour, Seward and their class of politicians were making speeches over the whole state the object of which was to destroy the valuable institutions that our wealthy and virtuous men most prize, Mr. Swift and thousands of his class were laboring and spending fortunes to relieve the sufferings of men, women and children, whose ruin was the direct result of Van Buren, Seymour and Seward's ruinous measures.

Our practical business men should be equally honored for genius and for the qualities that elevate the whole country. Our merchants excel in all that this age most values—wealth, liberality, enlightened views, toleration, and the highest civilization that man is capable of reaching. They are leading this country, and we are already immensely in advance of Catholic Europe. The merchants are the guides to national greatness. They are numerically superior to all the professional men, and in talent they are equally in advance of all other classes. A few professional men rise superior to the surrounding masses, and claim the homage of the age. The merchants, as a separate class, commenced in the Italian States, at the revival of trade when the chains of Catholic despotism were broken, and they have been increasing in number and wealth, and are now the great conservative body that must guide and govern all free governments. Veneration is no longer paid to military tyrants, or to priestly inventions: but respect for genius, for men who open new avenues to trade and wealth, and guide a country upward, has taken its place. Great fortunes are the sure indications of great genius—and sketches of the lives of wealthy merchants must to the young and ambitious have an interest that no reading can surpass. We do not mean the self-written exposition of trickery and catch-penny artifices, to rob an extra twenty five cents from an unsuspecting victim; but we do mean the lives of men of true greatness, like Vanderbilt, Law, Whitney, Astor, Rogers, Swift, Cooper, and thousands of our merchants, whose names have been given in this work, and are familiar to us all.

Does any man doubt that the struggles of early life with the difficulties that obstruct all young merchants, were the schools in which were formed the character, and in which were nerved the arms for the approaching conflict? Our first merchants now in active life, started where all men of genius have started—and to read their tales of disappointment would rouse and sustain many a sinking heart through its early trials. It is with such literature that our libraries should be furnished, and it is with men of such characters that the rising generation should be acquainted. It is with men of such characters that our glorious country is some day, we hope, to be filled. They are to the United States the same element that the House of Lords and the rich English landholders are to

duced them to her seven children, "here are mine." The Catholic sovereigns could not tell where to find their jewels. All this crowd of men are rich, and some are very rich, and they lose a fortune in a day, and make it all up again the next day.

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This is Mr. Wetmore, who made a fortune in China. The tall gentleman near him is Live Oak. You see all the merchants are gathering around him; no man commands the respect of so large a circle of our most distinguished merchants.

Near us is Mr. S. T. Armstrong, a gentleman of immense wealth, and great scientific acquirements. He offered to place a telegraphic cable between this city and Liverpool, and his friends say he can accomplish anything to which science is the agent. Mr. Norris is near the Exchange; he acquired considerable property on the banks of the river Amazon. He says that no man can form a conception of the wealth which Brazil is to pour into this country when Yankee enterprise developes its vast resources, or unites the soil to this country. If we remain united, our sceptre will extend to Cape Horn, and to Icy Cape.

Mr. O'Brien and his brother are standing near their office. They have acquired an immense fortune by their genius, and enjoy it like noblemen. They have been twice to Europe, and have seen the world, with the eye of true philosophy. They are very liberal, and are respected and admired by all who know them. Near them is Mr. Dibble, a merchant of great wealth and acquirements. His education and his sound judgment peculiarly qualify him for a place at Washington, and I am sure his party must agree with me.

The three gentlemen standing together are Messrs. Stilwell,

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diplomas. Mr. Fillmore, one of the prominent Know Nothings, was recently asked to accept their diploma, as a storekeeper asks a customer to take a shop-card. "No, I thank you, sir," said Mr. Fillmore. "I think your college a good one, but I cannot risk my reputation by certifying that I know it to be of value to this highly educated age. You must try to sustain your institution without my help. I did not think well enough of any college to waste my time in one; I studied in the broad fields of daily life, and with my education the Americans are satisfied." Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Law, Mr. Vanderbilt, and hundreds of such men, represent the class of men that this country wants. We want self-made men, of great genius, great business talent, and great integrity. From this class we shall select the Union men that will sustain the institutions of our great and glorious country.

Ulman, and R. C. Wetmore—all Americans of the highest order of talents. They will undoubtedly fill some high stations under the American party. If they should be called to represent this country in a foreign court, they will not write letters informing the world that they had been invited to dine with a gentleman, and insulted him at his own table. They dine with gentlemen every day, and in this particular they differ from certain other politicians. Mr. Charlock is now passing us—you see he bows—his talents are of the highest order, and he was an alderman when aldermen were honest men. Assisted by Live Oak he made a large fortune, and in common with hundreds, acknowledges that one leaf from the ledger of Live Oak is a sure fortune if closely followed.

The gentleman now approaching is Mr. J. T. Hildreth, one of the advocates for a reform in the social system. Brooklyn is deeply indebted to him, as well as to Mayor Hall, for the order and decency of their beautiful city. The gentleman near our coach is Professor Morse, who has shown conclusively, that La Fayette stated to Washington, that if in this country we ever lost our liberty, it would be accomplished by the priests, who swear to elevate the Pope above all temporal governments. A religious oath is always regarded by a Catholic as controlling a civil one. Senator Goodwin is standing near the Exchange. He says that Massachusetts is guilty of treason in nullifying the laws of the Union—and he is correct! Alderman Briggs, one of the most indefatigable of the American party, is conversing with one of the prominent Know Nothings, Mr. Cooley; the whole city know him to be a man of great political integrity. Mr. Howes, one of our most successful merchants, is now passing us: his charities, and those of his wife, have relieved the sufferings of many a stricken heart.

There is Mr. Pease. He is coming to speak to us. He

must be trying to beg some money to feed the poor starving children, said Mrs. Phelps.

Aunt Phelps mother says that you are very rich, and very good; I want some money for Mr. Pease; will he feed the starving children? asked Emma.

Here is all I have. I did not think I had so much, but you may have it all, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mr. Pease, here is some money that aunt Phelps gives you—you know her well. Mr. Pease, can you feed all the little children? asked Emma.

I cannot feed one quarter, and some nearly starve, and some die for the want of clothes! I wish I could feed them all—then they would be very happy, and would smile as you do; their life would be innocent and pure, if care were taken of them. I cannot tell you all the sufferings of these poor, starving, frozen children, said Mr. Pease.

You say you wish you could feed them all; do any little innocent children, sent to make happy parents and pure life, and to be trained to virtue and happiness, go hungry every day? asked Emma.

You are very kind, and I know you must be surprised to see little children begging bread, and nearly starving for the want of it; but what can I do? I have no money—I am very poor, and work, and beg, and ask all who are generous, and love little innocent children, to help me feed the poor little sufferers, said Mr. Pease.

Where do so many little children come from, that they must starve and die? asked Emma.

You are very inquisitive, for a child so young, and I will tell you all. The parents of these children were virtuous and good when they were young, but the city fathers have six thousand places where they sell poisonous spirits, and they have killed all their parents, said Mr. Pease.

Can these People look up the city fathers for killing the parents of so many little innocent children? asked Emma.

You do reason well for so young a child. I do love you. Some day I am sure you will move on the men, and move their hearts to consider the claim of these innocent children, said Mr. Phelps.

Let us go home. It makes my heart ache. I am sure the city fathers are very naughty men to kill so many parents of little starving children. If there are any rich and good men, I know Aunt Phelps will find them out, and they will feed the hungry children, said Emma.*

The coach can stand here no longer. Tom, drive us up Broadway, said Mrs. Phelps.

Emma, we will call at Stewart's, where we shall see the largest store in the world, and it is to be enlarged. Two hundred and fifty persons are here seen showing, selling, and delivering the richest goods which can be manufactured. Every person should call, and by the scene before them, they can estimate the wealth of our glorious country. From this scene they should visit the sufferings of our degraded classes; the contrast will illustrate the necessity for placing better influences around those not already ruined.†

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* The Ward Ragged School, No. 137 Avenue A, has two hundred scholars, taken from the streets. Some ladies give to this school their whole time, and receive nothing. The school is now in need of funds for its most benevolent purposes. All sums will be thankfully received by the Lady President, directed to her, and placed in the post office in any part of the United States.

† In this store are sold annually ten millions of dollars at a profit of fifteen per cent., amounting to one million and a half. No European merchant ever compared with him. Mr. Stewart invests nearly half a million every year in real estate, and has not given a note for twenty years.

A female aged ninety three years, sat for years in front of Mr. Stewart's store and sold apples. He gave her a seat, and furnished for her comfort a blanket and other articles, including money. One of our newspapers accused Mr. Stewart of assessing his customers for a charitable object; and she refused from that moment to receive the free offerings of Mr. Stewart's wealthy customers. You can see the same person every pleasant

Mr. Stewart, I wish to see one of your richest lace dresses, said Mrs. Phelps.

This is the most valuable that we have at this moment, but by the next arrival we shall have some much more valuable; the price of this is only one thousand dollars, said Mr. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart, I wish *you* to send the courteous Mr. Brown to us.

Mr. Brown, will you show us a veil of the richest lace that you have? asked Mrs. Phelps.

This veil, Mrs. Phelps, is four hundred dollars; we shall have some in a few days that will suit you better, and will cost much higher. This cloak is two thousand dollars, and this cape is eighteen hundred dollars—both of them are of the most costly fur. I have just sold Mrs. Bird one of the capes, and Mrs. Vanderbilt one of the cloaks. Here is a shawl for only one thousand dollars. We have numerous articles of similar kinds, and quite as low as these; high priced or low priced, we shall sell as low as any store in the city, said Mr. Brown.

I like to make my purchases at your store; your prices are invariable, and your assortment unsurpassed. I shall want the articles which you have shown me, but not quite yet, said Mrs. Phelps.

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day, in front of Mr. Roe Lockwood's stationery store, below Canal street, on the north side of Broadway. Mr. Lockwood, with the liberality which has characterised his life, told her that he would be as good a friend to her as Mr. Stewart had been, and in front of his store she sells her apples, and receives the offerings of the charitable. No one can look at this vestige of creation, without a strong desire to relieve the poverty and suffering of her last hours. As you pass, it will occur to your mind, that an early or late release from the toils and the troubles of this world, will come to all. She was fifteen years of age when Washington achieved the independence of his country, and fifty-three years when Napoleon the first, with all his greatness, was consigned to a rock in the Pacific Ocean, for the safety of Europe. She may yet live long enough to see Napoleon the third in the same place; but we hope not long enough to see this country electing a sectional President.

Emma, we will call at Ball and Black's. Tom, you will remain here. Mr. Ball will show you any article that you may wish to see, said Mrs. Phelps.

Did you ever see such gold coffee urns, and plates and cups? Was this the gold set given to Mr. Collins by the rich merchants? asked Emma.

It was, said Mr. Ball.

I wish I were Mr. Collins's daughter—then I could drink coffee out of gold. Oh no, I do not wish to be Mr. Collins's daughter—I only wish he had a daughter just like me; I know he would not be offended by such a wish. I am not so bad, you know, as some girls are, though I do sometimes get a scolding. Have you any gold watches, all set in jewels and diamonds bright and brilliant? asked Emma.

Look at this; the price is only five hundred dollars, said Mr. Ball.

That is beautiful, said Emma.

Here is a gold Bandeau; may I put it on your brow? I know what I should worship. I love you—I cannot help it—you are so young; you will I hope excuse me—I spoke from my heart, but without reflection, said Mr. Ball.

I do not know what you mean, but I suppose you have just such daughters; have you any sons? asked Emma.

Daughters like you do not come to see me every day—and sons like you, I am sure there are none, said Mr. Ball.

We must go now, Emma; but we have seen the articles which we shall want, and we will come here and buy them. Tom, drive us to Tiffany's. Here we are—we will go in. Mr. Tiffany admires to have all the ladies call and look at his rich articles. Mr. Tiffany, will you show us the gold set presented by the city of San Francisco to their late Mayor Garrison, who refused to accept his salary? asked Mrs. Phelps.

This is it. We are pleased to show our rich articles to all who call on us, said Mr. Tiffany.

What did this cost? asked Mrs. Phelps.

Sixteen thousand dollars, said Mr. Tiffany.

Will you show me your richest diamond necklace? asked Mrs. Phelps.

This is fourteen thousand dollars. I have recently sold five of these to your personal friends. We shall have one by the next arrival worth twenty thousand. Here is a beautiful watch imported for Mrs. Bent. The price is only six hundred dollars. Please look at the diamonds. I have sold a great number of the same kind to Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Townsend, Misses Wood, Miss Cook, Miss Aspinwall, Mrs. Sheff, Miss Maxwell, Miss Brown and Mrs. Cope of Philadelphia, Mrs Wolf, Mrs. Moffat, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Fairbank Mrs. Morris, and Mrs. Stuart, said Mr. Tiffany.

I should like to see the three articles like the ones sold to Mrs. M————, and worn at Niagara and Newport, said Mrs. Phelps.

These are the duplicates. In this you see is the largest diamond which we have imported, said Mr. Tiffany.

What is the price of the three articles? I suppose they must be sold together, said Mrs. Phelps.

The price of the three is twenty one thousand dollars, said Mr. Tiffany.

They are certainly very beautiful, and I am pleased to learn that we have persons of wealth and taste to purchase such beautiful specimens of the arts, said Mrs. Phelps.

I shall have your gold set done soon, and will send it home, said Mr. Tiffany.

You need not send it home till I see you again—my party will not be given for some time, said Mrs. Phelps.

If you will walk up stairs, you will see a set consisting of three hundred pieces, manufactured for one of our rich merchants; you will oblige me by asking your friends to call and see it, said Mr. Tiffany.

Do Kings and Queens have things more rich and beautiful than these? asked Emma.

I do not know, but Kings and Queens do not earn their own mony, but the merchants do, and are more worthy, said Mrs. Phelps.

I have numerous articles ordered for your party, and have imported some on purpose. Will you look at this diamond? It was found in Brazil by a slave, who received his freedom and one thousand dollars. I am setting it for Mr. A———. Did you ever see one so beautiful? asked Mr. Tiffany.

I never saw one of equal size, said Mrs. Phelps.

Tom, let the coach remain here while we go over to Genin's. Mr. Genin, where is your partner Mr. McCune? Mr. McCune, will you show us some of your richest articles? asked Mrs. Phelps.

This veil is three hundred and fifty dollars; this shawl is one thousand dollars. I think you can find no richer articles than we can show you; we sold Miss W——, of Newark, her wedding dresses, for which she paid us only seven thousand dollars: we put the articles at very low prices, said Mr. McCune.

I am pleased to see you all so busy. I know that you are making fortunes, and hope you, and hundreds of merchants, will build stores as large as Stewart's, to embellish our great city. We shall want many of your articles for a particular occasion, said Mrs. Phelps.

Tom, drive us to Beck's. Mr. Beck, I wish Mr. Wait to be sent to me. Mr. Wait, I wish to look at a number of your richest articles. Your stock is unsurpassed. I have seen no articles more rich. Every article shown us is perfectly magnificent. You have two stores—and this accommodates your customers. I shall purchase at your Eleventh street store. You sell very cheap—the world all say so. I see the goods

that I shall want, and you shall be sure to sell them, said Mrs. Phelps.

We will drive to Mr. Gale's. Tom, drive us to Broome street. Mr. Gale, will you show us your richest silver sets? asked Mrs. Phelps.

This set is ten thousand dollars, and this one is fourteen thousand; and here is one of our largest and most elegant, the price of which is twenty thousand dollars. We have been selling more than usual this season—our merchants were never making money so fast. We will sell you one article, or an entire set, and you can rely upon the fineness of every article. We sell to the wealthy of the whole city, said Mr. Gale.

I am sure your prices are low, said Mrs. Phelps.

Tom, drive up to Mr. Haughwout's.

Mr. Haughwout, will you show us some of your splendid clocks, and rich porcelain dinner sets, and gas fixtures?

Emma, did you ever see such a display of beautiful articles?

There can be no store more splendid, said Emma.

I wish you to look at the articles displayed in all the rooms. These chandeliers are a new pattern, and the most elegant in the city. They are our own manufacture, said Mr. Haughwout.

Our own are admired by all who have seen them. Can you furnish us with a set of your own china, marked with the name on every article, like the one you made for a gentleman in San Francisco? asked Mrs. Phelps.

We can give you any article, however elegant, and have it marked as you may direct. Here is an entire set, ordered by Mr. Seward, and here is one ordered by Mr. Shefflin, and here is one for Mr. Roberts. The price of these is only four hundred dollars, said Mr. Haughwout.

I am pleased to learn that all this rich work is done in this country. It must give support to many industrious girls; and I am no less pleased to learn that all the rich people buy of you. I know that you sell your rich articles at reasonable

prices. I shall soon want all of these articles, said Mrs. Phelps. Tom, drive us to Lord & Taylor's.

Emma, you will be surprised to see so large a store full of such rich articles. Here we are. See the piles of goods. There is no end to them—they are in all the rooms. You will be lost, and I shall never find you. Why do people keep stores when they are so rich? It must be hard times for small stores. You show us so many goods, I shall not know which to buy, I want so many. They are very beautiful, and I will call again next week and make my purchases, said Mrs. Phelps.

Tom, drive us to Madame Kossuth's.

Rich ladies should patronize the ladies. This stock is certainly beautiful. I am pleased to see so many coaches at your door. You have strong claims upon the ladies. Your history is romantic, and sympathy is a part of female character. We will encourage and sustain you. Your assortment is not surpassed, your prices low, and your taste is most exquisite. I know how many bitter hours of toil and anxiety have weighed on a heart that was not formed or trained for such a contest in life's ceaseless struggle. I shall always be pleased to wear articles selected by your taste. I will call often, and ask my friends to call on you, said Mrs. Phelps.

Tom, drive us to Wagner's.

Mr. Wagner, you must sell to me at very low prices. I hear that you have made a fortune, and have one of the most splendid coaches in the city, said Mrs. Phelps.

You know that I always sell at very low prices, but my ambition is to sell better articles than any other person, and to sell to all the first people in the city, said Mr. Wagner.

You do sell the best articles that can be made, I am sure of that. In a short time I will give you my order. My party will make heavy demands upon you, said Mrs. Phelps.

Tom, drive us slowly to the Fifth Avenue.

Aunt Phelps do you see those children sweeping the streets, and those on the side walk, selling apples? Why do not their parents send them to school? O, see that little beauty, with black eyes! Do look at her! said Emma.

They have no parents, they have no relatives, they have no friends! They die daily with cold and hunger, neglect and starvation! These are the children that Mr. Pease tries so hard to feed, but there are so many that some must starve and die, said Mrs. Phelps.

You are not serious, Aunt Phelps? You do not mean that little innocent children starve and die in the street! said Emma.

I mean just what I say. These children are in the street barefoot, and not half dressed, in the winter, and there stand in the snow and mud all day, begging for bread, which, when obtained, is not sufficient to preserve life from extreme hunger, said Mrs. Phelps.

O dear, I cannot think of such suffering! Can we take home three or four of them? You have a large house, and we have a large house at New Haven. Do you think these children are hungry now? asked Emma.

I know they are, but we have thousands of them, and we are importing whole families every day, and then destroying the parents by intemperance, said Mrs. Phelps.

Who destroys the parents of so many little children? asked Emma.

The men who make the laws, and the judges who pervert them, said Mrs. Phelps.

The men who make bad laws, and the judges who oppose the good ones, are very naughty men, and all good folks will say so. The children are all innocent and pure, are they not? asked Emma.

As innocent and as pure as life can be. I wish I could believe that they will so remain. My heart refuses to look forward to the condition of nearly all of them—I cannot discuss

it with young persons—to see their present sufferings is enough for the feelings of any sensitive heart. I do hope the State will assist the ragged schools, and I know that kind ladies and gentlemen will assist us to feed the little innocent sufferers, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mrs. Phelps and Emma returned from their ride, and soon after Mrs. Putnam returned from the Astor Library.

Sister, did you find the books that were the particular object of your search? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I did, and I found a library that would surprise any person not familiar with general literature, said Mrs. Putnam.

Were you pleased with Dr. Cogswell, asked Mrs. Phelps.

I was delighted! No person could be more communicative or more agreeable. There seemed to be no bounds to his knowledge of books, nor of his capacity of pouring out a constant current of literary lore. No book could be named that he had not seen, and no author escaped his memory. The department of French and German books, selected during his residence in Europe, is complete. Dr. Cogswell and Mr. Astor's names should be inscribed on the new Pantheon. Dr. Cogswell certainly would be a most valuable acquisition to any social circle. I do wish, sister, that I enjoyed your advantages of a residence in the Fifth Avenue, said Mrs. Putnam.

Mother, I have been to Mr. Stewart's house, and President Pierce's house, and the United States Exchange, and we have seen all the great and rich merchants of all the world, said Emma.

You appear to have been delighted, my daughter. You certainly saw very many interesting objects, but you did not see all the merchants of the world, did you? asked Mrs Putnam.

Yes I did—the street was full of them, and they were all paying notes and borrowing money; Aunt Phelps said so. Mother, we saw three gentlemen, and Aunt Phelps said something about sympathy, and she put her handkerchief to her

face, and she did not speak again for some minutes! O mother, we saw Cincinnatus! No, it was not Cincinnatus! Who was it, Aunt Phelps? asked Emma.

It was Mayor Wood's City Hall, said Mrs. Phelps.

Yes, it was Mayor Wood. He lives in a marble temple. Aunt Phelps says he is the best Mayor that ever lived in a temple. He must have a large family. How many sons has he? asked Emma.

He has a very interesting family, but they are young, said Mrs. Phelps.

O mother, I saw two noblemen! They live in the Astor Palace, said Emma.

Yes, but your aunt should have told you that they are self-made nobles, and vastly more wealthy than European nobles, said Mrs. Putnam.

Aunt Phelps, have you any novels that represent daily life, and have characters that are alive and talk, and do just as you and I do? I do not want any books about black children, and cruel, wicked masters. All the world are not cruel, wicked creatures, are they? asked Emma.

They are not. The world is virtuous and happy, and such are the pictures of life that should be presented to the minds of young persons. I approve your taste. I must get Mr. Cox, or some man of his talents who sees life in its happiest aspects, to write a novel with no bad characters, and no disgusting scenes. Ministers would never oppose novels, if authors would write novels and plays that represent virtuous, every-day life. Such novels would be read, and they would make the world better. When I hear of such a work, I will purchase it for Emma. Do you agree with me, sister? asked Mrs. Phelps.

Sister, you know that I have read but few novels lately. I do not like the present school, and I shall wait for purer and higher works. If any person who could represent a virtuous

person and a virtuous life, true to the principles which should govern our actions, would write a novel, and would show us living persons acting from those high motives, and directing every action by virtpous impulses, it would be read by every person of taste, and it would be recommended by every reader, said Mrs. Putnam.

Those are the novels required for this intellectual age. We want life and truth, and such characters as the virtuous world would delight to imitate. I know some persons who I think could write such a work; but those who are qualified by their principles, acquirements, and familiarity with life in its highest mission, are too often otherwise employed; and if we ever have them, they must come from those who do not write for money, and do not desire the approval of one class of novel readers. The world owes but little to novel writers, or poets, for pictures of virtuous life, and I have no expectation of being placed under greater obligations to them, said Mrs. Phelps.

The world will have sufferings as long as it has vices; and the most effectual way to make the people better, is to give them books that will make them in love with virtuous individuals and virtuous life. If I could write a book, and make a black chief my hero; if I could draw him fighting constantly, and constantly slaying his species; if his victims should be more than five millions, as were those of Napoleon, would society be improved by the contemplation of such a character? asked Mrs. Putnam.

No. It is an axiom in morals, that purity can have no contact with impurity. We can no more be familiar with scenes of vice than we can be familiar with living actors in scenes of vice, without being exposed to contamination. In this consists the error of the popular school. These writers draw their characters and their scenes as disgusting as they can, and then say we have so drawn them that the innocent may avoid them. If this is right, why not carry the same idea a little further,

and introduce the innocent and inexperienced to the principal actors in the scenes of vice, as well as to the scenes, that they may learn to avoid them? Would any person act so inconsistently? I must introduce you to Mr. Cox—I know you will agree with him. I have often heard him express your views on many subjects, said Mrs. Phelps.

Does he preach as a man should preach, in this intellectual part of the city? Is he a man of true talents, and does he comprehend human nature, and does he look through nature up to nature's God? Does he entertain a strong and clear belief that Providence still exists, and preserves the order of all created things? Does he believe that if it was not for the care of Providence, and the power that created the solar system, that the millions of planets and comets that dash with such awful force from one point in creation to another would strike stars and suns, and destroy the whole system? Does he believe that without the sustaining care of Providence, the orbit of the earth would change its degree of eccentricity so much that the moon would strike and destroy the globe? Does he believe that the eccentricity of the earth's orbit has been diminishing from the first moment of creation, and thereby endangering our globe? Does he believe that the moon has been constantly moving with increased velocity, and that she is now four times her breadth in advance of the place that she should occupy?* Does he believe that the laws of gravity, on which we rely for our safety, do not extend to the most distant orbs? Does he believe that many unaccounta-

* We copy the following from the "Mercantile Guide:"

The President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in his opening address at the yearly scientific gathering lately held at Glasgow, stated as one of the results of Lord Rosse's telescope, that, for the first time since the days of Newton, a suspicion has arisen in the minds of astronomers, that laws, other than that of gravitation, may bear rule in space; and that the nebular phenomena revealed to us by that telescope, must be governed by forces different from those of which we have any knowledge.

ble changes now going on in the solar system will certainly destroy it, unless Providence checks these aberrations, and by some compensating power turns them back? Does he admit that the poles of the earth have been changed, and that tropical plants and tropical animals are found in boundless quantities at the polar regions? Elephants' tusks are brought in large quantities from Siberia, near the North Pole, said Mrs. Putnam.

He undoubtedly does, for all the world know them, said Mrs. Phelps.

The world does know them, but we do not all attribute our safety to the power that created us. Some attribute all our safety to chance, or to fate, which is virtually denying a superintending Providence. Does he ever illustrate the orthodox view of the creation by referring to well-known facts? Does he ever state that the millions of worlds, or planets, dashing through creation, are all, as far as the eye of the astronomer can discover, as well suited to sustain an intellectual population as our own?* Does he ever state that the globe has ex-

* If Doctor Kane and others could live in the open air night and day for three months at the North Pole, Professor Loomis need not send us to Mercury and Venus to avoid an atmosphere that he thinks will freeze the life out of us here, some coming winter. No person has emigrated from Neptune to our earth for warmer weather; and we think we shall not emigrate to Mercury or Venus to avoid a cold winter. It is hardly necessary to tell our readers that the eminent Professor is alone in his new theory, and no doubt he wishes to be alone. The Creator does not make worlds for nothing. Man, in a lower condition, has existed on this globe millions of years, and equally long in the millions of planets revolving around the stars, that are suns like our sun. All the inhabitants of this world are not to be frozen to death, and no doubt this information will be very consoling to the eminent Professor.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.—Professor Loomis delivered an eloquent and elaborate address before the Teachers' Association, on the lofty theme we have indicated, observing that this little globe was once regarded as fixed in space, the stars seemingly at small distances from us being considered as comparatively insignificant. Man, with self complacent vanity, regarded himself as the sole favorite of his Maker. But, when to the eye of philosophy those brilliant jewels of the night had expanded in the eye of reason to the magnitude of orbs equivalent to that of our sun, and the startling alternative was presented, either that they were all rolling madly to ruin, or revolving round some distant central luminary—then was forced upon him a humbling sense of his own little-

isted millions of years? Does he believe, with the great geologist of this country, President Dana, that there have been twelve submersions of this continent, and twelve upheavals?

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ness, forcing him to exclaim with the Psalmist, "When I consider the Heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained Lord! what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" It was natural for him to inquire if his own rank in creation were not as humble as the scale of the atom upon which he is located. Such views have been popularized by one who is not less a poet than a philosopher. Those who think with him argue thus. They say:

Life was not made for matter, but matter for life. Life physical, to enjoy its beauties; life moral, as related to our nature; life intellectual, to know and comprehend His attributes.

But if, said the lecturer, we are prone to err in judging what ought to be the acting of our fellow men, is it not far worse and less judicious to attempt to say how the Creator has acted, from our guess as to how he ought to have acted?

Let us examine a few physical phenomena. The geographical outlines of continents are changing, certainly, though slowly. The Alps, the Pyrennees, and the Himalayas were once sedimentary deposits, filled with submarine shells. What is now sea was formerly land. Mountains, composed of hundreds of alternate layers, are proved to have been exhuded from the bottom of ocean surfaces. The periods requisite for such changes must have been immensely long. Not less than 30 000 species of animal and vegetable forms have been dug from rocks—creatures unlike living species. Entire races have passed away, the globe having changed inhabitants at least half a dozen successive times. The ferns of Europe and America grow to a height of two feet, but ferns dug out of the carboniferous strata have grown to the height of forty feet. In that day the frogs of England and Germany were as large as an ox. The track of birds, with feet 18 inches long, are still preserved in the Connecticut sandstone. Many similar illustrations of this period were given. The remarkable fact is that, in the alluvial deposit, which is seldom more than 100 feet in thickness, and in the underlying strata, six miles in depth, no remains of a human being have been found. Man then was placed upon the globe in the latter part of the alluvial period.

If we assign 6 000 years to the history of man, the stratified rocks have required three millions of years for their deposition, or it may be many millions more.

The lecturer next alluded to the changes of climate upon this planet, as connected with the destruction of successive races.

Heat is the only known agent capable of liquefying the rocks which form the crust of the earth. The early temperature of the planet was incompatible with life in any shape. In time, organization became more complex, as the earth became gradually fitted for the higher races of vegetable and animal life.

Thus, by an analysis of the phenamena, we may conclude, first, that

The earth has undergone a gradual reduction, as well as local change of temperature.

2d. The period occupied by this process is geologically proved to have occupied millions of years.

3d. During this time new species appeared and became extinct, and man last made his appearance.

That not one of these submersions was caused by rain, and if it had rained one year, it would not have raised the ocean one foot? Does he ever state that the world we inhabit travels,

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4th. The continued operation of the same causes will, in time, extirpate man and all forms of vegetable and animal existence.

Applying this to the other bodies of the solar system, he observed, if the flattened figure of the earth indicates a once plastic condition, do we not observe a similar figure impressed on other bodies of our system. The oblate spheroid of Jupiter for example.

There is, said the Professor, a theory which embodies all these facts—he would refer to the nebular hypothesis. We suppose its outlines are sufficiently known. The peculiarities of Saturn's rings were seized upon as confirmatory of its truth.

He contended that it was evident every member of the solar system had *originally* a very high temperature, but has been gradually cooling from radiation.

If this were to proceed, as evidently it does, without interruption, it will descend to a point at which all vitality is impossible, and must of necessity cease.

The era of life, then, is that of a temperature adapted to animal existence, and is necessarily short and bounded. It is the history of an era of a temperature between certain limits.

The lecturer applied this postulate to Neptune, and showed what nobody denies, that no being like man can now exist upon that planet. He passed on successively to Jupiter, Mars Venus and Mercury, assuming that the temperature of the planets exterior to the earth is too low, and that of the interior planets too high for vegetable and animal life.

The earth occupies the temperate zone of our system. As to the moon, the changes which our earth's surface, charged with atmospheric clouds, would continually present to a lunarian, are never correspondingly observed by us who gaze upon the moon. The moon has neither atmosphere such as ours, nor twilight. The equatorial temperature of the moon must therefore be lower than that of the earth. The length of her day and night, too, are other added conditions equally unfavorable either to animal or vegetable life.

The surface of the most distant planet may, possibly, once have been the theatre of active life—that is, at a period, and during such period as was determined by her cooling down and remaining at the temperature suitable for such circumstances. The gradual process of cooling from radiation, which is going on even now, in time will stop the wheels of vital existence. In course of time our own familiar earth becomes sufficiently cool; first, for the lower forms of animal and vegetable life, and lastly for man, the image of his Maker, and the depository of intellect and feeling.

The fate of other planets will ultimately become our own. Life extinct here may probably be afterwards observed on Venus and on Mercury, to subside even there into the chill of death. In time even the body of the sun subsides into frigidity. Plants are constituted chiefly of carbon. This they extract from the air, and chiefly when the sun is shining on them. With his feebler radiancy follows the death of vegetables.

The analogy of the physical history of our own earth would lead us to form such a judgment in reference to the other bodies of our system. If it be said water may be something other than water there, we must invent a new chemistry.

On each of the planets the life period is brief, and it matters little in reference to the question of inhabitancy at what date in the history of the universe it has commenced,

and takes us with it around the sun, at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles in an hour, or more than one hundred times as fast as a cannon ball—and that since we took passage it has met with no accident? Does he ever state that Mercury, to which Professor Loomis thinks we must emigrate, travels in its orbit one hundred and four thousand miles in an hour? Does he ever mention that light, and the electric telegraph, move one million times faster than a cannon ball? Does he ever state that the whole solar system would be destroyed, if the earth should vary one minute in its annual journey around the sun, and continue that variation, or shortening of its period, and deducting one minute from the length of every year?*

All that we cannot comprehend, we refer to nature and say "this is the work of nature." Sound philosophy refers all created things to the Creator, the Deity, to God! No other

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endured and became extinguished upon each. In that most distant from the sun, evidently, it would commence first.

The fixed stars are grand self luminous orbs at immense distances, our own sun dwindling to a speck upon the cluster. Heat and light are well nigh inseparable; if their heat be equivalent to their light they are uninhabitable. But may they not be centres of planetary motion? Only six of the seven Pleiades are now visible to the naked eye. Sirius and Procyon have each much proper motion. Luminosity is not an essential property of stars.

It is important to observe that these views do not necessarily hang for their soundness upon the assumption of the truth of the nebular hypothesis, but are considered legitimate inferences from phenomena which geologists have observed upon our earth.

* The British Board of Admiralty, some years since offered a premium of ten thousand pounds for the most perfect chronometer that could be constructed. The reward was finally paid to the maker of one that varied only about one minute in one year. If it had not varied the one minute it would have been correct but four times in one year, but as it varied one minute it was never right! The earth travels in three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty eight minutes and fifty one seconds, two hundred and eighty five millions of miles. If, at the creation of our globe, it had lost one minute in its journey of one year, like the best chronometer, and had continued to enlarge its orbit in the ratio that one minute bears to two hundred and eighty five millions of miles, the law of gravity would have been destroyed, and the globe would at this time be traveling in immensity of space, leaving the sun behind us, or dashing in ruin and confusion among all the orbs of Heaven! If the earth had, since its creation, shortened its journey one minute every year, it would long ago have fallen into the sun, and we should now be in a condition that poetry alone can satisfactorily describe.

doctrine or theory can be sustained by intellectual men, but ignorance may refer all to Holy Mary. If an individual could have created a world, the whole would have been destroyed by the inaccuracy of one minute in a journey of two hundred and eighty-five millions of miles! If sermons were occasionally to have illustrations taken from scientific subjects, would they not be more interesting than the exploded doctrines and dogmas of saints and sinners who lived in ages of darkness and of vice? A priest whose head is filled with the imaginary virtues which he pretends to believe existed when virtue had no existence, may preach to Catholics, but he will have no believers in an intelligent community. The audiences gathered in our churches are vastly in advance of the priests in intelligence, and do not believe the dogmas that are inflicted on them: and on this account Catholic preaching has had but slight influence on the character of Catholic nations. Its want of power to control national feeling, or to produce religious sentiment, was exhibited in horrid detail in France, in the outbreak that uprooted society and all its best institutions. In that horrid contest the priests were the most obnoxious class, and were murdered to the last man.

Would it not arouse some sleeper, if he should be told that the sun is not only one million times larger than the earth, but that its heat is so great that imagination can form no conception of its nature or its power? Would it not interest every person of reflection to be reminded that Newton and La Place, who have measured and explained every law of astronomy, could not form any conception of the nature of the sun, nor from what source its vast heat was derived? Would it not interest our rich citizens, who are about to visit the world, to know that they must employ twenty-seven thousand years to traverse the globe, if they should see only twenty square miles each day?

Light and the magnetic telegraph travel at the rate of one

hundred and ninety thousand miles every second of time, and at this rate it would require three and a half years to reach the nearest fixed star. The light which comes to us from Sirius has to travel sixteen years to reach the earth; that from Arcturus twenty-nine years; that from the Polar Star thirty-five years; and that from all the most distant stars, amounting to two millions, eighty-one years! If the distant stars were at this moment to be struck out of existence, we should have their light for eighty-one years! The Polar Star was once supposed to be exactly north, and that it would be forever fixed at the pole. Modern discoverers have shown that it never was directly north, and never will be. It was once more than twelve degrees from the north pole, but now is less than two degrees. It will be still nearer, and then will recede for thirteen thousand years, and in twenty-six thousand years it will return to the same place that it now occupies. In thirteen thousand years Libra will exchange places with it, and will then be the Polar Star.

La Place has pictured in vivid colors, the awful consequences which would ensue from the collision of a comet with the earth, and Biela's comet has within a few years crossed the earth's orbit at the point which was occupied by the earth, exactly thirty days after! If the earth had been fifteen days earlier in its journey, a tide would have been produced which would have submerged the whole earth, and drowned every being. If we had at any past age, an entire submersion, it was from such a cause. If we had been thirty days earlier in our annual course, the comet and the earth would have had a collision, the consequences of which, a poetic imagination may invest with awful interest. That the orbs of heaven have had such collisions, and will again be subject to them, cannot be doubted by those who are familiar with the deepest researches, the soundest induction, and the clearest analogies. It is a fact well known to mathematicians, that the comet of 1770 was

in contact with the satellites of Jupiter; and may come in contact with the earth. The great comet of 1680, at its perihelion, approached one hundred and sixty times nearer to the sun than the earth, being only one hundred and thirty thousand miles from the surface of the sun. The heat which it must have received from the sun, was estimated to be equal to twenty-eight thousand times that which the earth receives, and two thousand times hotter than red hot iron,* said Mrs. Putnam.

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* The following is from Mr. Dana's address delivered before the scientific society at Providence, R. I.

I. That through the periods of the Silurian and Devonian, at twelve distinct epochs at least the seas over this continent were swept of all or nearly all existing life, and as many times it was repeopled.

II. That the continent of North America has never been the deep ocean's bed; but a region of comparatively shallow seas, and at times emerging land, and was marked out in its great outlines even in the earliest Silurian.

III. That during the first half of the lower Silurian era, the whole East and West were alike in being covered with the sea.

IV. That the changes of level over the continent, through the upper Silurian and Devonian, had some reference to the border region of the continent; the formations approach or recede from it, and sometimes pass it, according to the limits of the oscillation eastward or westward. Along the course of the border itself there were deep subsidences in slow progress, as is shown by the thickness of the beds.

The following is from Professor Alexander's address at the same place:

By a most masterly use of circumstantial evidence of a delicate nature, Prof. Alexander has arrived at almost a certainty that in the space between Mars and Jupiter once revolved a planet a little more than 2·8 times as far from the Sun as our earth. The equatorial diameter was about 70,000 miles, but the polar diameter only 8 miles! It was not a globe but a wafer, nay a disk of a thickness of only one 1-9,000 of its diameter. Its time of revolution was 3,698 days, say 3 days 15 hours 44 minutes. The inclination of its orbit to the ecliptic was about 4°. It met a fate that might have been anticipated from so thin a body whirling so furiously, for its motion on its axis was 1-16th of its velocity in its orbit, say 2,477 miles per hour. It burst as grind-stones and fly-wheels sometimes do. We have found 35 fragments of it, and call them asteroids. When it burst some parts were moving 2,477 miles per hour faster than the center did, and some as much slower; that is, some parts moved 4,954 miles per hour faster than the others. These described a much larger orbit than the planet did, and the place where it burst was their perihelion. Others described a smaller orbit, because they left that point with a diminished velocity,—it was their aphelion. Some flew above the orbit of the planet, and had their ascending node. Others flew below, and it was their descending node. They seemed to go almost in pairs. Two went very far out of the

Sister, of what use is it for you to study these subjects, and to burthen your memory with astronomy, and all the sciences, and morals, and statistics, and all the studies which belong to Professors, and to statesmen? Do you wish for an engagement to deliver a course of lectures before any of our scientific societies? If you do, I will speak to Dr. Cogswell, or to Mr. Crerar, said Mrs. Phelps.

I want no engagement of any kind, but I desire to contemplate a Creator, as a visible, and a real existence, as I believe he is revealed to the eye of the Christian philosopher. I wish to contemplate a Deity without the aid of a metaphysical jargon, and the more miserable invention of a Holy Mary. If a Holy Mary is without sin, she is God, or equal with God, and cannot be separated in the mind from God, and the Creator

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plane of the orbit, so that they pass the limits of the zodiac, and it is found that the ascending node of 18 corresponds nearly with the descending node of 17. So nearly even were they distributed. And thin as was the planet, it had not cooled so much at the time of the explosion, that none of the fragments could assume a spherical form.

Space would fail us to show how the Professor developed these facts one by one. The planet's place was first to be found. Three or four independent processes were used for this, and they agreed surprisingly. He interpolated it as a lost term in a geometric series, from Mars to Saturn, for the first approximation. He compared it with Saturn and Jupiter, and with Mars and Jupiter. He found where a planet would be dropped off in the successive cooling and contracting of the solar system. And he compared its orbit for size and ellipticity with those of the asteroids. Some of them gave solutions very far from the average; rejecting these the others coincided with previous deductions and with each other surprisingly. Its day he found by Kirkwood's analogy. Its equatorial diameter was the result of two calculations, one of which would inevitably give a result too large and the other too small in all cases when the planet did not explode at its equinox, when it would be exact. These numbers were 78,425 and 68,656 miles. A just comparison gave 70,470. But we can follow these calculations no further.

It is curious to see how the history of this planet verifies the theory of La Place, that a heavenly body must be either nearly a sphere or a disk, and that the latter must be unstable. And this reminded Prof. Alexander again to allude to the earth's ring—the Zodiacal Light. He had long been convinced that the Moon could not be the only satellite thrown off by our planet in taking on its present form, but knew not where to look for the rest. A more careful calculation of the data furnished by the Rev. Mr. Jones, had given him for the diameter of the ring 17,000 miles, and a time of about half a day for rotation. And curiously enough, half a day was the time that had been assigned by a previous calculation for the revolution of an aerolite around the earth.

of all things, and the just recipient of all the worship which intellectual man can bestow. She is either God or mortal—and all the Catholic inventions, delusions, and abstractions, cannot place her in any other position before an intellectual age. We defy all the popes and bishops now living to convince a reflecting man that Holy Mary is not one of these two. The delusions of ignorance shall not prevent intellectual men from asserting facts which all the power of sophistry cannot overthrow.

These inventions have been the employment of popes for fifteen hundred years, and have by their folly, driven religion as a sentiment from half the world; and it is time that a pure religion should be enshrined for the worship of an intellectual people, in an intellectual age. The whole world for untold ages was involved in pagan darkness, worshiping stocks, stones, fire, the sun, the golden calf, and every created thing that the darkened intellect could invest with holy qualities. At the moment that the human intellect had advanced to a certain point in its capacities, a clear conception of a God, the Creator, was revealed to man.

This point of time was the introduction of Christianity, and the intellectual portion of the world hailed it as the dawn of a perfect day. The Scriptures, and one God, were the great elements which were, they hoped, to redeem the world from all the horrid rites, performed under the name of religion.—The eye of ignorance and superstition could worship fire, or any visible God, but they could not, previous to the introduction of Christianity, worship a Creator, and a God, that the eye could not see.

The sublime mission of Christianity, was to elevate the world by the knowledge it conveyed of one God, the creator of all things. The God alone! For centuries the early Christians sacrificed their lives, in endeavors to abolish idols, and the worship of *human* Gods of which the early Romans had

enshrined hundreds like our holy Mary. In the third century the bishops of Rome had obtained power, and then commenced the decline of pure religion and the multiplication or manufacture of Gods and their dogmas, and in a few centuries they had as many Gods, and saints who were Gods, as the pagan nations.

They still manufacture these Gods without pretending to claim the authority of the Bible, and they will continue to manufacture them to the end of time. The Christian world accused the Catholics of enshrining an idolatrous host of Gods, equal in number to the worst pagan nations.

The pope replied that their four Gods, and their one hundred saints, although worshiped, were all of them but one God, and therefore not idolatrous. Those who did not admit that all the Gods taken together, were but one God, were punished as infidels, and millions lost their lives. The Catholics are rapidly receding to paganism and the worship of unknown and untold Gods of human origin and human imperfection. The intellect knows and acknowledges but one God, the creator and preserver of all things.

We despise their ignorance, their doctrine, and their foolish inventions, and we want nothing of Catholics, but their presence on the soil of despotism, ignorance, and degradation. This condition they can easily find in Europe, but they will not be permitted to transfer their dogmas and their degradation to our free soil.

A true Christian philosopher sees a Creator arrayed in smiles, and with science in one hand, and religion or a consistent faith in the other; and offering both to us as his expounders, and allowing us to regard both as his best revelations. A class of men, self-styled philosophers, have speculated for two thousand years upon the theory of the Creation; and not one of them has ever given us one particle of light upon it, and never will. One of the most eminent of the

ancient philosophers, whose works are still quoted, (Aristotle,) thought that he had discovered that the world was not created, but that it grew like a cabbage! This same philosopher did not know enough to comprehend how the globe could turn on its own axis; it could not, he said, "move fast enough for that."

The ages that have preceded us, have been Catholic, and all science was driven from the world by persecution; the present age is an age of light, and dogmas and ignorance have been forever exploded. Such have been the recent discoveries that light and knowledge, are in this country nearly universal, and an ignorant man can rarely be found.

Astronomers have counted two millions of stars, and each star is a sun to a solar system, all of which are visible, and probably five hundred times as many more that are not visible. He must be a bold astronomer, who shall attempt to fix the number of systems. The same power framed them all, and set them in motion, and for our safety keeps them in their proper places. The first undertake to show how the world was made; they are a kind of spiritualists, or speculators on the credulity of their readers. The second class study the laws of Providence, and reveal them to all who are capable of comprehending them. The last are men of genius, and in this class are comprehended astronomers, mathematicians, and all who make science a study; and they command the respect of all the world. They show us that the laws which they have discovered could not have been made if they had not been impressed on all things, at the moment when they were created. They show the existence of the creative power, as clearly as the existence of all laws shows that a power to make them existed, or the laws would not have been made. The Catholics before the reformation used to hang and burn, and stretch on the wheel of the Inquisition, both classes of these philosophers, for the reason that their discoveries positively

contradicted their self-invented dogmas; and lessened the respect for the priests, and their power to tyrannize over the souls, and bodies of an ignorant people. Galileo, the illustrious Florentine astronomer, was in the cells of the Inquisition in 1615, and again in 1633, and was allowed his life on condition only, of denying that he ever believed the truth of his greatest discoveries. He had proclaimed that the world moved around the sun, and he was compelled to tell a falsehood to save his life, and to say that it did not move around the sun, and in this way escaped from the horrid Catholic inquisition!

Copernicus, a native of Thorn, in Prussia, made discoveries that astonished his friends, and in 1530 he completed a work that is now constantly referred to by scientific men. This work he did not dare to publish till 1543, when the Cardinal, and Pope's legate, were bribed to allow its publication.

An Irishman by the name of Hughes, recently delivered a lecture before a scientific society in the city of New York. In this lecture he argued that the reformation was a great error, and that oral teaching for the people was more beneficial than the teachings of the Bible, and all men should be guided by Popes, and should not have a Bible, or be divided in religious sentiment.

This insult to an intelligent audience, was repeated more recently, by a man by the name of Ives, who stated before a New York audience, that oral teaching for the masses was preferable to thinking for themselves, because all could in this way be made to entertain the Pope's view, which must always be right. These views, he said, Catholics had always held, and they always would. These sentiments came from a man, whom charity compels us to say, is too ignorant, or too imbecile to utter any truths. He has preached the doctrine of too many sectarian parties, to command respect from sensible men,

while in the benighted school which for a short time he is advocating.

The sentiments advocated by Hughes and Ives, have by retaining the masses in ignorance, deluged the world in blood. Every thing English, every thing American, was denounced by these men, but every thing Irish, and every thing in Catholic Europe, was worthy of all commendation. These men stated as a great triumph, that in Catholic Europe, not a church was open for the worship of a Protestant, and not a cemetery for the reception of his remains, and they were sure there never would be!

It is a singular circumstance, that Hughes, in his recent address in an English Colony, paid the President of the United States a high compliment, by saying that he was Hughes' friend. Now it is no less singular, that if the President should visit Rome, and there hold his Presbyterian prayer-meetings, he would be imprisoned. This is the treatment of a class of men who call us infidels, and wish us to pay for schooling their children in their own pernicious doctrine. Not a book can be read in a Catholic school in this country which is not approved by the Pope—and not a book can be imported into Catholic Europe that has not his approval! Pope Innocent the third, by his famous bull, prohibited the reading of any book but those called theological; and whole libraries of scientific works, and classic literature, were destroyed!

Very recently a priest in Ireland was accused of burning a cart load of books, among which were the works of our greatest poets, and a liberal stock of Protestant Bibles: the whole of which were brought to him at the confessional. These same Catholics have always claimed that we owe them a deep debt of gratitude for the classic literature that they have transmitted to us. Hughes will not find it in good taste to insult another audience with his Catholic dogmas.

The Roman Catholics have always opposed the elevation

and advancement of society, and always will. Newton, and his followers in the schools of science, have done more in recent times, to dispell the darkness of preceding ages, than all the Popes and all the priests have ever accomplished, or ever will accomplish. The truth of this is familiar to all who have visited Catholic Europe.

Protestants, and all reflecting men, should read the works of those who have seen the condition of the lower classes in Catholic Europe. The reading world do not know, and cannot know, the condition of European Catholic demoralization. Mr. Thackeray has exhausted a course of lectures in enlightening us in the degrading habits and the disgusting vices of English royalty and English aristocracy. For the credit of England, if not for the credit of Mr. Thackeray, I wish he had not proclaimed the depravity of his own sovereigns, and his own times; enough was known of these before we were favored with his disgusting developments.

The lower scenes of life, the scenes of suffering, are not detailed in books, and they cannot be.

Mr. Lyman of Boston some years ago visited Europe, and in Italy he paused in astonishment! I cannot tell you what he saw. Mr. Lyman was a gentleman of wealth and literary taste, but he had never given any attention to human life, in its varied aspects.

In Italy, his astonishment knew no bounds! When he returned he wrote a book, and gave loose reins to his descriptive powers—but still kept within the bounds of truth. The book produced such a sensation, that his friends begged him to suppress it, and he did suppress it—and you will never have a description of Catholic life in its lowest condition till you visit Europe.

The lower classes are brutes in their habits of life, and intercourse is promiscuous. Southern blacks are elevated, civilized, and pure, compared with the masses found in countless

numbers in every Catholic city. From these most degrading classes we are constantly receiving their lowest, spawning, animal life, and it will soon be too late to hope for any improvement in the condition of our own degraded and suffering classes, said Mrs. Putnam.

Sister, is this religion or philosopny which you have given us? asked Mrs. Phelps.

It is neither—it is common sense, said Mrs. Putnam.

I must admit that there is both truth and beauty in some of your views—but are you sure they are orthodox? I can believe no new doctrine till I consult my minister. I understood you to say that the Catholics have four Gods, and one hundred saints who are Gods, and that they are *not* all one God, and *no more*. Now I must say that the Catholics are correct, and in that particular I differ from you. Our minister is always correct, and he says that three Gods are all one God, and one God is three Gods. Now is it not probable that four Gods and one hundred saints are one God, and therefore not idolatrous? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I advocate no sectarian doctrine, but I wish to construct a temple and dedicate it to the Known God, and in it I wish to see the whole intellectual world bowing in adoration to our Creator. For your religious faith you must go to your minister and your Bible, and not look to me, said Mrs. Putnam, as she left the parlor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PLEDGE.

Yet here high passions, high desires unfold,
Prompting to noblest deeds; here links of gold
Bind soul to soul; and thoughts divine inspire
A thirst unquenchable, a holy fire
That will not, cannot but with life expire!

ROGERS.

WELL, sister, we will leave preaching to the ministers, and science to the professors. This is my reception day, and I am sure we shall have calls. Here comes one—I think it is Mr. Cox. Ask him into the parlor.

Mr. Cox, I am happy to see you. Did you know that you have been the subject of conversation? I will introduce you to my sister, Mrs. Putnam, of New Haven, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mr. Cox, my sister thinks you have some miraculous power—not exactly to turn things into gold, but into something better, said Mrs. Putnam.

Mrs. Putnam, this is your sister's house; around it, and in

it, is an atmosphere of health, purity, and happiness; nothing reaches me that can be changed for the better, and I hope it will be a long time before I consent to change any thing for the worse; your sister hears me, and I cannot speak as I would, said Mr. Cox

Mr. Cox, do you not think that this is an age of great intellectual activity? Are not great men working out great results? Are they not purifying society, and promoting the advancement of civilization, and the elevation of the suffering classes? asked Mrs. Putnam.

I am sure of it. There never was an age in which so much was undertaken, and so much encouragement given to persevere. From a den of vice, we shall change this great city into a temple of purity. The suppression of six thousand drinking places will accomplish this—I am absolutely sure of it, said Mr. Cox.

Mr. Cox, what is your opinion of ragged schools—are they the means of enlarging the area of virtue, and of benefitting our poor, hard-working, and suffering females? asked Mrs. Putnam.

I regard them as the greatest blessings of the age. We cannot have half enough of them. Where are all the teachers to come from?—none are paid. We want five hundred at least. There are hundreds of these schools now open, and I do not believe that one child in twenty attends them. While these children are fed, and taught, the poor mothers are allowed to work for their daily food, without which they would suffer.—It is difficult to tell which is most benefited, the mother or the child. All Europe is now sending us their beggars, caused by Catholic vice and ignorance. Our cities will soon sink down into a moral pollution, more awful than existed in those cities which were rebuked by our Saviour for their abominable vices. No respectable female can live in this city by her own industry. She cannot procure the coarsest fare with

her daily earnings—she will be reduced to starvation! It is more than ministers can bear, they cannot look upon such scenes of wretchedness in this beautiful city. Schools will improve our condition, but schools alone cannot accomplish all that we need; we must have less of the Catholic degrading vices. The ragged schools are among the best institutions of this Christian age; they lay the foundation early for every virtue. I have recently seen a young person who was rescued in early life from scenes of vice, by an angel in human form, and she is now a highly respectable citizen. The ragged schools, and the Sunday schools, will change the whole face of society in its lower walks, if we can only check the importation of paupers and criminals. The ragged schools take care during the day, of all the small children that can be admitted, and that the funds of the school will support. These schools are doubly valuable, as they benefit both the scholars and the teachers; they draw out the energies of a virtuous class of teachers, and strengthen the citadel of religious influences. To the rising generation they are the beacon lights to guide them from error to truth, from vice to virtue, from the lowest condition to one of respectability. In these schools, springs up many a good resolve, many a strong determined effort, and here every seed of virtue has a rapid growth. From these schools they are transplanted, and their influence enlarged. They spread like a gentle stream, enlarging their circle as they pass down, embracing all that is good, adding influence to influence, strength to strength, beauty to beauty, and their life shall be eternal, said Mr. Cox.

Mr. Cox, why is it that we cannot raise the standard of morals, and place such influences around the young, as will elevate and purify their character? asked Mrs. Putnam.

Large cities are ever sowing vice, and reaping a rich harvest of sickness, poverty, vice, and suffering; if we can only cleanse this age, the next will protect itself. The best institu-

tions of this age, we owe to the best men of the past age. There are ten men now engaged in debasing and demoralizing society, for one that is engaged in benefiting or elevating it. There is ten times as much money made by the vices, as is spent in support of the virtuous institutions of society. In one of the European states, every sixth man is an intemperate man; when this state of things exists in this city, there will not be virtue enough left to respect any law, civil or divine; and we are very near that point, when a lawyer, for a small fee, or a judge for a large one will nullify the best law ever made, said Mr. Cox.

Mr. Cox, you preach in the Fifth Avenue, I believe? said Mrs. Putnam.

I do, said Mr. Cox.

I shall certainly attend your church while in the city, said Mrs. Putnam, as Mr. Cox left the parlor.

Sister, I shall return to New Haven to-morrow. Time has flown rapidly; it seems but yesterday that I left home, and I have been with you over two weeks. I am much pleased with Mr. Cox and with all your friends; I have never been acquainted with any minister of such intellectual resources; he embellishes everything he touches. What is there in this world so noble as splendid talents, united to soul-stirring eloquence, and all devoted to the good of those around us; these men are now found everywhere. A few years ago, he was the best man who believed in the most saints, and the greatest number of unintelligible dogmas. I regard you as the happiest person in the city; but allow me, since I have seen something of your city, to suggest that the influence of us all should be exerted to improve society, and to lessen the sufferings of those who are constantly descending from competency to abject want. There must ever be great sufferings, where there are great vices, and the rising generation are always their first victims. Youth neglected is an old age of vice;

vice spread abroad is constantly enlarging the circle of its contagion, and in your city its consequences are already seen and felt, and should demand the immediate attention of all reflecting persons. To put your city in a decent condition, will require other workers besides Mayor Wood, Mr. Pease, Mr. Tracy, and all the charitable societies, and all the charitable individuals now employed. I shall leave Emma a few days longer; she is enjoying so much that I cannot willingly require her to return with me. I know that every day spent in your house, will be to her a new lesson in the practical duties of life, said Mrs. Putnam.

You must allow us to have more of Emma's society; we are never more happy than when she is with us. Her inquisitive disposition, her mature mind, her lively conversation, are sources of constant delight; I cannot think of her return. When I visit New Haven I will take her with me, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mrs. Putnam returned to New Haven. The next morning Emma was seen at an early hour in the parlor waiting for her aunt.

Aunt Phelps, will you walk to Broadway with me to-day? asked Emma.

Why to Broadway? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I saw a sweet child selling apples, and I want to see her again; she was very pretty, said Emma.

What if you did, there are hundreds of them in the street, said Mrs. Phelps.

I am going to talk to her; did you say that none of these children have parents? asked Emma.

The most of the parents are dead, but those who are alive are worse than dead; they have been ruined by the bad influences placed around them by designing men, first in Catholic countries, and again in this great city. We are determined to have all the children sent to school, or to asylums, and

kept from their parents, and the contagion of Catholic society, said Mrs. Phelps.

Do you know whether the girl with black eyes has any parents? asked Emma.

I do not, said Mrs. Phelps.

Then I will find out, said Emma.

Mrs. Phelps and Emma walked slowly down Broadway.

How very rich these men who live in Broadway must be! Do they own all the stores and houses, and all the rich things that we see in this splendid street? asked Emma.

Some persons own them all, but all the persons we see in the stores are not rich, said Mrs. Phelps.

Why do little children starve, when people are so rich? I think the rich men should feed and clothe the suffering children, said Emma.

The rich men and rich ladies would clothe them, if so many were not brought from miserable Catholic nations. Emma, you have passed a number of children; which is the one that you wished to converse with? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I know I have passed a number, but I have not seen the one that I saw the other day. Here she is! This is the very child! Look at me! Yes, she has the same black eyes. What is your name? asked Emma.

Isabella, madam; will you buy an apple?

I am surprised to see such a face; look up at me, said Mrs. Phelps.

Will you buy an apple, ladies? Just one, oh do! I have not sold one to-day! I am very hungry, and when I go home I shall have a whipping, said Isabella.

Emma looked steadily at Isabella for a moment, and then averted her eyes; she was not used to such thoughts as this scene suggested.

This child is hungry, I know she is, said Emma.

I am afraid she may be, said Mrs. Phelps.

Isabella, where have I seen your face? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I do not know, madam, said Isabella.

I am distressed when I look on the face of that child, said Mrs. Phelps.

Aunt Phelps, can we get that child into the ragged school? asked Emma.

These schools were rare then, but now fortunately more numerous; this was some years ago.

With whom do you live? asked Mrs. Phelps.

With Mr. Ward, madam, said Isabella.

Where does Mr. Ward live? asked Mrs. Phelps.

Number five hundred and ten sixty-sixth street, near the river, madam, said Isabella.

Can you read, Isabella? asked Mrs. Phelps.

No, madam, said Isabella.

Does Mrs. Ward treat you kindly? asked Mrs. Phelps.

She whips me often, said Isabella.

What does she whip you for? said Mrs. Phelps.

She whips me when I do not carry home fifty cents, said Isabella.

What does she whip you with? asked Mrs. Phelps.

With a stick, said Isabella.

A monster! Did you ever go to school a single day? asked Mrs. Phelps.

Never, madam, said Isabella.

Here is a trifle for you, to-morrow we will call on Mrs. Ward; Emma, we will start early in the morning, said Mrs. Phelps. The carriage was at the door next morning, and Emma was waiting for her aunt.

Tom, drive us to number five hundred and ten sixty-sixth street. They left the Fifth Avenue. Here we are at sixty-sixth street, but where is Mrs. Ward's? This cannot be the place! It is a pig-pen! Here is another; but the right number is on it, said Mrs. Phelps.

Do you think human beings live in such a place? asked Emma.

This is the place, I think. I am looking for Mrs. Ward, said Mrs. Phelps.

That is my name, walk in, madam, said Mrs. Ward.

Do you sell apples, Mrs. Ward? asked Mrs. Phelps.

Isabella does for me, said Mrs. Ward.

Then I am right. Mrs. Ward, where did you find Isabella, asked Mrs. Phelps.

In the street, said Mrs. Ward.

What street? asked Mrs. Phelps.

In Greenwich street, said Mrs. Ward.

Greenwich street? Tell me now, exactly! I am certain that I have seen that child somewhere, but I cannot tell where. She is certainly beautiful; is she obedient? asked Mrs. Phelps.

She does not always sell her day's work, and then I have to whip her, said Mrs. Ward.

What do you whip her with? asked Mrs. Phelps.

With this stick, said Mrs. Ward.

Merciful heaven! Is it possible? A stick of that size and length! She never found that child in Greenwich street, said Mrs. Phelps, as she turned to Emma.

Tell me, now, Mrs. Ward, tell me exactly where are her parents? asked Mrs. Phelps.

Dead, madam, said Mrs. Ward.

How do you know they are dead? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I was told so, madam, said Mrs. Ward.

You were told so, but who told you so? You hesitate, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mrs. Jennings, madam, said Mrs. Ward.

Why did you take Isabella? asked Mrs. Phelps.

She earns me nearly one dollar every week, and on that I live, said Mrs. Ward.

Will you allow me to take Isabella, if I will send her to school? asked Mrs. Phelps.

No, madam, said Mrs. Ward.

Why not? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I cannot spare the money, said Mrs. Ward.

Will you allow me to take her, if I pay you the money that she earns, asked Mrs. Phelps.

Certainly, madam, said Mrs. Ward.

Mrs. Ward, your tenement looks slightly dilapidated; may we be allowed to look over it? asked Mrs. Phelps.

Certainly you may, it will not require long; I have but one floor, said Mrs. Ward.

Where did Isabella sleep? asked Mrs. Phelps.

In this room; look in, if you please; in that room are my pigs, in the other are my goats; you see they all sleep on straw, said Mrs. Ward.

You are below the street, the straw is wet.

Is this possible? Has that child slept in this place, and on the same straw with pigs and goats? asked Mrs Phelps.

She made no complainr, said Mrs. Ward.

Mrs. Ward, are there other places like yours in this street? asked Mrs. Phelps.

The street is full of them; some of the houses are better than mine, and they are filled; but I would not take children from the street for such purposes as these women do, said Mrs. Ward.

Mrs. Ward, what do you mean by that remark? Will you speak intelligibly, and without reserve? asked Mrs. Phelps.

Mrs. Phelps, I know more of such houses than I shall tell you; I am familiar with suffering. I have lived in better places than this, and I shall not tell you by what steps I have descended to this hovel. My parents were wealthy, and my education was equal to any received by ladies of the highest class. Disappointed in early life, I left a happy home, and

came, a wandering vagrant here; I am not alone, there are others as wretched as I am. The life that for years I led, I daily hoped would be my last, and to drown the rebukes of conscience, I daily sought the poisoned cup; and now I only wish that I could die, said Mrs. Ward.

You have told me nothing of the houses with which you say your street is filled; will you tell me what you mean? asked Mrs. Phelps.

Mrs. Phelps, in the house to which I now point there are ten or twenty children, from the age of twelve to fourteen, I cannot tell you more. If my remarks have excited your curiosity you can call at the house. I do not tell you that any of the children were stolen, but you will find among them some quite as handsome as Isabella, said Mrs. Ward.

Are you serious, what can you mean, are you in health, have you been seriously indisposed? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I have had nervous turns, and at such times I do suffer all but death, said Mrs. Ward.

Look steadily at me. You were handsome once. Mrs. Ward, had you no friends to whom you could look for assistance, for support, and for restoration to society? asked Mrs. Phelps.

From my first error, no friendly door was ever opened to me, no friendly hand was ever extended to me; I was left by my relatives to descend to this hovel. My mother died broken hearted! My father lives, but his stern nature triumphed over a true parental heart, and no word of sympathy ever came from him to me. My sister lives in splendor, but of all my letters, written often in deep penitence, not one word of pity ever came to soothe this stricken heart. You will excuse me, but these floods of tears should have washed out my deepest sins. But now I wish to die! I cannot end my own life; I cannot live in despair. I have no clothes, I have no food, my self-respect is gone. Oh, do not look at me! I

wish this day would be my last. From this glass I daily pour all that keeps life in me. My nerves are destroyed, and delirium shakes these limbs. In the still hours of the night, spectres appear and drag me to a horrid world. Oh, such sights! Beasts without heads! Human heads with horns and bodies beastly! Serpents of all colors, the frantic fiends, dance around and ever flit before my eyes. Sleeping or waking, these horrid visions are pursuing me. Oh, if I could but die and end my sufferings I would thank my God, said Mrs. Ward.

Mrs. Ward, I cannot feel indifferent to the fate of such a person; tell me more of your life. To what circumstance do you attribute your ruin? asked Mrs. Phelps.

The first error of my life was committed at my father's house, and it was an act of indiscretion to which the usages of fashionable society exposed me. I cannot expect you to sympathize with me, but your kindness has drawn from me the statements that I have never made to any other person, said Mrs. Ward.

Tell me all; I will do you no harm, I may yet assist to raise a crushed heart, said Mrs. Phelps.

If I must disclose all, I will tell you that I acquired a taste for stimulants, which, by frequent indulgence, became a passion, to which all my errors and my sufferings are to be attributed, said Mrs. Ward.

Were you expelled from your father's house? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I was; and from that moment I sacrificed a life that should have been passed amid scenes of innocence in a happy home. Oh, that I had been forgiven! I would have devoted a life to virtue, and, with a grateful heart, I would have sought forgiveness from him who alone can give peace to crushed hearts, said Mrs. Ward.

I shall visit you again, and send Mr. Pease to you; you

shall not thus suffer in want and horrid degradation. Now, tell me the name, of the woman who keeps the house nearly opposite, in which you say are 20 children? said Mrs. Phelps.

Her name is McFickle, said Mrs. Ward.

Is Mrs McFickle a Catholic? asked Mrs. Phelps.

She is, and attends mass every day, said Mrs. Ward.

Your remarks have excited a strong desire to know more, and I shall call at Mrs. McFickle's. Mrs. Ward,* here is your money. Isabella, you are now my child.

Emma, we will take Isabella to the school in which Miss N——, Mrs. Van Broone, and Mrs. Vance are teachers. These ladies, following the dictates of a warm heart, devote their whole time and their money to the relief of the suffering classes. With them charity is not a transient impulse, but it is the purpose of an active and devoted life. Mrs. F—— is one of the patrons of the school, and is constantly aiding, by her presence and by her money, this valuable institution. If you hear of a family that is in sickness, sorrow, and suffering, there you will meet her coach, loaded with the luxuries with which her house is crowded. With the luxuries that sustain the life of the sufferer, she gives the advice and the sympathy that sustain the sinking heart. I have followed her through the dark streets and alleys, to the cellars and attics of poverty, sickness and suffering. I have heard her soothing the anguish of the broken-hearted, and dispelling the gloom that was pressing its victim to the earth. I have seen her supporting, with her own arm, the sinking form that was yielding to God the spirit that had animated her in life. If I were speaking of persons who had finished their mission, and passed the boundaries of this world of suffering, I would not stint my remarks. I would give you truths, the beauty of which I am sure, Emma, would be fixed in your sensitive heart. If there is a per-

* Mrs. Ward is the daughter of one of our most wealthy and respectable merchants well known in our highest circles.

son who does not know the luxury of doing good, I will ask him to go with us. They shall see a form of serene loveliness, quietly passing from house to house, raising like the spirit of mercy, forms once reared amid scenes of splendor, now crushed with poverty and disappointment, and expiring with the anguish that may be assuaged by sympathy, but can be healed by no medicine, administered by mortal or by angel. They shall see the last moments of many a departing spirit, almost angelic in beauty, now turning their last look upon a face, that in such a place, and in such an office, shall seem to them more than mortal! Those who go with us shall not ask for what wealth was given us. They shall not ask why the female breast is all sympathy and love. They shall not ask why the Creator intended that all hearts should feel for others' woes, but they shall ask, in deepest mystery, why it is that man shall ever seek to ruin man, and to spread out, like a great net, the influences that bring sorrow, suffering, poverty, and horrid death! Those who will go with us, shall admit that there are scenes of life of which they knew nothing, and of which the gay and thoughtless world know nothing. They shall admit that there are demands upon the virtuous, which, if they open their eyes and their hearts, they cannot evade. These are no fancy sketches, they are true pictures of daily life of one individual in our great city. This is an age of skepticism and of doubt. But it is an age of progress, of virtue, and of living faith. The whole world love to look on such lives; they show that life is not lost, when skepticism is dispelled, when virtue is shown to be a living principle, and when life is commenced that all admit should continue, and we believe will continue to live through all time. Emma, at your age, all things seen are fixed on a mind impressible, but inclined to virtue, as the perfumed flower is inclined to the sun, and blooms in its genial warmth, said Mrs. Phelps.

I do love Mrs. F., but there are not many such ladies in

this cruel, wicked city—are there, aunt Phelps? asked Emma.

There are hundreds of them, now devoting their whole time to the relief of the suffering classes, the very classes made wretched by our unprincipled judges, lawyers, jurors, aldermen and storekeepers, said Mrs. Phelps.

I am glad I do not live in this wicked city. Aunt Phelps, I think we must be near the ragged school, said Emma.

Tom, recollect to stop at the ragged school in Eleventh street, said Mrs. Phelps.

Aunt Phelps, do you think Isabella was stolen from her parents? asked Emma.

I hope not, but I do wish I knew where I have seen her. She never was the child of a poor emigrant; that form and those features are not the form and features of rugged, laborious life; she should not be here, said Mrs. Phelps.

Here is 425, said Emma, and I see Miss N——— at the window. Miss N———, we have found a child whose history for the present is involved in deep mystery. The high character of your school, and the numerous teachers, has induced me to ask your kind care of Isabella for a short time. We know that she will here receive the attention that her destitute condition demands. A child of such beauty will, we know, excite in your heart a deep sympathy. I know that there is some strange, some unaccountable history connected with her life, which must some day deeply interest us all, said Mrs. Phelps.

I will take care of this child. I will give to Isabella the affectionate care which so much beauty and intelligence demand; I cannot feel indifferent to her. Leave Isabella to my care, and you shall not be disappointed in your highest anticipations, said Miss N———.

Emma, the carriage is waiting, and we must now return home, said Mrs. Phelps.

Aunt Phelps, do you think Isabella will be treated kindly at the ragged school? asked Emma.

I know she will. Miss N——— is one of my most esteemed friends; her heart is all sympathy. I know that Isabella will be treated with the utmost kindness. Miss N——— is a lady of brilliant intellect and a warm heart, and is constantly employed in works of benevolence. Her education has been the care of parents, whose affections were centred on a daughter of surpassing loveliness. Their wealth is boundless; their position in society the most elevated; and their whole attention was devoted to the education of their children; nothing was omitted in storing the mind of their daughter with all that could add grace and dignity to a superior intellect. No ordinary schools or professors could satisfy parents, whose education enabled them to estimate the qualifications of the most literary. In Europe, Miss N——— saw all that could interest the most careful observer. She studied their institutions, and she gazed with delight upon the works of art; in their sublime temples she kneeled, and offered a silent tribute to the majesty of genius, and to the spirit which hallows their consecrated walls. She saw with no ordinary interest all that could charm the taste, enlarge the mind, or improve the heart. From all that she had seen, from all that she had read, she returned the most accomplished, the most brilliant, the most beloved, of our most elevated circles. If you would be charmed with pictures, and with descriptions of foreign travel, as rich as language could give, she could recite them. If you would have them glowing with life, with truth, with beauty, such as no others could give, she alone could recite them, said Mrs. Phelps.

Aunt Phelps, do you think mother will allow me to take Isabella to New Haven, when she is washed and dressed? asked Emma.

When you return you can ask her, said Mrs. Phelps.

In a few days Mrs. Phelps and Emma called again at the school. Miss N—— was not there.

I wish to see Isabella, said Mrs. Phelps. She was called.

Isabella, come to me. See that white frock and clean face! Emma, she is beautiful, said Mrs. Phelps.

Come here—I must kiss you, said Emma.

So must I, said Mrs. Phelps.

It was a long time since such evidences of affection were known to Isabella. Miss N—— now came into the school.

Did you leave any thing at Mrs. Ward's? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I did, said Emma.

What did you leave, Isabella? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I left a small Bible, and on the first leaf was written "Isabella Bright, from her mother," said Isabella.

Indeed! This is something new, said Mrs. Phelps.

Miss N——, has Isabella been a good child? asked Mrs. Phelps.

No child could have behaved better—we are getting quite attached to her, said Miss N——.

Miss N——, is it not strange that this child has kept her Bible, and nothing else? asked Mrs. Phelps.

This Bible may unfold a deep mystery. Isabella, will you go with one of the larger scholars and get your Bible? asked Miss N——.

I will, madam, said Isabella.

About a week after, Mrs. Phelps and Emma called again at the school.

Isabella, are you well? asked Mrs. Phelps.

Very well, madam, said Isabella.

Are you pleased with the school, and with Miss N——? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I am treated very kindly, said Isabella.

Mrs. Phelps, this is the Bible. In the first leaf you see

is written "Isabella Bright, from her mother." There is something about this child which interests me strangely. I have been here every week for some years, but I have never seen a child that excited such a mysterious interest. I do wish we could learn something of her history. I am afraid that she was taken from some family around us, said Miss N——.

Emma, we must keep this Bible—it may be a valuable book at some future time, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mrs. Phelps and Emma returned home.

Aunt Phelps, it is now more than two weeks since mother returned, and I know she is impatient for my return. You have said frequently that you should visit New Haven when I return—are you ready? I have seen Isabella almost every day, and I love her more and more; I do hope mother will allow me to take her home, said Emma.

I regret to say that I cannot visit New Haven at present—but I shall soon be able to visit you all, and I shall depend on another visit from you, said Mrs. Phelps.

Emma returned home.

Oh mother, how glad I am to see you! Mother! what a darling child aunt Phelps and I have found, said Emma.

Found a child!—are you crazy, Emma? Where did you find her? asked Mrs. Putnam.

We found her in the street, and she is now in the ragged school, under the charge of Miss N——, said Emma.

It is very strange that a girl like you should care about a little child in the street. I suppose there are thousands of them starving in that great city; it is certainly very melancholy. I do not see how their rich and charitable citizens can sleep with such scenes of suffering, starvation and wretchedness around them; it would render me miserable. I suppose that the humane satisfy their consciences by asserting that there are too many for any charity to relieve, and that they must die! Persons of sensibility cannot thus quiet the

demands that Christianity makes on its votaries. When I see your aunt, I shall learn all the particulars about the child that you seem to have become so deeply interested in, said Mrs. Putnam.

I will tell you, dear mother, I want Isabella to come here and be my sister; you know that I want a companion, said Emma.

Emma like other girls went to school. Two or three times every year she visited her aunt Phelps, and made while in the city almost daily calls on Isabella at the school. On leaving home to make one of these visits in New York, she said, "Mother, I shall bring Isabella home with me—may I?"

Her mother laughed at what she regarded as Emma's nonsense. Emma returned from New York, and to the surprise of all, Isabella was with her.

Mother, this is Isabella Bright.

Mrs. Putnam looked at her for a moment. She is a beautiful child! Come here, Isabella, I must kiss you—you are a darling, said Mrs. Putnam.

Mother, are you glad that I have brought Isabella? asked Emma.

I am, said Mrs. Putnam.

Isabella was soon placed at school, and every day developed some new trait of loveliness, and all were delighted with her. Emma and Isabella were constantly engaged in their studies, and their progress was satisfactory. They were both happy in the society of each other, and in the society with which they were in constant intercourse. They were the elder and the younger sisters, and years passed in unalloyed happiness. In all the visits, in all the country rambles, in the merry dance, in all the gay scenes of joyous, happy life, they were ever side by side, and no petty jealousies ever came to mar happiness as perfect as virtuous life bestows.

Mother, I am now nearly sixteen! Do you not think that

I have been at school nearly long enough ? I have certainly studied every book that any school girl has studied, said Emma.

There you are mistaken; you have yet much to study, and will go to school for some years yet, said Mrs. Putnam.

Dear mother, then I mean to go to school in New York, said Emma.

I think you will not, said Mrs. Putnam.

I will leave Isabella with you if I go to New York, said Emma.

You have made short visits to your aunt Phelps for years, and you are getting fond of city life, and now you want to spend a whole season in New York; that I cannot consent to, said Mrs. Putnam.

Then I will ask James Cope to come here, said Emma.

James Cope! Who is James Cope? asked Mrs. Putnam.

He visits aunt Phelps, said Emma.

Two or three years hence will be soon enough for you to think of seeing James Cope or any other young man, said Mrs. Putnam.

But James Cope said he would write to me, and I know he will, said Emma.

Nonsense, said Mrs. Putnam.

Dear mother, you know that I am invited to make aunt Phelps a visit, you know that I admire her, you know that she entertains a great deal of company, and she is very rich, and uncle Phelps likes visitors, and aunt Phelps entertains her company so well, her manners are so graceful, and have so much of the ease and grace of the very highest circles, she reads books, and good books, and she visits the highest classes. I shall have such a delightful time. I may go, may I not? I know you will let me go, my dear mother; you know that I have studied at school, and my teachers say that I have been a good scholar, and I am now a great girl, said Emma.

Emma, suppose you should allow me to speak; you talk faster than your aunt Phelps, said Mrs. Putnam.

Oh yes, mother, dear mother, you shall speak, but I shall go to New York; I shall go next week, and I shall see James Cope, said Emma.

Then all you want to go to New York for is to see James Cope; is that the case? asked Mrs. Putnam.

I will not deny, dear mother, that I do want to see James, but I want to see aunt Phelps. She says she likes my company, and expects me to make a long visit; her house is very lively, she makes all her friends very merry, very happy. They dance, they sing, and they converse on literary subjects, they go to church, and I believe they sometimes go to operas, and possibly to plays. But I am sure no person can visit aunt Phelps, and uncle Phelps, without being made better, and such young girls as I am will learn all that belongs to refined and intellectual intercourse; you know the people in the Fifth Avenue are a little above some streets, in the refinement and grace of the most elevated circles. The atmosphere is perfumed with good influences, and we feel that we are improved in everything. At aunt Phelps' house there is everything to charm the mind and to captivate the heart of such girls as I am. To visit in such a place is delightful, we know that we are above influences that should not reach us, and guided by influences that elevate, ennoble, and give dignity to polished life—such life as I know you wish me to live. If you will allow me to visit aunt Phelps, I know you will be satisfied that you have not done wrong. I will write you often, and I will try to write letters that you will not be ashamed to show to our friends. I shall not be engaged in frivolous amusements, because aunt Phelps does not permit them—all of hers are in some respect intellectual; may I go, dear mother? asked Emma.

Emma, you are very young; you need to study; you have yet much to learn; I fear you will never submit to the daily study of a school-girl, if once you embark in fashionable life. You are too young to think of receiving the attentions of James Cope or any other young man, and your aunt makes a lady of you before your time. You have argued your case with more ingenuity than I thought you to possess, but I am not satisfied that it is right; I shall however assume the responsibility, and allow you to visit your aunt. I shall have letters from sister as well as from you, and if I am not satisfied that you are making a good use of your privileges, I shall direct you to return, said Mrs. Putnam.

I shall go on Monday with father, who is to attend the meeting of the historical society. They left for New York. They arrived at Mrs. Phelps' mansion. Mrs. Phelps was at the door to receive them. Aunt Phelps, you see that I have come, but I did have hard work to get here. Mother at one time seemed determined not to give her consent, but I did talk my best, and here I am. When you write mother, you must tell her that I am a little angel—a fallen one I fear you will say, said Emma.

Emma, I am pleased to see you. I am glad you have come. I should have been offended with your mother if she had refused us the pleasure of this visit. You are indeed a lady—how much you have grown! You do resemble your mother; your form is not so fragile as when last I saw you. I will not tell you whether you have improved or not—I only wish you were my daughter, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mr. Phelps returned to his house in the afternoon; he gazed a moment at his niece, he kissed her.

Emma left the parlor for the library.

Wife, Emma has grown astonishingly; she was always handsome, but such a mature form and perfect features I ne-

ver saw; she is not yet sixteen. For what are such lovely children given us here on earth? asked Mr. Phelps.

They reveal the power and love of a good Creator, who ever smiles on innocence and virtue; they are sent on earth to form the lives, and to improve the hearts of parents, and to lead us upward; they show a spark etherial, a power above annihilation, a golden chain suspended from above, to draw us upward from meaner cares, to him from whom all happy life must ever flow. You cannot look on her as you look on other forms of life; you know that a spirit, an intellect, lives, that, sustained by a mysterious power, will ever live. Whence came the first etherial spark that animated the first female form? Whence came the beauty of the first face of female loveliness? There is but one answer; it came from our Creator, said Mrs. Phelps.

Emma returned from the library.

Emma, we have had frequent calls from certain young men, do you know who they are? They have all asked when you were to visit us again, said Mrs. Phelps.

I am sure I do not. I hope you do not think they came to ask for me, said Emma.

You will see for what they came, they will be here to-morrow, said Mr. Phelps.

For two or three days calls were frequent. Emma and Mrs. Phelps, in the afternoon, were seated near the window of their splendid parlor.

Emma, James Cope comes here, and he never comes without making many inquiries about you; he writes to you, said Mrs. Phelps.

How do you know he does? asked Emma.

I know he does, I know it now by your looks; you need not say he does not, for I know he does. You do not like him, do you? He says he will find out, said Mrs. Phelps.

Do you like James Cope? Tell me all about him; has he

the elements of a gentleman, has he genius, taste, and virtue? Is he temperate in all things, and does he respect religion? asked Emma.

You know that I like him, said Mrs. Phelps.

Then I do like him too; what makes you think he cares for me, did he ever say so? asked Emma.

I know all about it; he could not keep it to himself, and I know all that he does. James comes here; many young men come; some are very sensible, and some are very gay and dressy. Some have no hearts, some have no beards, and some have as much as Shakspeare. James has none, I like him; when he is here you are very gay. I know you like him; you need not say you do not, for I know you do. There is Tom Prime, but he talks too much. You cannot like him, he tells you all he knows, and then he can please no longer. There is Dr. Gray; he knows too much, he will bury you in science, and you will sprout and bear a crop of telescopes. Dr. Ives sings psalm-tunes; he is too good, he will make a good Catholic priest; he knows quite enough, but he does not know much. There is Bill Lenox, he is very rich, but he has no principles; he goes to clubs, and plays cards, and wears as much hair as any goat, and drinks a little. They are all sighing with broken hearts, and filling my ears with their love stories. Let me have my way, and I will send them all to Joppa. You are very young, but if your heart is gone, take James Cope, he is wealthy, sensible, and very modest; his family in Philadelphia are among their most respected citizens. He will be a live oak, and you will be a grape vine; you may bear grapes, sweet grapes, but live oaks I am sure you will have none, said Mrs. Phelps.

Aunt Phelps, what do you mean? You are a walking enigma. I cannot find you out, you are so witty. James said he should ask me to walk with him one of these lovely moonlight evenings. I will walk out with James, and see how I

do like him in evening walks; I will see if he can talk sentiment, and trifle with a grace. I like young men with playful wit, who enliven conversation; such men stay at home, and are never dry, they all drink Croton water. Suppose I should walk out on a moonlight night with James in the Fifth Avenue, will there be any danger? asked Emma.

Danger of what? He is not a giant, he cannot eat you, said Mrs. Phelps.

Suppose he should say that he loved me, what should I do? I should faint right away, said Emma.

He will throw some Croton in your face, and you will say, just repeat that remark once more, said Mrs. Phelps.

James has asked me to walk this evening, and I shall go, the moon will shine, you know, so lovely. There he comes now! I must meet him, but I do feel so frightened, said Emma.

Shall we walk to the garden? Where are the white roses? asked James.

Here is every flower that talks love's language; here is beauty, innocence, constancy, love, hope, assent, dissent, joy, sorrow; I will teach them all to you, said Emma.

I want one flower more sweet than all of these; I want a flower that charms all who gaze, and all who hear; I never heard these flowers talk, said James.

I cannot tell what you mean. There, now, take these flowers; what would you say? asked Emma.

I have this white rose, will you walk in the Fifth Avenue? I will tell you what here I would not say, said James.

I do like this splendid avenue by moonlight! Wealth, talent, beauty, all that can make life perfect is now before us; I could wish to ever live a life like these happy, happy persons, said Emma.

It is a glorious avenue; I do envy these men, who live with

their happy families. I do wish I had a house, right on this spot, and somebody to live with, said James.

You can get a house, and you can get a cat, but you cannot get a lady to live with you, said Emma.

It is sweet converse that I want—I want soul and body, said James.

What would you say to any lady, if you could get one? asked Emma.

I would talk of books, of genius, of highest aims, of pure lives, of the great Author of all things! I would read in ecstasy the beautiful thoughts of the poets. I would contemplate the virtues and the sacrifices of real and imaginary life. I would adore all that is virtuous and good; I would worship the Creator of all great things, and love the Creator of little things, as I looked at you, said James.

Well, go on, said Emma.

Emma, I do love you, said James.

I suppose you do, said Emma.

I see in the distance Madison Square. How gloriously the moon shines! Here is a club house. I consider all such houses injurious to morals and to domestic enjoyment, and every virtuous man, and every lady in the city should never cease to denounce them. They have ruined the peace of many families, and have sent wives and husbands to premature graves. Schuyler laid the foundation for his ruin here, and borrowed the funds not yet paid. This is Mr. Stewart's house—it should be called a palace. Money made by sugar will do the city more good than money made by brandy. This is Mr. Roberts' house. His picture gallery is an evidence that Mr. Roberts has taste as well as immense wealth. Mr. Hyatt is conversing in front of his own house with his partner, Mr. Howes. They have acquired fortunes by their genius, and occupy the highest places in the social circle. The Park Bank, of which Mr. Howes is President, is one of the first in

the city. This is the house of Mr. Putnam, a near relative of yours, and a merchant of great wealth. Dr. Cheeseman, one of our eminent physicians, lives in this house. Here is the residence of Live Oak. He is one of the greatest men who has adorned our city and our country; in many traits of character he stands alone. He will be the President of this country in some future contest. For sound sense, great reasoning powers, superior knowledge of men, surpassing energy, rigid integrity, and great enterprise—those very qualities most necessary in men in high stations—he stands before the country as one of our most prominent men: and had he received the nomination, he would have been elevated to the White House. He is strictly union and conservative in his views, and will command the confidence of every party and every section of this great country, and every individual who claims American sentiments or American honesty. If the country cannot unite on a man of his pre-eminent claims, a sectional man must be elected, and secession of North and South must follow. Mr. Banks is the first Speaker of the House ever elected on a sectional issue—and if a President must be elected on the same issue, he will be the last elected by thirty one United States. This is Mr. Townsend's house, and is undoubtedly the most perfect specimen of architectural display in the United States. The hall, with its four tiers of columns, resembles a small theatre; and the whole house is elegant beyond the conception of most persons. Every person of taste should ask the courteous owner for a ticket of admission, or Mr. Townsend should, once a month, open his house to the public. This is the house of Mr. C. Waddell. The situation of this house, on a summit, the grounds around it, the vines which cover the house, the garden, the flowers, the trees, the summer-house, all taken together, are not equaled in this country, and cannot be surpassed in any country. The hand of female taste is seen in the beauty of the whole. Mr. McElrath is said to be the purchaser of

this palace, and if he will occupy the house, and refuse to sell the ground around it, he will be entitled to the thanks of the whole city. This is Mr. Cox's church. From this spot you can see, at the same moment, both the North and East rivers, and there is only one other spot where both can be seen. This spot is one of the most elevated, and the surrounding landscape is not surpassed in any city. Look for a moment on the beauty that surrounds us. There is but one great free country in the whole world. All know it to be the United States. New York is the great leading State of them all; and this is the leading city of all the States. This city has but one spot of great elevation and surpassing beauty, and this is it—it is Murray Hill. You have seen it often. This very spot is the apex of our country's glory. Who would not wish to come here, and gaze upon a scene of surpassing beauty, if his heart has any sensibility? I see a landscape not surpassed in the world. There are, within two or three squares, six houses of more taste and more beauty than can be found any where in the same space. Larger piles of brick or stone, in Europe may have cost more: but as private dwellings, the abodes of the virtuous and happy, they are not surpassed in Europe or America.* This is the Croton Reservoir. From this spot shall flow, for all time, a stream of health, to bless this pure and happy city. From this fountain all may drink deep. It will not pain the head, or wound the heart. Drink deep, drink often—they shall be refreshed—they will sleep sweetly, and no dreams of burning fever will disturb their rest. Drink deep—they shall not reel from this temple to the haunts of infamy, where foul smoke and horrid forms offend the pure. Drink deep, and no sorrows, no compunctious heart-aches shall invade their pillow. Drink deep, and they shall go forth

* They are owned by Mr. J. J. Phelps, Isaac N. Phelps, G. D. Phelps, W. E. Dodge, S. P. Townsend, and C. Wadd ll or Mr. McElrath.

with the lark to meet the morn, and breathe sweet incense in this lovely avenue. Perfume shall exhale from these beautiful gardens, the evidences of purity without, and the emblems of moral purity within.

Here is a house that cost one hundred thousand dollars, and was paid for with brandy. Now we are in front of the Reservoir again. Look, Emma, on this scene of quiet beauty; can you look unmoved on a scene that nature and art have each claimed as its own most successful effort? I know you cannot, for I know your heart. The world of wealth, and taste, and talent, lie tranquilly before us, and sweet sleep will soon lock beauty, innocence, purity, and love in its embrace. Here alone, we can talk of love. In this avenue are pure life's best emblems. Life here is above nearly all the world, and it is perfumed with life's most cherished influences. In these palaces pain should never come. On faces turned to heaven in gorgeous chambers, with roses on the brow of beauty, all perfumed with happiness, none but sylphs can look. These forms of beauty soon will meditate or sleep, and the moon will watch over them. On beds of flowers, arrayed in beauty's robes of spotless white, are forms too pure for classic taste to look upon. The chaste moon may look. Diana is chaste, and so are you. On flowery beds in gardens of our love, shall cherub faces smile in innocence, and they shall be trained for happiness and heaven. We will be as innocent and pure as flowers are pure. This white rose I give to you. Place it near your heart; it comes from a benignant power, and is witness of our love. It is the emblem of purity, and while our lives are innocent, they will ever come to greet us here. We will read these names carved deep in stone on this reservoir. S. Stevens, Z. Ring, J. D. Ward, B. Birdsell, S. R. Richards. Jervis, engineer; assistants, Allen, Childs, Hastie. Builders, Price & Son. Commenced 1835, finished 1842. I wish I could inscribe my name on this temple of cold water; it should

be in characters of living light. There are vices and sufferings and degradation in this great city, that by this fountain could be washed away. If I could claim from Heaven's high altar one celestial spark, a Promethean spark of genius, power, and inspiration, then on this spot I would dip my pen in sunbeams, and inscribe my name on this ever-living temple. I would spread out a great book in this cold water temple, and when all good men, great men, and pure men come to visit us from foreign nations, they would write their names, and help us to make the country glorious. Youth and beauty, grace and loveliness, shall often linger here. Lovers shall come, and walk, and ride, and stop and gaze upon this temple. I would do more. I would from nature's pure white marble strike out a female form—it should be innocence, love, or beauty. In her right hand should be a cup, a pure white cup, from Hudson's purest marble. It should be filled with pure cold water. Come to this fountain, all you that worship virtue—your name is legion. But few who once taste will object to Croton water. There is a tyrant that we must fight, and we can do it, if you will only taste this cool refreshing water. Emma, look again. Do you see the Hudson, as it sleeps in its quiet bed? Look east. Do you see the beautiful East river? Walk near to the church. Now you can see both! You see they are both robed in silent beauty. If you have a heart, and you had one once, it will leap in joy. These rivers are flowing on, never to cease, like our Creator's goodness, said James.

I do approve your taste. This moonlight scene on no spot of earth can be surpassed. If my heart is gone, sensibility holds its place, and reigns and revels here. Lovers should come, the temperate should come, the virtuous should come, and renew their vows, and drink pure cold water, said Emma.

Emma, here I pledge myself to you! While those rivers mingle our souls are joined! May our lives ever flow on as tranquilly as those lovely rivers, said James.

On this spot, beneath this glorious orb, all may kneel, but none will kneel more willingly than I do. Here to thee, and to Heaven I bow, and am forever thine! I know we shall be happy. James, do you think the Fifth Avenue surpasses the best streets in New Haven? asked Emma.

I am not prepared to answer that question, said James.

Here is aunt Phelps's house! How very short our walk has been! said Emma.

CHAPTER IX.

INTEMPERANCE.

I'd rather be the wretch that scrawls
His idiot nonsense on the walls;
Not quite a man, not quite a brute,
Than I would vainly prostitute
My powers to serve the cause of vice,
To build some jeweled edifice
So fair, so foul—framed with such art
To please the eye and soil the heart,
That he who has not power to shun,
Comes, looks, and feels himself undone.

The next evening James left Mr. Phelps's house at the usual hour with Mr. E., and they walked slowly toward the Croton Reservoir. The laws for the improvement of the morals of this great city, were the topics of their conversation.—Mr. E. was evidently suffering under great depression.

Vice is destined to crush out virtue, and of what use is it for one class of men to spend their money and their time to reform the morals of this polluted city, while another class are making fortunes by the very vices which we are trying to expel? Catholics learned these vices in Europe, and are rapidly transplanting and fixing them here, and who can help it?—We shall soon have a perfect Sodom, and life will not be safe

in any part of the city. In Catholic Europe, and in New Orleans, the places of amusement and of dissipation are all open on Sundays, and it is the day of all others that most debases the lower classes. Napoleon's reception of his Old Guard from the Crimea, the greatest gala day ever known in France, was on Sunday; and we shall soon use our Sabbaths for no better purposes. From each open portal to the shrine of sin and sensuality, emerge fifty loathsome, creeping, staggering, debased creatures. From six thousand darkened doors, steal to wife and children, or to infamy, thousands of victims,—and this on the Sabbath! These men, frantic with passion, offend the eye and wound the heart of every virtuous being. Can the institutions of Christianity, on which we rely for all our conservative influences, be supported under such demoralization? Our streets day and night are filled with creatures more pestilential than the plague of Egypt. Human skeletons stalking through our most frequented promenades, would not so much offend the eye of female purity; they must be expelled with the Catholics and their vices. One third of the females of Paris are not virtuous, and all Catholic countries are as demoralized. For every person who is now relieved by charity, there are ten made wretched by intemperance and its vices, said Mr. E.

I am sorry to see you so much depressed, you should call your philosophy to your aid. You know that virtue is a struggle with bad influences, and would have no existence if vice did not exist; we shall now soon see who the votaries of virtue are. If all men will take sides, we are safe—for the virtuous vastly outnumber the vicious, and the only difficulty is to arouse them to action. You must not expect that you alone can make the world virtuous; it will require thousands as enthusiastic as you are, and it will require a long time to accomplish it. The victims of the strongest passions must die, and a more virtuous class, reared under better institu-

tions, and where there are no Catholics, must succeed them, before any reformation will be accomplished. Do you suppose that if every store could be closed to-morrow, all the city would be temperate? Would not the same passion for stimulants, acquired by living among contagious influences and debasing habits, still exist? The reformation must begin by elevating the tastes, the habits, and the lives of individuals. Virtuous laws cannot be sustained by vicious, imported, and degraded masses—we must first expel the degraded, or deprive them of their ruinous political influence.*

If two-thirds or three-fourths of the stores can be closed, and those of the lowest class, much will be gained, and the area of virtue may in time be extended—but vice will always exist, and you must not expect that you can turn earth into heaven, said James.

I do not expect impossibilities, and I know what human nature is; but are not all the world creatures of education and early habits? Why is this country unlike degraded Catholic Europe? Have not the early virtues, wise laws, pure examples, schools, colleges, churches, and virtuous females, and the cherished institutions of our free country, made us what we are? Shall all of these be undermined by degrees, till we have no more virtue, and no more liberty, than the abused tools of demagogues and priests in Europe? All I expect and all I ask of virtuous men, is that they will have honesty enough to sustain and obey the laws till they can be changed, if they require changing. If the minority in this emergency, and in all coming conflicts, is to govern, freedom is a name only. If men without principles are to govern the city by the nullification of laws made by a sovereign State, then sovereignty is a name only, and has no power to protect the people

* On the 14th of February, 1856, Dr. Brownson, a Catholic advocate of the views of his class, delivered a lecture in this city, in which he said "we have no right to accomplish moral ends by the legislature, or to pass temperance laws."

or its best institutions. The power that comes from money, swayed by ignorance and ambition, is the power of a demagogue, whether used by Napoleon or by the lowest leaders of the lowest factions, marshalled under Walsh, Kynders, Baker, Sickles, Seymour, or Van Buren. If the State cannot make laws upon which the very existence of our free institutions depends, then let decent men retire to Rome—where they have three hundred and seventy-five churches, and where they have assassinated one hundred and twenty persons in one night!—One tyrant is better than all the tyrants led by a few vile demagogues. The immense sums raised by these men for bribing lawyers, jurors, judges, and city officers, should rouse to immediate action all who value free institutions. Every alderman who for years granted licenses to six thousand Irishmen, to debase their own countrymen and to destroy their lives, did it in violation of his oath, and he knew it. Our laws, properly administered by honest men, would have protected the city for the last ten years, and would have rendered unnecessary the laws recently passed, and now trodden under foot mid the jeers of Seymour and his demagogues, who vetoed, and then destroyed the best law that humanity ever enacted. Seymour and Van Buren and their class did not so much oppose the temperance law because it restricted their confirmed habits, as they did because they could make political capital in pampering debased men, and pandering their worst passions. New parties and designing leaders will, like Joe Smith and the Mormons, hug any vice, and recommend it to the embrace of any party, if by prostitution they can purchase a few votes for themselves or their degraded party. These combinations so far have been too strong for virtuous men to encounter, and they have retired from the contest with disgust, if not in despair. Men unworthy of office will always join any party, however degraded, and this combination cemented in six thousand drinking places, will always be stronger than any party

that can be marshaled under the banners of virtue. Rum and ruin are inscribed on their banners, and with these, honest men will neither vote nor take office, said Mr. E.

If spirits were not sold in this city by the glass, and if all were to drink from this fountain, would the sorrows and sufferings and early deaths be lessened? asked James.

I think three-fourths of the sufferings that so deeply wound the feelings of those who from habit or sympathy are compelled to witness them, would be avoided, the lives of the lower classes greatly extended, and millions of dollars would be saved to the city every year. But the great moral reform which Mr. Delavan, Governor Clark, Judge Capron and other friends of free institutions thought was to accomplish so much, is stayed by the vices of a few individuals, and by the demagogues who are striving for power. A man was never nominated to office, and never could be elected, simply on his claim to virtuous character, and love of his country and of free institutions. Is there a heart that does not respond to the truth of these sentiments? If you will in this contest show me a man who abstains from the use of spirits, I will show you a man esteemed by all parties, and by all who know him, except politicians. If you will show me a man who claims no social or domestic virtues, I will show you a slave to spirits, and to all the habits and vices that well-regulated society most despise. If we admit by our legislation that six thousand stores are necessary, and that the vices that flow directly from them cannot be avoided, why not act consistently, and allow all their victims, including their widows and children, to die as fast as possible? Our insane hospitals are full of victims, and our almshouses give support indirectly to ten thousand persons! Why not allow them all to die without sympathy, and without notice or support? asked Mr. E.

The answer is that we call ourselves Christians, and pretend to live under the humane institutions which Christianity has

introduced; and that we as Christians are not permitted to allow members of the human family to starve to death, nor are persons by Christian institutions allowed to kill themselves or others, said James.

Then why not protect their lives while life is worth protecting, and before soul and body are debased? Does any reflecting man admit that the life of the lower classes in Catholic Europe is the natural condition of a large part of the human family? Did the Deity send a race on earth to have every tenth person destroyed by vices kept in operation by our wealthy men, and these men claiming the respect of all classes? These degraded victims, unable to protect themselves, have a right to claim the protection of all who admit that there is a difference between virtuous and vicious life. These victims could have been moulded by wholesome influences to temperance and virtue, and every reflecting man knows it. What do these vices cost? Supporting the almshouses, hospitals, and jails, are the smallest items. The first encouragement that the well-wishers to free institutions have received was from Judge Capron. The Court of Appeals may yet save us from Catholic demoralization.*

To exhibit in a strong light the importance of the Prohibitory Law, and to submit an eminently practical argument in demonstration of the urgent necessity existing for its prompt and thorough enforcement in this City, I will state that during the month of January last, 368 persons were arraigned for trial in the Court of Special Sessions. Of this number, 166 were convicted and sentenced, 182 were convicted, but the sentences were suspended for various causes, and 20 were acquitted. Fifty-one of the convicts sentenced were between the ages of 10 and 20 years, and a very large majority of those in whose cases sentence was suspended were minors, and about 100 were under the age of 16 years! The crimes for which these persons were arraigned comprehended almost the whole catalogue from petit larceny up to murder. Among the whole number, 102 were confirmed inebriates, and every one was more or less intoxicated when the act was committed for which the complaint was made, though 62 professed temperate habits. But it was a shallow pretence; their appearance belied the averment. Other very significant characteristics distinguish these cases. Nearly all of them originated in the night, a large proportion of them after midnight, and the scenes of the catastrophes were laid in fashionable drinking saloons and tippling houses of less repute. Brothels

After men and women are ruined by our own neglect, we spend our time and our money to support and to reform them. One tenth part of this sum, if spent in preventing vice and crime, would be more effectual in preventing the sufferings of females and children, and in saving the lives of those who by nature and by early contamination are rendered unable to protect and support their wives, their children and themselves. If six thousand stores take twenty-five dollars each day, there are fifty-four millions of dollars taken every year from the drinking classes, and much of it from those whose families suffer for the comforts of life, that this amount would supply. We have nearly seven hundred thousand persons in the city; and four hundred thousand spend twenty-five cents each day at the stores, and the aggregate is thirty-six millions! Compared with these items, what are taxes, schooling, churches, ministers, books, lectures, and all the institutions to which in coming years society must look for its conservative element, and its elevation? Our city tax is only a little over four millions, and we all complain of the amount. The largest part of these items of fifty-four or of thirty six millions, comes from the earnings of persons who rob it from their suffering wives and children, and in middle age they die and leave them to beggary and abject sufferings. Will the virtuous and the reflecting ever control this great city?

The largest tax to which the city and all our charitable societies and liberal individuals are subjected, would be avoided if we could save the lower classes from intemperance. If the law-makers agree in asserting that these vices are incurable, of what use are ministers, missionaries, and all the societies for the benefit of men? To be consistent, we should let the

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were not unrepresented in this long and mournful catalogue of our doomed fellow men. About 5,000 other cases of a Police character have been adjudicated in the four Police Courts of this City, in the same time!—*Extract from Judge Capron's charge to the Grand Jury, Feb.* 1856.

broad current of vice sweep off its millions without control, and without regret! But if the law-makers and the virtuous men of the country decide that six thousand stores are not necessary, then close them, and you will save ten persons where charity and almshouses and hospitals save one!

I never see the Reservoir, nor am I reminded of it, without a nervous irritability amounting almost to derangement. All kinds of creatures are dancing before my eyes—asleep or awake, the affliction is the same. I do wish I had never engaged my feelings in this temperance movement. We are not assisted by the officers of the State and city, as we should be. The men who make the laws, and the men who administer them, can do more in one year than we can do in our life time to alleviate human suffering. I am sick and entirely discouraged, said Mr. E.

Catholic votes have ruled this city, but virtuous men and a new party are now stepping forward, and will soon insure a victory that the virtuous world will hail as a triumph. Near this Reservoir I must linger. The moon is shining upon the scene before us, and we may here ask, in view of this temple, why the world is not virtuous and happy? You are disappointed in your favorite reforms; but the world is not always dark. You are not low in health—you have worked in the cause of reform till your energies are sinking under their overtaxed and unrewarded efforts—your mind is not in health, you are evidently depressed, and you may be worse. You should leave the field of your labors for a time, and visit the lovely scenes of our romantic country. You will return improved in health of mind and body, said James.

I cannot leave my post. I shall live or die in this my last contest for expiring virtue. I am called a Spiritualist, and I admit that I hold communion with departed friends; but why should I be despised? All know that I am sincere in my belief of the doctrine. Are persons to be persecuted for their

religious belief? Hark! What do I hear? Is all this a vision? Hark! What are those distant sounds? Do you hear music? Can it be Dodworth's band? Did you ever hear such inspiring music? It now approaches! There must be a procession in the street! Look, as far as the eye can reach! I see them in the thronged streets! It cannot be an illusion! They are gentlemen and ladies, two and two, all full of life and joy! Was there ever such a merry party? There are young men and young ladies, girls and boys! See them all talking and laughing! Now I see roses in their hair and in their hands! See, they have baskets full of flowers. What will they do with them? The fragrance is delicious. Is it a wedding, or is it a ball? Can we join them? See they come, they come—I never saw so many happy faces. Health on life is now presuming, beauty now in health is blooming, wreaths are on every brow, and love is sporting gayly. I now discover what it is—it is a cold water celebration!

Look! I see Judge Capron, Dodge, Oliver, Ellery, McKean, Brooks, Marsh, Delavan, Crawford, Greeley, Freeland, Burleigh, Dr. Hutton, Governor Clark, Beecher, Dr. Tyng, Swift, Minturn, Hoffman, Rogers, Bishop, Bradford, Butts, W. Clark, Z. Clark, Danforth, Dickinson, Dorrance, Field, Goodwin, Halsey, Hitchcock, Hopkins, Munroe, Putnam, Richards, Robertson, Sherrill, Walker, Whitney, Williams, Baldwin, J. Bennett, J. P. Bennett, Beyea, Blakeslee, Boynton, Brush, Buckley, Bushnell, Chester, Cocks, S. B. Cole, Covey, Eames, Everest, Fairchild, Ferdon, Fitch, Gates, Gleason, Goddard, Headley, Hull, Hunt, Jimmerson, C. P. Johnson, L. B. Johnson, Kendig, Knapp, Kirkland, Lamport, Leigh, Littlefield, Lourie, Machan, McKinney, Mallory, Main, Masters, May, E. Miller, L. Miller, Munro, Odell, Paine, D. Palmer, F. W[illegible]lmer, Peck, Pennoyer, Platt, Ramsay, Raymond, Ricke[illegible]der, Rhodes, Schuyler, B. Smith, J. A.

Smith, S. Smith, Speaker, Stanton, Stebbins, Stevens, Storrs, Terhune, G. Tompkins, I. Tompkins, Van Etten, Van Osdol, Warner, Walker, Ward, Wells, E. S. Whalen, S. S. Whallon, A. G. Williams, G. D. Williams, Wilsey, Wisner, Wooden, Wygant, Hewitt, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, Asa Parker, W. W. Cornell, Kellogg, Benedict, Buckman, North, J. B. Cornell, Falconer, Lewis, De Groot, Wolfe, Mackibbin, Dr. Wilson, Jas. Harper, D. Fanshaw, A. Brush, H. Lloyd, Hon. C. C. Leigh, A. E. Beach, Francis Godine, James O. Bennett, O. H. Lee, John W. Oliver, Rev. Heman Bangs, L. B. Loder, J. Sudlow, Worrall, Duff, Livingston, Weeks, Edner, Forrester, Havens, Lewis, Falconer, Field, J. F. Williams, J. S. Miller, Stephenson, Quinan, Tate, Henry Moore, George Myers, Buckman, Dr. Townsend, Blackett, James W. Barker, John Savery, E. S. Halsted, Anson G. Phelps, Shepherd, Morison, Crasto, Dr. Kirby, Dr. Kennedy, S. R. Spelman, Stephen Barker, B. F. Pinckney, Harriott, Patterson, Irving, Shipman, Rusher, Budd, Dr. Wm. Miller, Terbell, Hartley, Baxter, Sherman, Chapin, Ellery, Edgerly, Rev. C. J. Warren, Andrus, Halsted, Joy, Leonard, H. Moore, Purdy, Macdonough, Hinton.

They are all in rich dresses—how gay they are! The sight is lovely. The music now is changed. Hark!—it is now the organ that leads the anthem! They come—they come—the whole city comes to worship around this cold water temple. See them fill their flowing bowls with sparkling water, and quaff health and happiness in gushing streams. We will leave them to their devotions.

What horrid sight is that? Look! Do you see the house that was built with brandy? Hark! The music now is changed! Is that the dirge of death? What are those creatures that now approach? Have they all been drinking in that house? I see! They are demons diabolical, and foul spectres from infernal regions! I must avert my eyes—the scene is too appalling! Is that the dance of death? Oh, I

cannot die! I was innocent! I am but a child! I must be spared this death! Who says they must be spared? Who says they are but a child? Who says they cannot die? You are all dead, in horrid torments burning! See—they dance and sing, and shout and yell! Were these spectres ever mortals? Must I look on such sights? Oh, do spare me! Who are they? Oh, see their dress! I cannot look on creatures without senses! Their clothes are loose, and their forms are but half concealed; they have no reason, their eyes stand out and stare! Can they see their own horrid condition? They will kill each other or themselves, no matter which! Have they come from attics, or cellars, or vile streets? Now I see they are all children, led away to ruin! What fiend has invaded life's purest, holiest garden? Where do twenty-four thousand live? They do not live—they are fallen angels and children, and exist only in the imagination, in dreams, and in awful visions of men who drink cold water! Oh Heaven!—See them fight! With every blow comes passion's horrid desolating fire, see it from the bare body flashing! See the huge monster in the distance; he now approaches: it is that snake-like monster called grim Alcohol, covered with spots and stripes of all colors! He has a head—a female head; he looks delighted Send me more, send me more, these souls I like; I deal in fire and fiery passions; I lure the innocent to ruin; I want souls, I will have them. I want the innocent and unsuspecting—I want thousands! Where are your ships? send for more poison; set your stills all going, we must crush this foolish virtue! See how he rears his awful head;—it towers up like a great steeple. Now his forked tongue is flashing fire! This horrid stench of sulphureous gas will stop my breath, and I shall die with deep emotion. I cannot look again! You will not tell me that these horrid spectres, once had flesh, and lived in beauty's form, all clothed in innocence and loveliness? Were they ever made in their Creator's im-

age, with faces of angelic sweetness, looking up to heaven, or kneeling, and asking aid for genius, and highest aspirations? You do not mean that they once were innocent! They were as innocent, as pure, as lovely, as intellectual as Heaven could make them, was the response. Then who has caused this horrid, horrid profanation of our Creator's fairest, sweetest, holiest image! Now they are marching off to death. Oh these sounds—are they the discord of the infernal regions;—you do not call it music! Oh see the throngs of children!—this is more than my heart can bear! But they must go, for they cannot live in a pure city! They lived on rum, and the stores are closed, and Governor Clark and Judge Capron have given them a walking ticket. But they are marching to a doom too horrible to contemplate. Pangs of life are deep—but pangs of death are deeper. I hear wails of anguish that ascend to heaven. I see tears of deep contrition on cheeks once beautiful! I was nurtured in poverty. I roamed the streets; no father's care, no mother's kisses ever pressed these cheeks; but I came from my Creator pure and holy!

I do pity thee! Thy life, once innocent, was placed by Providence in our care. Thy wails are ever sounding in my ear, and driving me to life's deepest agony. You are destroyed, and hold responsible before a just Heaven, the fathers of this great city, and all who live on crimes.

But look again at the house built with brandy. From its spacious doors comes forth a host of men and boys, you cannot count them! What is the condition of them all? Are they all crazy? They have music. Hark! The notes distress me; they are lascivious! The men are all reeling to and fro, and the sight is horrible. Do you hear them scream and yell, and call God's name in horrible oaths! They must be demons diabolical! Now I see, they are young men, and old men with faces all red and full of foul sores and diseases. Do you see patches and blotches, and hairless heads, with bloated

bodies full of contagion, bound up in rags so horribly repulsive! Their eyes are swollen, they cannot see; their limbs are stiff. Where have they been and where are they going—is it to scenes of vice and sin? Where do they live? This avenue has no young men who join in such processions! They come from Tammany—they come from the Five Points—they come from Catholic Europe—they come from six thousand bad places! I see boys who came to this city from the country, from the schools and colleges of the South and distant cities, all of them pure, and with their mother's kisses fresh upon their cheeks. Were all these creatures temperate once? Then how came they crazy? Are they all going to ruin, to degradation, to deep disgrace of fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters? I do pity them! Are they James Irving, Paudeen, John Morrissey, Turner, Harrington, Country McCluskey, Johnny Ling, Seymour, Walsh, Rynders, Sickles, Ellery, Robbins, Millwood, Wolfe, Brownson, Dr. Sanborn, Baker, Bogart, Stuart, Van Buren, Hall, Hearne, Hillman, Beers.—Are there any persons who voted against the Maine law?

Barnard, Barr, Crooks, Crosby, Hutchins, Lansing, Pratt, Spencer, Storing, Watkins, Yost. Aitken, Allen, Baldwin, Baker, Beecher, Blakeslee, Blatchford, Blessing, Bridenbecker, Campbell, Case, Chapin, Churchill, Clark, E. Cole, Coleman, Comstock, Conger, Davidson, Davy, Devening, Dixon, Donnan, Dumont, Edwards, Emans, Green, Evans, Maguire, McLaughlin, Mundy, O'Keefe, Parsons, Petty, Phelps, Seymour, Smalley, W. B. Smith, Terhune, Wager, Waterbury, Weed.

Are there any who met in convention to oppose the laws of our sovereign State?

R. French, New York;

M. Bunce, Kings county;

Mr. Simmons, Rensalaer county;

Ezra Trull, Montgomery county;

Stephen J. Thorn, Oneida county;

W. G. Veeder, Chemung;

O. H. Booth, Dutchess county.

Albany county—John Taylor, Jacob Hendrickson, William Davis, John Irvars, John Tracy, Friend A. Andrews, Lucius Brighard, W. Weldon, Philip Dunne H. A. Veazie, Jun. Ch. Ashley, W. D. Herrick.

Broome county—L. S. White, J. B. Lewis, J. B. Bodie.

Chemung county—W. L. Rosder.

Cortlandt county—W. S. Copeland, Isaac Fairchild, C. Kohler.

Dutchess county—O. H. Booth, N. Palmer, John McLean.

Erie county—Lyman Knapp, H. L. Fowler, J. V. Vanderpool.

Genesee county—Robert S. Syme, William T. Lawrence, John Chapman, Hiram Peet, Amos Spencer, O. B. Davis, W. E. Skidmore, Duncan MacNaughten, G. Kellogg, Geo. Knowles, S. A. Wilson, Eli Fish.

Herkimer county—John Golden, John V. Hosch, W. Chapman.

Kings county—John Langstaff, Edward E. Collins, Thos. Toynbee, George B. Ring, A. A. Myers A. J. Harrison, John Buckley.

Lewis county—Thomas L. Sheldan, James Redrie, Thos. Atwood, J. H. Sheldon, R. S. Stevens, S. M. Van Nomer, H. C. Oatman, J. Darley, E. C. Rotter, David Stillman, C. Woodsworth, E. Jones.

Montgomery county—J. Snack, John Flint, R. B. Adams, Ezra Trall, H. Sons.

New York—C. W. Campbell, James Cassidy, James Wallace, M. Mooney, E. J. Darcey, R. B. Fairchild, C. H. Ring, George Cox, J. W. Cogswell, B. G. Maloney, Christian W. Schaffer, J. Harrison, A. R. Booth, M. M. Lard, H. Van Velser, J. Blackbourne, R. C. Montgomery, J. H. Williams,

George W. Fowler, A. M. Matthews, A. K. Browne, Edward Story, Gilbert C. Dean, H. O. Read, J. L. Linheim, R. Onderdonk, M. Towmay, John Hoft, Lewis Kelly, John W. Steinfelt, E. L. Donnelly, W. Raynor, Thomas Whelan, Jas. Daly, Martin Doscher, Horatio Reed, P. G. Taylor, William Roach, William Dornan, W. Tappan, L. Munsen, Henry B. Venn, Charles Rittsfield, James Keane, W. Howe, Jas. Mulvihill, B. Kelly, J. H. Myers, M. Smith, J. H. Burnett, John J. Armour.

Oneida county—J. Crook, T. S. Thorne, P. V. Midnard, M. McDarley, John F. Kettel, P. Keiser, M. McQuade, Chas. Rouck, N. Morris.

Onondaga county—G. B Parker, J. Ritchie, J. H. Johnston, J. K. Williams, J H. Scoville, H. Candee, H. W. Chadwick, G. H. Earle, W. W. Segge, D. Wallace, G. Greenway, H. Kingsley.

Rensselaer county—L. Powers, J. Simons, P. S. Malloney.

Richmond county—T. S. Jones, A. Vanderbilt, T. Swinton.

Steuben county—S. A. Thing.

Schuyler county—F. J. Taylor, M. Freer, I. Curtis.

Westchester county—G. Goold.

Yates county—L. Thompson, N. H. Walson, A. Beals, C. Hubbard, Amasa Trull, Richard Noshden, George Cubaugh.

Wayne county—Joshua Coydon, Charles E. Elliott, W. H. Coffin, Silas Rook, P. G. Barney, W. Hanan.

Morris county—A. Saywood, C. A. Key.

Saratoga county—J. F. Blanchard.

Where are they all going? It cannot be that such men will join the fallen angels, or oppose our best institutions—they should be men of virtue, and I hope they are. But these horrid sounds are ever in my ear, and haunting my imagination. I cannot see murder most foul, of soul and body. Kind Heaven, is it thy decree, that innocence, virtue, life, love, and all that on earth is worth possessing, shall be immolated on

six thousand infernal altars? In thy goodness, give us another dispensation, give us a new revelation of thy power and love, give us thy own inspiration to speak, to urge, to beg for a reformation?

Mr E. now seemed nearly exhausted with his paroxysm. Restoratives were not to be obtained. Soon after, he seemed to be in conversation with an invisible person, which he imagined was McFlippin.

I see a well-dressed man, I know your name, it is McFlippin, for it cannot be a vision, I have not lost my senses! See, he bows, said Mr. E.

Mr. E., you seem to be absorbed with some deep affliction, and I am sorry for it, but I can relieve your suffering, and I will do it; my name, you know, is McFlippin. I have reflected some on this state of things which now disturbs you, and all such men, and I have come to the conclusion, that things are all right. The truth is, you start from wrong premises. You think all the blessings of this great country, come from a good creator. There never was a greater mistake, and I can prove it. There is no creator, and we will hear of none. There is no revelation, and we Catholics know it. You Protestants may save your labor, no reformation is necessary. the world was made for Catholics and rum-sellers. In Catholic France, they enshrined, and worshiped a female creature, and called it the goddess of reason. Napoleon worshiped no other, they do not anywhere in Catholic Europe. They all say that death ends torments, and virtues too, all die like beasts. Our best institutions do not come from virtuous men, they come from drinking-places, and the Catholics all know it. Sweet infancy, beauty, loveliness, domestic happiness, all, all, our cherished blessings, are sent from the bad regions, by infernal demons! We can prove it! Peace, good order, quiet sabbaths, freedom, schools, churches, all holy influences will prevail, when we all worship the evil spirits; we shall

burn the schools and Protestant churches! You must be fools,—you are worse than fanatics to think that you can plant virtue in this soil of vice. We claim it all for the Catholic virtues of Europe. We know what liberty is—we come from the land of virtues. Liberty is to dance, and sing, and drink, and ride, and gamble with our Catholic party, on Sundays, and all other days; it is to elect our own Catholics, and we will do it. Napoleon enshrined the vices, and all who bowed their heads were chained to despotism; he banished virtue, and we will do it. We have priests without wives, you will not doubt their virtues? Do you think we are less virtuous than they are? We have large funds, and rich men to help us; we have Catholics, high in office, and we have papers, and rich subscribers. Now let the fight begin,—we are ready, said McFlippin.

I yield to you; our cause is lost, the contest is unequal. Give us ruin, give us ruin, give us vice, and sin, erect your gallows, call your brothers in; we join the march! The trumpet notes are notes of joy; to death, to misery, sin and degradation, we march with Catholic banners flying in triumph over us! Rome reigns, and the country lies bleeding at her feet! Here I drop a tear, let it blot out my hopeless exhortations, said Mr. E.

Mr. E., I am distressed to see your great depression: it will, I think, be removed with more cheering news. Judge Capron is with you, and the Court of Appeals may yet sustain the law; and enable you to recover your serenity of mind; and I sincerely hope you will find relief. Your mind is strained to an undue degree, and you are entitled to the sympathy of all the well-wishers to the cause in which you are engaged. You must not regard the cause as desperate because men oppose the laws, or nullify them; these things have always been done by one class of men for money, and always will be said James.

I will admit that I am subject to attacks of nervous affection or delirium, and I feel that one is now approaching. At such times I am a spiritualist, and can converse with spirits above, and spirits visit and converse with me here, who have been dead for years. You would not call me a monomaniac! I have not lost my senses! You do not think that I am insane! I may be under a slight hallucination! You surely do not call me insane, do you? I can at times look up to the great orb which shines upon us, and almost see those with whom I was once united. My wife, my daughters! Life without them is not worth possessing. I have lost my judicial robes, and now in sorrow I am sinking. O Heaven, restore my family. Restore them to me here! I cannot live, I cannot die in desolation! It was thy goodness, Oh my Creator, that framed that orb; it is thy goodness that continues this glorious light. For this, for all thy goodness, I do thank thee. The lily of the field, the perfumed rose, the sweet-scented violet, are thy gifts. The hills, the valleys, the flowery streams, the meadows so green and beautiful——. The rich harvest that pours its boundless wealth into the lap of industry—the lowing herds that feed on thy rich bounties—the noble horse which prances gaily—the wealth of this great and happy country—the canals, the railroads, the banks, all that represent its boundless blessings—the great cities of this peaceful, happy country—the rich legacies of rich men to virtue, religion, education, and to suffering, sinking, heart-stricken humanity—Oh how much we owe them all——The Union, now and forever, of all hearts to promote the good and the wise measures of the South, the North, and all other sections—the pleasant Avenues, like belts of gold, all fringed with gardens, and gushing fragrance—the sweet zephyr that kisses the cheek of beauty—these gorgeous, glorious, happy palaces where life, innocence, beauty, taste, virtue, temperance, exist, and all that in life is lovely—the great temples erected to the

living God; their splendor, their size, their beauty, represent thy boundless goodness. Here thy messengers without dogmas shall show the way to Heaven. The men who show that human frailty, passion, and ambition, are the rocks on which all free governments have foundered—the men who show that we should be satisfied with our blessings, and that perfection in men and institutions is not a part of humanity. The schools of science which elevate the whole human family, till men can talk in imagination with the Divinity; thou didst not thus with revelations enlighten Moses— The charms of literature, that melt the heart with rapture—the great orbs which roll in never-ending harmony—the great men who have lived and died, the great men who yet live to hold communion with thee, and with all thy children, and give us all the revelations of thy goodness— The millions of suns and stars, and solar systems, which astronomy has opened to our view, enlarging our contemplation and inflaming our imagination— The clear and sure conviction that dogmas are impediments to mental progress— The love of light, of truth, of investigation, spread abroad by men of liberal and enlarged intellect— The rural scenes of quiet loveliness, the shady trees, the quiet walk, the cultivated fields— The ocean's safety, the quick and sure flight across its troubled bosom, to scenes as dear as life and love, and thy great developments can make them— The clear and sure conviction that thy life and love are everywhere, in thy first and last, and never-ending revelations— All, all of these, and thousands of other evidences that thou art good, and that man is good, if he can oppose bad influences— Beyond all others, the clear and sure, the undoubted evidences, that if we oppose bad influences successfully, we shall be with thee in happiness forever and forever.

For these all, Oh my Creator, we do thank thee. Here we offer incense on the altar of thy goodness! Before thy

goodness fails, all, all thy goodness has bestowed shall fail and crumble— The rose shall lose its sweetness, the lily shall lose its colors, fragrance shall rise no more to charm the senses— The hills shall fall, the valleys rise, the streams refuse to flow— The rich harvests shall turn to chaff, the rich soils shall be ash-heaps— The lowing herds shall die, and leave the farms all desolate— All wealth shall turn to dross, and gold shall be turned to stones, and saving banks shall pass to robbers— Railroads and canals shall sink to murky pits, all stagnant— Schools shall be turned to places for dissipation, with forms all debased and daubed with horror— Science shall lose its expounders, its votaries, its worshipers— The inspiration of literature shall turn to foul influences, and give tales of dark and deadly scenes of pollution, and stories of saints that no man of truth believes— Men of sense and vast capacities, made by God to lead the virtuous, shall be drowned in their potations— These lovely avenues where we do walk, shall be filled with foul weeds, with briars, and with poisonous herbs— The cool western breeze which fans the cheek of beauty, shall turn to the poisonous sirocco— These gorgeous, glorious happy palaces, shall be filled with creatures all spawning in slime, in pollution, and horrid degradation— The great, the good, the holy temples, shall send forth notes of horrid discord, which appall the heart and show that all is lost— The abolition of men from all restraint of laws, of principles, God's wholesome laws, is now complete! Anarchy rears his awful head and mane, and looks round with eyeballs glaring fire— Your color, your age, your intellect are nothing; give reins to passions diabolical, and send back the whole world to chaos and to death! Oh, God, are these to be true? The great lizards of the ancient world, and serpents of awful dimensions, shall roam and reign— Huge black monsters with tails and horns, flat heads, bodies beastly, half man, half horrid creature, with clubs

are dashing out each other's brains, and the brains of white men, the brothers of us all— Great rivers of blood, flowing from war, by passions kindled, and by dogmas, and by Catholic rebellion— By children without parents, and parents without children, priests without wives, but with innumerable children— The cohesion of society all lost, rum-selling Catholics laughing at ghosts of dead victims— The rivers of blood still flowing on, and sending forth from bog, fen, and pit, corruption and horrid stench— The great universe itself, with glorious suns, the source of all light, the stars that shine, the orbs that roll, the world of thy beneficence, all wrapt in fire, and in fury hurled to desolation and to ruin! The stars now are falling! From the moon comes showers of blood! All emblems of virtue and virtuous men are now destroyed, and life no more is worth possessing. The whole creation now stands aghast! All loveliness, all beauty, all innocence, and infancy lie crushed and bleeding! The human heart, the richest temple by Providence created, now sends forth groans of never dying misery. The sun is now a great blank in heaven, and chaos and darkness reign!

When all these shall come, then, but not till then, shall devotion cease to burn on the altar of the heart. But thy love, O my Creator, will still beam and glow and shine on all, said Mr. E.

Mr. E., is that from Cowper, or is it stuff that you make up as you go along? asked James.

I have been dreaming stuff; did I speak loud? I do believe I have lost my senses, said Mr. E.

To be sure you did speak loud; I did not understand a word of it; I was thinking of the party which Mrs. Phelps will give in her new house that we are now approaching. Are you a poet? asked James.

What do you call a poet? asked Mr. E.

A man is a poet when he talks a language which nobody

understands, and if he were to be understood there would be no sense in it, said James.

I must admit that my mind is slightly disordered, said Mr. E.

I advise you to call on Dr. Bogert, and explain your case; I do not think he will shave your head, as he is going to serve the abolitionists: he says all who have but one idea in their head are crazy. Spiritualists, abolitionists, and cold water advocates, are men of one idea only, and are regarded by him as crazy.

Your efforts in the cause of temperance will, I fear, be your death, if you cannot elect temperance aldermen; and that can never be done while six thousand storekeepers have more money than temperance men, said James, as they ended their moonlight rambles.

Mr. Cope often passed weeks at New Haven. Mr. and Mrs. Putnam were delighted with his graceful manners, his splendid talents, and his vast resources for conversation. He was a constant visiter of the highly literary circle of that delightful city. He was never idle; the library was his constant resort. One evening he was alone with Mrs. Putnam.

Mrs. Putnam, you cannot be unacquainted with the circumstances under which I have visited your house so often; to you is known the attachment which exists between Emma and myself. We have exchanged our vows, and wait only for your approval. I need not tell you how happy I shall be to receive it. I have seen no other, I can see no other person whom I can love; I could not live without her, said James.

Our Emma is young, and she is our pride. Around every tendril of our heart are woven affections as strong as life itself; we cannot live, we cannot die, without her presence.

Will you be to Emma a true and affectionate friend as long as life lasts? asked Mrs. Putnam.

I will, said James.

We resign her to you. May life in the affections of each other be long and happy, here and hereafter, saids Mrs. Putnam.

She shall not live long! was uttered by an invisible voice.

DESPOTISM.

CHAPTER X.

THE WEDDING.

The beauteous maid, who bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face:
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
Bursts through the cypress-walk, the convent cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance and swell the choral song;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

ROGERS.

EMMA, we shall depend on your being married at our house. You know that our circle is large, and will be better accommodated in our house than they can be in your father's.

Your parents, I am sure, will indulge us in so reasonable a request. We have had no party in our new house, and it is time that we invited our friends, said Mrs. Phelps.

Before I accept your kind offer I must write to my parents—I would not oppose them in a measure so interesting to their feelings, said Emma.

You are perfectly right; in a matter of so much importance you should not think of deciding without consulting them. I

hope you will write immediately, that nothing may be left undecided, said Mrs. Phelps.

The same evening Emma sent the following letter to New Haven:

NEW YORK, — Fifth Avenue.

My dear Parents-

Aunt Phelps has this day kindly offered me a wedding at her house. I have not accepted her offer, nor shall I think of accepting it till I hear from you. She says that her house will accommodate our large circle better than ours. This we are all aware is the case. I am sensible of the strong desire you both must feel to have your daughter married at home, and I shall not so far depart from the duty that I owe you, as to offer a single argument on the other side. Perhaps I may be allowed to say, that if all things were favorable, it would be agreeable to my feelings to be married in the Fifth Avenue of this splendid city. I will not deny to you, my dear parents, that I have a little pride on this occasion. James is a member of one of the most wealthy and respectable families in Philadelphia, and he has taken a house in the Fifth Avenue, and here we hope to pass a long life of happiness. Very many of the residents of this Avenue I may never meet, if an introduction does not come through aunt Phelps. The evening of our wedding would seem to be a suitable time for this introduction.

At this moment, my dear parents, when I am about to bow at a new altar, it is peculiarly appropriate for me to allude to that home which to me has been one of such unalloyed happiness. The education that you have given me, your unwearied care in watching over my infancy and my later years; those rich examples set me in your own lives—but beyond every thing else, that strictly religious education that you have be-

stowed on me—all united have created an obligation that I am entirely unable to repay. A lifetime devoted to a discharge of those obligations is all that I can promise! This I do promise! The affection that you have lavished on me, the numerous omissions on my own part that now constantly press on my mind, fill me with the deepest appreciation of your goodness.

You will, I hope, forgive me for all my wayward acts that now at times oppress my heart. In all the gay scenes of life through which I have passed, I have never failed to bow before the altar and supplicate for your happiness. If a vain thought, a hasty word, an unkind rebuke escaped me, I have asked forgiveness of Him who was tempted as we are tempted. The spirit of thankfulness, that daily incense of the heart, has always risen from the family altar; and while life lasts, no engagement, no intrusion, no temptation shall ever interfere with that duty. Whatever your decision in this case may be, be assured that I will cheerfully comply. I am soon to leave a home of more than usual attraction, to join at a new altar one whom I believe to be worthy of my affection. I shall give to him a sincere heart, as warm as I believe his to be.—That he loves me, I feel assured; that he shall love me no less, shall be my constant care. You have seen him often, and know his worth.

His talents are of the highest order, he has received a religious education, and what blessings have I to ask of Providence that have not been showered on me? Isabella, dear Isabella, she will be to you an affectionate daughter when I am far from you. Love her, I know you will—cherish her for my sake; lead her through the pleasant paths of education and of virtue—store her mind, improve her heart, and she will pay back the rich debt of affection.

I cannot say all that now presses on this heart, but whether

in the retirement of domestic life, at my own house, or at some romantic spot in our own country, or in the consecrated temples of Europe, I will ever turn my thoughts to you.

My life, my whole life to you I owe—in happiness each day my heart to you shall flow. While life shall last, accept the offering that now and always I will give to you.

EMMA.

The next mail brought the following letter:

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

Dear Daughter—

Your very kind letter is received. We wish to acknowledge our great obligations to your uncle and aunt for their very kind offer of giving you a wedding at their house. We have given the subject a mature consideration, and we now offer you our entire concurrence in any arrangement that you may make with your aunt for your wedding. We should be delighted to have you married at home, but you have offered sufficient reason for your choice.

We are pleased with your very affectionate letter, and had our claims on you been greater than they are, we should have felt that you had amply discharged the debt.

You ask what Providence could have bestowed that you have not received?

In this line there is a sentiment that we all feel to be just, and from it flows an obligation which it will take a lifetime to discharge. You have been a recipient of all the blessings, and we know you will ever acknowledge the goodness of the Author of them all.

The life that you are about to commence, is the only life of happiness. Matrimony was made to adorn the world; it is the purifier and sanctifier of lives otherwise less virtuous and less pure. May it be to you the rich legacy that virtue pays to merit.

Under its guidance may your life be as pure as your youth has been. New scenes will open to you; new responsibilities must be assumed. You must discuss fearlessly all the great movements of the day. One great object must engross all other purposes of life. It is to lead, and elevate, and dignify the whole family of man.

Life is a checkered scene. To none is given perfect happiness. You may have dark hours, and you must meet them; by them we are disciplined for another and purer life. You will, I hope, find flowers in your path. Perfume I hope will rise; spring will invite you forth to new enjoyments—autumn will yield rich fruits—in winter the fireside will bring the rich culture of the mind and heart. Your capacities for enjoyment are enlarged by the culture that your mind has received. There will be claims on you that you cannot neglect. The pains of sickness and sorrow that may surround you, you must assuage. As a member of the great family, you must be ever ready to sustain your part of its duties and its responsibilities. In the great mission of life to place deep in the soil the seeds of virtue, the demand upon each member is equal to the capacity with which he is endowed.

The cultivated fields, the perfumed gardens, the rich fruits of life by you enjoyed, were placed around you by the care of others. In your turn you must gather around home and around society, the sweet influences that shall adorn the lives of those who come after you and lead them upward. If I have said too much, it is because I have felt too deeply the responsibilities of a parent. Isabella is more and more dear to us. She shall join you in season.

Affectionately, YOUR PARENTS.

The day for the wedding was fixed, and was placed some time in advance, to allow time for extensive preparations. The cards were distributed. A large number were sent to

Boston, Albany, Philadelphia, Washington, and New Haven. A wedding is always a matter of interest, but there were certain circumstances that gave this unusual interest.

Isabella arrived from New Haven.

Tiffany & Co., Ball, Black & Co., Tenney, Stewart, Genin, Beck, Lord & Taylor were unusually busy.

The inquiries in the upper circles were, Have you received an invitation to the wedding party at Mrs. Phelps? Those who were compelled to say no, were in deep affliction. How mortifying that I did not get an invitation! My husband is worth one million of dollars! Mr. Beach says so, and his authority is unerring, said Mrs. Smith.

I declare, I mean my husband shall buy a house in the Fifth Avenue! I will not live in Union Square, said Mrs. Jones.

Are there any houses for sale in the Fifth Avenue? asked Mrs Coles.

My husband is building a number, said Mrs. Astor.

Mr. Wolff offers his for one hundred thousand dollars said Mrs. Townsend.

I wish Mr. Waddell would sell his, it is the most perfect gem in the city, said Mrs. Bartlett.

My husband will sell his for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, said Mrs. Townsend.

There are seven hundred cards distributed, and I know hundreds who are disappointed, said Mrs. Taylor.

When you have another party, shall you give them alcohol or coffee? asked Mrs. Parker.

I have had enough of alcohol at one party, says Mrs. S——.

Did you know that there was an awful time at Mr. G——'s party? asked Mrs. Cooley.

I heard that a company of young men have discarded all decency, and desecrate every parlor to which they obtain access, said Mrs. Parker.

How many can Mrs. Phelps entertain in her large house? asked Mrs. Brevoort.

Eight hundred, probably, by throwing all the rooms into one, said Mrs. Pennyman.

I know a great many who have not received cards, but I have mine, said Mrs. Vanderpool.

I know that Mrs. Phelps can have every person to whom she may please to send cards, said Mrs. Lawrence.

You do not think Mrs. Phelps would send cards to any person with whom she is not personally acquainted? She stands too high for that! It may be done in some streets, but not in the Fifth Avenue, said Mrs. Carnes.

I consider Mrs. Phelps the most accomplished lady in my circle of friends; and any person whom you meet at her house, you may be pleased to give a nod of recognition from your coach, said Mrs. McElrath.

I agree with you—many of my pleasantest friendships were formed at her house, said Mrs. Van Dusen.

I do not believe that Mr. Phelps is worth more than Mr. Astor, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Stewart, or Mr. Wetmore; do you? asked Mrs. Randal.

How much are they worth? asked Mrs. Wheeler.

So many millions that you cannot count them, said Mrs. Carnes.

How do you know when you have made all your calls? asked Mrs. Bayard.

I keep a ledger, and enter the name of all my visitors, said Mrs. Murray.

If a lady should call on you whose name had not been regularly entered, what should you do? asked Mrs. Bayard.

I should certainly deny myself. No gentleman or lady can call on me, or any person with whom I visit in the Fifth Avenue, without their names are on my books, said Mrs. Murray.

Thompson was busy—Taylor was busy—but Wagner

seemed the popular man. He rides in his own coach, said Mrs. Waldron.

The night arrived. Brown was in his place.

The wedding was to be at eight o'clock, and the company were invited at nine.

A voice came from Brown.

Ladies and gentlemen, will you walk into the circular room?

The rush was great. The bride's trousseau was displayed, in dazzling beauty! No description will be attempted, for none could do it justice. The gold set was the most striking object.

Mr. Tiffany has certainly gained laurels, said Mrs. Bogert.

The necklace, the bracelets, the watches, the pins, the silver, the indescribable articles would astonish any person not familiar with the most successful results of the fine arts.

The company returned to the lower rooms. The whole of the lower floor was by some contrivance of folding and sliding doors thrown into one immense room. When lighted, the effect was beautiful! By an ingenious arrangement of the decorator, one end of this immense floor—we cannot call it a room—was a gorgeous India tent. This tent was constructed of rich satin. On each side was a slight lattice, and over this were arranged thousands of the most beautiful japonicas, worked into a thousand fancy forms of beauty by the hand of taste. Mrs. Phelps had been weeks selecting and comparing colored material, to be interlaced and festooned around the pillars and columns, and the whole was a tasteful palace.

Is this all real, or is it some illusion? asked Mr. Bradish.

Of all the displays of taste and of scenic effect, this is the most successful effort that I ever saw, or could possibly have imagined, said Mrs. Wood.

In all the parties that I have ever attended, I have never seen any house so elegantly decorated as this, said Mrs. Varian.

Mrs. Phelps was as much at ease as if she had been enter-

taining half a dozen of her most intimate friends, and she placed all her company equally at ease.

I see a very handsome young lady now standing near Emma. What is her name? asked Mr. Adriance.

That is Isabella, the adopted sister of Emma, said Mrs. Beekman, and near her is Mrs. Putnam, the mother. How very young she is!

Eight o'clock arrived. Mr. Cox came into the room.

Emma was dressed in lace, and a lace veil reached nearly to the floor. Isabella and the bridesmaids were also dressed in lace. Neither had a single article of jewelry. Emma had a white rose in her hair. James was animated—Emma rather sedate.

James, will you come to New Haven to live? asked Isabella.

I shall certainly be at New Haven very often, said James.

But I want you and sister Emma to live at New Haven said Isabella.

They all took their places without effort. The tableau was perfectly beautiful, and was never surpassed. Wealth and taste can accomplish great results. Those who were not present may never witness an equal display. Those who saw it will ever recur to it with delight.

Emma, always beautiful, was now more beautiful than ever. Isabella was thought by some to surpass Emma. To an elegant form, James added the ease and grace of the most perfect gentleman. He was Nature's nobleman.

Wilt thou have Emma to be thy wedded wife? asked Mr. Cox.

I will, was the response.

Wilt thou have James to be thy wedded husband?

I will, was the sweet response.

Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

I do, was the response.

With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow.

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, amen!

Their numerous friends were each anxious to be the first to congratulate them; and a more lovely scene was never witnessed.

Soon after the ceremony the company arrived, few at first, but more rapidly as the evening advanced. The name of each person was announced by one of the six ushers, and after exchanging short congratulations, passed to the right. The crowd became excessive. The display of beauty, taste and fashion, talent, dress, every thing that can give interest to large assemblies, was concentrated here.

Mrs. Phelps was every where. She moved with the grace of a queen, but with the charm of familiar friendship.

Mrs. Phelps, I have seen many weddings, but never one so interesting as this. The age, the beauty, the rich display, the tent, the whole collectively, is perfectly magnificent, said Mrs. Brown of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Phelps, I am sure you must have suggested these splendid decorations. No other person could have produced such an astonishing effect, said Mrs. Lawrence of Boston.

Mrs. Cope, I shall depend on an early visit from you. Mrs. Phelps, you must recollect that you promised to visit us with the bridal party, said Mrs. Brown.

What is the name of that truly beautiful girl near your husband? asked Mrs. Rush of Philadelphia.

That is Miss Maxwell, the most queenly lady in the city, said Mrs. Phelps.

Do you see those two lovely girls near the corner of the room? They are the Misses L——, and are not surpassed in beauty and accomplishments by any ladies in the city, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mr. Pentz and Mr. Smith, men of great wealth, are in con-

versation, and on their left is Mr. Lenox. Mr. Strong and Mr. Underhill are now approaching us. Mr. Jones and Mr. Cabot are near the window in conversation with Mr. Compton. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman are walking on the other side of the room. Mr. Nesmith, the rich ship owner, is in conversation with Mr. Grinnell. Near him is Mr. Mortimer, who has acquired near half a million by his genius. Commodore Stockton has just entered the room. The Americans should nominate him for President—no man is more popular. Mr. Dabny, the partner of Duncan and Sherman, is now in conversation. There is not a lady in the whole circle of my acquaintance whom I have not met here to-night.

You must have been fortunate to receive no regrets, said Mr. Schermerhorn.

The doors of the refreshment-rooms were thrown open! A scene of magnificence was displayed!

Was this ever equalled?—it could never have been surpassed, said Mr. Wolff.

In the centre of the table was a model of the triumphal arch at Rome. On each side was a Grecian temple. The Pantheon at Rome was another ornament.

Miss Maxwell, have you ever attended a wedding party, where every thing was as brilliant? asked Miss Cook.

Miss Cope, I shall depend on an early visit from you and your friends, at our house in Boston, said Mr. Lawrence.

Who is that beautiful married lady with the gold Bandeau? asked Mr. Astor.

That is Mrs. Cook, one of our richest ladies. Is she not very handsome? asked Mr. Morgan.

Is Miss Sergeant of Philadelphia in the room? asked Mrs. Stone.

She is walking with a gentleman on the other side of the room. She is one of the most beautiful ladies in the room said Mr. Roberts.

Near Miss Sergeant are now standing Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and next them Mr. Tallmadge. In front of them are Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. He is worth one or two millions. Next him is Alderman Ely. Alderman Tucker and lady are on the right. Aldermen Briggs and Baird are arm in arm. Briggs is the man for the time, and will make a good Governor, said Mr. Shaffer.

Huggs says he has bright memories of being born in old Ireland, but if Matsell was born there he does not remember it. Who is there but Huggs who does remember being born in Ireland? Huggs is undoubtedly the first man who ever made the assertion. Four or five places claimed Homer, but Huggs and Matsell are in great difficulty to find one place to own them, said Alderman Tucker.

The tall and elegant lady approaching us is Miss M——, who is regarded by many as the handsomest lady in the city; she is soon to bow at the matrimonial altar.

Near Miss M—— is the eminent Peter Cooper, one of the most wealthy and most liberal men in the city. He has been contending for more education and more virtue, and less alcohol and better pay for the working Americans. For years he has been trying to elect an honest board of aldermen, but without success. He is an American nobleman, and infinitely above the titled nobility of England. The splendid institution for learning that he has bestowed on the city will entitle him to the thanks of every man who values the best institutions of our great country. It is to such men and such institutions that philanthropists must look for the elevation of the masses in virtue and happiness.

On a recent meeting of a scientific society, Mr. Cooper gave the sentiment so much admired by all who heard and by all who have read it—"One God, as revealed in the study of science and in the deepest investigations of learning and of truth."

The two young men in the centre of the room are the Messrs. Appletons; they are our most wealthy and enterprising publishers. I know one young lady by her resemblance to the marble bust in the Crystal Palace—it is Miss Bill, said Mr. Douglas.

Mrs. Coles, one of our most beautiful ladies, is now approaching, said Mrs. Palmer.

The lady with the purple dress is Mrs. Schermerhorn. Do you see the two men with pencil in hand? They are reporters, and will tell you more about our party than I know, said Mrs. Phelps.

At this moment the whole company were in motion; all were conversing with friends, and pointing out some distinguished person to them.

Mr. Cogswell and lady have just entered the room, said Mr. Bill to Mayor Wood.

Mrs. Phelps's hand can be seen in the decorations of the room, and in every thing that required exquisite taste, said Mrs. Bartlett.

Mrs. Lawrence, I cannot introduce you to all my company, but I shall give you the names of the most prominent persons, and shall ask my friends to introduce you to their personal friends, and to give you the names of all. On the other side of the room are Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, and near them the Messrs. Smiths. There are now approaching Mr. and Mrs. Richards, and near them are Mr. and Mrs. Astor. In front of us are Judge Betts and Judge Emerson. The Misses P. are among our most beautiful ladies, and near them you will see Miss F., one of our most wealthy girls. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are now approaching us; on their right is Mrs. T., whose husband is one of our richest men, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mr. Tileston, a few weeks since delivered a short but beautiful eulogy on Mr. George Curtis, late President of the Continental Bank, said Mr. Cary

On our right is Mr. Dwight, who with his friends contemplate founding a hospital for inebriates. Would he not do more good in making advocates to sound temperance laws? asked Dr. Tyng.

Near us you will see Judge Rosevelt, one of the most talented men to be found on any Bench. His charge in the Baker trial was a model of judicial truth and justice. Lawyers who defend all the villains indiscriminately, may object to Judge Rosevelt's honesty, but the public will not. There is one class of lawyers who estimate their own eminence by the number of guilty rogues they clear from justice; if they placed a correct estimate on public sentiment, they would not defend men who are notorious as murderers, nor men who are notorious as unconvicted judges. The verdict of the people in these cases is above the verdict attempted to be obtained by browbeating our most talented and incorruptible judges. Mr. Choate refused to defend Dr. Webster, and set an example to all honest lawyers. The lawyers who defended Baker, and a certain judge, well knew that all the parties were well entitled to admission to the *Whitehouse*. The lawyers also knew that if money is to buy for the villains a sure exemption from justice, the city will always be filled with the vilest beings of the whole country. When rogues cannot be convicted, there exists a worse tyranny than can be found in France under Napoleon, or in Rome under the Pope. In the most corrupt days of ancient Rome, justice could not be obtained, villains had more money than honest men. If Baker had been an honest and poor mechanic, he would have been tried in two days, and sentenced on the third. A fee of thousands will purchase speeches of nine hours' length, and a disgraceful insult to a fearless judge, said an ex-Mayor.

Do you see the venerable gentleman conversing with every lady near him? His name is Benedict, and he is respected by all who know him; his beard would elect him to the office of

a Jewish Rabbi, if he would only renounce his belief in the New Testament.

The beautiful lady on our left is Mrs. Comens, the projector of the first calico ball, by the assistance of which so many were relieved from suffering, said Mrs Allen.

The young man with his collar turned down is Dr. Nash, a young physician of great talents, recently returned from three years' residence in Europe. In conversation with him is Dr. Rice, a physician who stands at the head of his profession. In front is Mr. Homans, the editor of the Bankers' Magazine, which is found in the office of every banker and merchant in the whole country. There is not a man in the city more eminent for his financial knowledge; he should be at the head of one of our largest money institutions. He has for years written the articles upon finance in the Courier and Enquirer, which have caused so many comments in the London Times, and other European papers, said Mr. Thompson.

Mrs Howland has just entered the room; as the principal of a school for young ladies, she stands at the head of her profession, said Mr. Willis.

Mr. Boorman, one of our richest merchants, is in the centre of the room; for years he was the President of the Hudson River Railroad Company, and conducted its complicated business with eminent talents. I hope he will succeed in opening Albany street, and all other streets which are too narrow to accommodate the immense trade of this city. Governor Dutton of Connecticut is in front; his efforts in the cause of temperance have obtained for him the respect of all who know him. Temperance men are all Americans, said Mayor Hall.

Governor Townsend, Draper, Dugro, Tieman, Drake, Henry, Taylor, and West, are in conversation. If any of them have omitted to declare their intentions of joining the Americans, they will never again rejoice in their present title

of nobility. Mr. Ralston and Mr. Morgan are in front; their banking house in San Francisco is the most wealthy institution in that city. Mr. Whitlock is now approaching; by his genius and his integrity he has acquired in a few years an immense fortune. He drives his four horses, and maintains a style that peculiarly belongs to the New York merchants, said Mr. Grinnell.

Near him is Governor Price of New Jersey, who contemplates purchasing his State for a farm; he will get it cheap, if all their stores are to be open to the Catholics on Sunday, said Senator Wright.

The gentleman with large gray whiskers is General Webb, an able editor. When in England he was received in the highest circles, and by his talents and his manners, added to the respect everywhere accorded to our leading editors. He is now explaining his letter on which Mr. Cass made some severe remarks in the Senate, March 3, 1856.

The gentleman now facing us is G. Halleck, editor and proprietor of the Journal of Commerce. That paper was originally started by Arthur Tappan, a man of sterling integrity, and it has obtained a high character as an honest and fearless advocate of good morals, good government, and American sentiments. Near Mr. Halleck is Dr. Cox, who has always raised his voice against Popes and their abominations, said Mr. Osgood.

Do you see the venerable man conversing with Mr. Phelps? He is the celebrated Washington Irving. He is giving a sketch of the life of Herman Knickerbocker, recently deceased at the age of seventy-five years. He was the original of Irving's Knickerbocker family, now multiplied indefinitely, and has become the type of all which is venerable in the estimation of New Yorkers. He held for a time the office of County Judge, and from 1810 to 1813 represented his district in Congress. Judge Knickerbocker was a man of true wit, and

never failed of setting the table in a roar of laughter. As a politician, he was a Washington Federalist in early life, and a Jackson democrat till the defeat of Van Buren in 1840.—There are standing near each other a circle of forty persons, whose united wealth is one hundred millions of dollars.—Their names are Astor, Whitney, Stewart, Tileston, Taylor, Fish, Spofford, Duncan, Brown, Howland, Boorman, Aspinwall, Morgan, Dodge, R. W. Wood, Vanderbilt, Lowe, Delano, Wetmore, Cooley, McElrath, Roberts, Cooper, Cutting, Lenox, Thompson, Kingsland, Grinnell, Rogers, Allsop, Brevoort, Bronson, Cary, Cushman, Dickie, Deforest, Furness, Haggerty and Hunt, said Mr. Carpenter.

Do you see that gentleman in conversation with Mr. Barker? His name is Ketchum, the eminent jurist, who was not appointed a judge by Governor Seward, for the reason that Bishop Hughes would not confirm him! Mr. Ketcham did not approve of educating a class of men on purpose to oppose our laws, and paying the bills ourselves. The Know Nothings will make a note of this. The tall gentleman with black hair is Mr. Gifford, who is always employed in the large patent suits, and always on the winning side. He saved half a million for Professor Morse. Mr. Ogden is conversing with Mr. Wetmore. He is one of our richest merchants, and in his correspondence with Mr. Marcy he has convinced the merchants that Mr. Marcy is no friend of theirs. The letter written by Marcy to Mr. Ogden was an impeachment of the integrity of half the merchants in the city. Mr. Marcy has shown some desire to be called a Know Nothing, but the true Know Nothing regards the merchants of the country as a class of men infinitely above the lawyers, and they look with profound contempt on the present office-holders of the country, said Mr. Griswold.

Mr. Barker and his American party have long been working for their country, in opposition to foreigners, pauperism,

and vice. They are doing all in their power to check emigration, and to raise the laboring classes to respectability, said Alderman Briggs.

There are two hundred persons in this room whose average wealth is three hundred thousand dollars, said Mr. Shannon.

Do you see the Bayard family? The lovely woman with the daughter by her side, and the interesting boy near his father; they are the attraction of a large circle. Near them are Mr. Cockcroft and lady, said Mr. Bertine.

On the left is Miss Bunn and a large circle of beautiful ladies, and talented young men, all of whom are Sunday school teachers. Near them is Mrs. Leverett, a teacher of a school for young ladies—she has the patronage of half the Fifth Avenue, said Mr. Swift.

Mr. Bartlett, a wealthy merchant, is on our right, and his wife is near him: they occupy the highest place in the social world, said Mr. Grinnell.

In front is the talented Mr. Beach, whose father was the founder of the cheap newspaper system. Any person wishing for the reputation of possessing half a million of dollars, must pay him twenty dollars; if his ambition extends to one million, it will cost him fifty dollars for a first-rate notice in Mr. Beach's list of rich men. This book is one of the improvements of the age, and enables a merchant to know the value of his own property, and the public to know the ambition of both rich and poor.

On our right is Mr. Comstock, a very wealthy merchant; I made the tour of Europe with him, said Mr. Phalen.

The gentleman approaching us is Mr. Paine, a gentleman of great wealth and literary taste. On his left is Mr. Gale, a merchant of great wealth. Near him is Mr. Wheeler, an eminent lawyer; he is among the first in his profession. Mr. Leupp is near Mr. Bryant. Mr. Leupp has with his wealth and taste done more than any other man in the city for the

promotion of the fine arts. Mr. Leupp and Mr. Bryant have made frequent visits to Europe, and have seen all that can interest men of cultivated taste and great literary acquirements. While in London they dined frequently at the table of Rogers, the wealthy poet and banker, and formed valued friendships with the most eminent *savans* of Europe. Willis, the popular editor, is now approaching Mr. Bryant. The Home Journal has the largest circulation of any family paper in the country. Mrs. Sheff is now in conversation with Mrs. Astor. She has ten thousand dollars in diamonds, said Mrs. Morgan.

Dr. Bogert is now entering the room—do you see all the ladies crowding around him? He is the physician who never lost a patient, said Mrs. Astor.

Mr. Robinson, an eminent lawyer, is in conversation with Mr. Blackney. The battle ground of 1856—7, is assuming an importance which no previous election ever had. The whole country is looking to the American party for a Union President, and it is well known that they can elect Mr. Fillmore, said Mr. Stilwell.

In the centre of the room is a circle of our richest citizens. Thomas Morton, L. L. Squire, D. B. Keeler, T. Crane, S. C. Paxon, R. Cheesboro, Mrs. N. W. Stuyvesant, B. R. Winthrop, Gerard Stuyvesant, J. W. Catlin, W. W. Winants, G. W. Shields, Peter Stuyvesant, Thomas Morton. These fifteen persons are worth between three and five hundred thousand dollars, said Mr. Bill.

On the other side of the room is Mr. Gilsey, who secured a lease by which he will make a fortune. For this fortune he is principally indebted to the circumstance of making a present to one of the interested parties. Near him is Mr. Delavan, whose whole life has been a struggle to relieve the sufferings which flow from the low vices of Catholic countries.—He is a man of eminent talents, and writes as but few men

can write; he is the man to move in all great reforms. He looks forward with the eye of confidence to the time when vices and dogmas are to be eradicated, and our countrymen shall be as virtuous as they will be rich, learned, and great in every thing. Judge Capron is conversing with Mayor Wood. Since Judge Capron treated the gamblers in his summary manner, virtuous men have some hope of a reformation in the criminal courts. The storekeepers are raising a large fund to be offered to Judge Capron, but he is as incorruptible as Aristides, said Mr. Bowen.

In front is Mr. Pierce, one of the richest, most talented and most literary men. Mr. Valentine is now approaching us—he is a man of great wealth and benevolence, said Mr. Houghton.

In the centre of the room is Neal Dow, Mayor of Portland. He brought in his pocket a copy of the Maine Liquor Law. He says that at all the parties in Maine, coffee is substituted for spirits—and in consequence of the great reduction of family expenses, all the young men have concluded to get married; they can all borrow money of the banks, said Mr. Halleck.

In front is Judge Bebee, one of our talented and most respected lawyers. Mr. Haseltine of Philadelphia, and his lady, are in front; he acquired a fortune, and has passed the last three years in Europe. With them is Mrs. W., the wife of the eminent Paris merchant, said Mr. Jones.

Mr. Melvin is in conversation with Mr. Leupp. Mr. and Mrs. Knapp are now entering the room—Mrs. Knapp is loaded with jewelry, said Mr. Swift.

In the centre of the room is the venerable Dr. Nott, who has been the President of Union College fifty-one years, and has bequeathed to it his fortune of half a million of dollars. Who can doubt that great men in great numbers constitute a great country? asked Mr. Lenox.

A number of our most benevolent persons are now standing near each other. They have recently subscribed a sum sufficient to build a ragged school. James Lenox, Jasper Corning, R. B. Minturn, Miss Lenox, Knox & Mason, J. F. Sheafe, Mrs. J. McBride, George Douglas, Mr. Oliphant, Charles Abernethy, H. G. Aldrich, P. Spofford, Miss Hodges, S. G. Bacon, L. C. Clarke, T. P. Hanlaugh, A. T. Stewart, James Brown, W. W. Stone, G. T. Trimble, M. Ketchum, A. Van Rensselaer, George Carpenter, James Low, J. Sturges, Mrs. T. Suffern, H. D. Bacon, and twenty-five others. The ladies who manage this excellent institution are Mrs. Abernethy, Mrs. Chester, Mrs. J. Mason, Miss A. C. Lynch, Miss Griffin, Mrs. E. E. Benedict, Mrs. J. Grosvenor, and Mrs. Bayard.

Mrs. J. Wilson, Mrs. Bigelow, Mrs. Bacon, Miss N., and twenty other teachers, devote one day every week to one ragged school—and there are dozens of these schools in the city, and no form of charity can be more valuable, said Mrs. Law.

Mr. McCormick is in conversation with Mr. Munro; they are prominent men of the American party. In front are Messrs. Bowen and McNamee—they are very wealthy, very liberal, and very active in all plans for improving the condition of the city. Near them are Messrs Claflin and Mellen, who have acquired an immense fortune, said Mr. Beal.

Mr. Pease, who was the first to introduce ragged schools? asked Mr. Clark

Ragged schools were first taught by a poor crippled shoemaker of Portsmouth, England, named John Pounds, in 1839. Two years after, Mr. Watson, Sheriff of Aberdeen, in Scotland, obtained a subscription of one hundred pounds, and started a ragged school with twenty scholars. The movement spread from Aberdeen to London, and was conducted mainly by Sunday school teachers and city missionaries.

In 1844 a society was formed, with Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury, at its head, as President, called the Ragged School Union. It was urged against the enterprise, that misery was the natural penalty of sin, and that the schools would only prove an incentive to vice, as the children would be in a better condition than children from higher circles. The results of these efforts were as follow. In 1844, under the care of the Union, there were formed twenty schools, with two hundred teachers, and two thousand scholars, and an annual fund of three hundred pounds. In 1852 there were one hundred and sixteen schools, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine teachers, and eleven thousand seven hundred and thirty-three scholars, with an annual fund of twenty-five thousand dollars, said Mr. Pease.

The two young men walking arm-in arm are brothers, by the name of Storms, and are the President and Vice President of the Lenox Insurance Company, and it is one of the best institutions in the city, said Mr. Buckley.

In front is Senator Putnam, one of the most talented of the American party. He carried through the Senate of the State a bill that will lessen the power of a dangerous hierarchy, said Mr. Shannon.

Mr. Lord, the Vice President of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, has just entered the room. His office is one of the first in the city, said Mr. Brown.

Mr. Nash, one of our richest retired merchants, is on our right. The Rev. Dr. Osgood is on the left; he was born in sight of Bunker Hill, and like Everett, Bancroft, and Palfrey, will undoubtedly leave divinity for literature and politics. He certainly is not in his natural position. He wants fame, and has the genius to acquire it. His society are all true Americans, and heartily despise dogmas. I should have been pleased to see Dr. Osgood's face when he heard of the new Catholic dogma of a fourth God, manufactured out of a woman! The

Catholics used to hang all who believed in more than three Gods, and now they will hang all who do not believe in four, said Mr. Wilson.

I see near each other nineteen of the largest ship owners in the country, and probably in the world. Grinnell, Minturn & Co., Charles H. Marshall, Taylor & Merrill, Jared Thompson & Nephew, D. & A. Kingsland & Sutton, Samuel West & Co., Nesmith & Sons; Mortimer Livingston, Mr. Whitlock, Mr. Tyson, Dunham & Dimon, Mr. Griswold, Charles Carow, John A. McGaw, A. M. Lawrence, Harbeck & Co., Spofford, Tileston & Co., Walsh, Carver & Chase, Morgan & Wiley. Near them is Mr. J. Hoodless, one of our most enterprising merchants, said Mr. Hunt.

Col. Fremont has just entered the room. He is a relative of Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Putnam. The Colonel has had two suits in California and two in Washington decided in his favor: and he now has a deed, signed by the President of the United States, for seventy square miles in extent, situated about two hundred and twenty-five miles from San Francisco, in California. The entire tract cost him, in 1846, three thousand dollars—and now includes the town of Mariposas and half a dozen other towns. The entire tract is traversed by veins of gold-bearing rock, and has already produced thirty-five millions of dollars! The whole seventy square miles are worth two hundred millions of dollars, and will sustain a population of fifty to one hundred thousand persons. Palmer, Cook & Co., bankers of San Francisco, have advanced the immense law expenses, and own one half of the tract. The gentlemen are all crowding around and congratulating the Colonel on the decision which has made him a richer man than any sovereign in the world. The Know-Nothings will need him in their highest councils, said Alderman Wild.

Mr. Tracy and Mr. Elliot are discussing the condition of the poor. It would be fortunate for the city if we could have

more such men. Mr. Grinnell is in conversation with Mr. Minturn. Mr. Grinnell was the principal contributor to Dr. Kane's expedition to the polar regions. The sum that Mr. Grinnell contributed would establish a school like the scientific school at Cambridge. Which is the most valuable friend to his country, Lawrence or Grinnell? If Mr. Grinnell could send Dr. Kane to the moon, would it aid science, or enable any merchant to send a ship to the same place? Vessels with cargoes will go to the moon when they reach the North Pole. Captain Parry demonstrated years ago that the frozen ocean was forever closed against the pursuits of commerce, and science had no more to ask. Every dollar spent, and every life sacrificed, if they had been directed aright, would have extended the boundaries of science, and shed light on the laws of the great Architect. Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co. are the largest commission house in this country, and may be second to none in Europe. Their commissions amount to three hundred thousand dollars annually. The purchases of provisions for the British Government are made by this house, said Mr. Spofford.

On our right I see in conversation Peter Cooper, G. C. Verplank, Robert Kelly, J. C. Chandler, Norman White, Joseph Walker, and D. S. Gregory. They must be discussing the importance of the Union American nomination for a President of the United States. When there is no other issue but a local one, there will soon be elected both a northern and a southern President. Mr. Fillmore will unite the North and the South, said Mr. Tileston.

Mr. Everett and Mr. Bancroft are now entering the room together; Mr. Everett is to deliver a lecture on the character of Washington to-morrow evening. I had some difficulty in inducing Mr. Everett to leave Boston at this season, said Mr. Crerar.

Near him is Mr. Duncan, the father of the banker, and

worth, it is supposed, five millions. After a residence of two years in Scotland, he has returned to this city, and brought with him a retinue of servants equal in number to a military company. Captain Rynders will enrol their names in the Empire Club, and attend to their depositing the right vote, said Mr. Van Buren.

Near Mr. Duncan are the Messrs. Denison, our most wealthy merchants, and near them are the beautiful Misses D——. Mr. Collins is in earnest conversation with Mr. Wetmore respecting the Pacific, now out nearly two months, and I regret to say undoubtedly lost! The loss of property is great, but sinks to insignificance when compared to the stricken hearts that no sympathy can relieve, said Mr. Kingsland.

Who is that very aged man, now conversing with a crowd of Americans? asked Mr Putnam.

That is Parson Green, who heard the Declaration of Independence read to the American troops under the command of Washington. One division of the American army was stationed in the Park, and on July 9, the official declaration was received by Washington, and ordered to be read to the troops. Parson Green says Washington stood near the spot now occupied by the fountain in the Park, and when the Declaration of Independence was finished, every soldier and the assembled masses joined in loud huzzas. This spot was the birth-place of the American sentiment. Parson Green now lives at Hempstead, Long Island, and is ninety-five years of age, said Washington Irving.*

Near Washington Irving is Mr. Wiggin, the eminent banker of London; he is a near relative of mine, and I will introduce you to him, said Mr. Gerard to Mayor Wood.

Dr. Mott and Dr. Parker, the eminent surgeons, are walk-

* The residents of Long Island gave him a levee and a liberal contribution on Washington's birth-day, 1836.

ing arm-in-arm. But few men have done so much for the cause of science. Near them are Mr. Nelson, President of the Free College, and Mr. Owen, one of the professors. Mr. Owen is one of the most talented and most scientific men in this country, and he should be at the head of the Smithsonian Institute, said Mayor Wood.

In the centre of the room is a circle of the American party. I see Brooks, Lansing, Van Ettin, General Hammond, Hyatt, Fuller, Eliott, Crossman, Allen, Barlow, Beaver, Oliver, Buckmans, Ware, Wainwright, Pierce, Griffiths, Boardman, McConnell, Cooper, Smith, Ridley, Jackson, Perly, Hutchings, H. N. Wilde, J. C. Chandler, Odell, Northrup, Prescott. The President of Council No. 177, at Buffalo, is just informing Mr. Barker that Mr. Fillmore has been a member for years, and one of the most active supporters of the American sentiment. Old Hickory's mantle has been worn by Donaldson, and his election is certain. The great American party can be seen in imagination, marching in solid column to the battle-field of 1856, to elect Mr. Fillmore. No man in the United States can claim his eminent qualifications, said Judge Campbell, as the party retired.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Cope left for Philadelphia, to spend a few days, and on their return their house in the Fifth Avenue was ready for their reception.

CHAPTER XI.

EMINENT MEN.

Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies.
Go where we may, we cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.

ROGERS.

Mr. COPE'S house in the Fifth Avenue was surpassed by none in the display of wealth and taste. Calls for the first week were constant.

Mr. and Mrs. Cope sought repose in the calm domestic scenes of private life; happy in the society of each other, and in receiving and paying visits agreeably to the most approved code of etiquette in the Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Cope visited every family that she could regard as a valuable acquisition to her large circle. There is no society in the world more exclusive than that of the Fifth Avenue—none more wealthy—none more intellectual—none more entitled to the homage of the talented—none can be more rigidly moral. Society here

possesses the elements on which are founded all its most lofty and most potent claims, said Mrs. Whitney.

I agree with you, but there is not a circle in New York or elsewhere, however exclusive, that will not open its doors to intellect, beauty, virtue, wealth, graceful manners, and an early familiarity with the best society, when they are all combined in the same person. To such persons, the upper circles in the Fifth Avenue open their doors, and invite them to perfect equality. The most dignified title that can be borne by any person possessing all of these is the name of "Virtuous," and without this title no one can enter here. A single taint, a single doubt, if once affixed to reputation, is sufficient for your condemnation, and it is more than all the ablutions of an ocean of purity can wash out. Stand fast, watch every breath of scandal, allow no license to easy manners, none to free or thoughtless conversation; none to careless behavior! You are watched, reported, your name is marked by one; your report is conveyed to all the highest families; you are under the ban, and never more admitted in the highest circles. If once admitted here, and you have genius, a title can add no lustre to your name; you feel new dignity; you are associated with the wealthy and the eminent, said Mrs. Astor.

Mrs. Cope, we know that you have a right to demand, and we know that you will receive the willing homage of the whole avenue, and the affection of your numerous friends: you friends will be found in the most refined and intellectual circles of this city, said Mrs. Brevoort.

Mrs. Cope was slightly embarrassed.

I agree with you; our highest circles will open their doors to all who have the elements that the most intellectual classes claim, said Mrs. Cambreling.

Mrs. Cope, I shall call often, I can not tell you all that I have heard your friends say of you. I believe they all feel that they are receiving a reflected honor in calling on you;

they think you have the power to open a new avenue to refined enjoyment. You will excuse me, but I cannot entirely dissent, said Mrs. Abernethy.

You must believe nothing that my partial friends tell you, but you must call often. I shall be dependent on friends, and shall consider it a great favor if you will come often, and without ceremony, said Mrs. Cope.

A few days after, Mr. B., the eminent historian, called on Mrs. Cope.

You see, Mrs. Cope, that I have called early, and without ceremony. I have heard your name uttered by many for whom I feel no ordinary respect; some have spoken it with enthusiasm, but of this I shall tell you nothing. Assuming the privileges of good society, I now come to tell you that I welcome you to our avenue; I shall depend on seeing you often at my house. You know who I am; a plain, blunt man, who love my friends, and live in a circle not large, but in some respects peculiar, said Mr. B.

Mr B., you are no stranger to me, and for this early call I thank you; unknown as I am, in this avenue, I could not have claimed the honor, said Mrs. Cope.

I respect genius, and I admire social life—I love conversation, free, bright, gushing, intellectual conversation; and you will excuse me, the ladies are the only persons who understand the science. I sometimes think I am an old fogy—but when I meet a lady who pours out a rich stream of poetry, prose, history, fiction, taste, fashion, and politics: and when conversation is wound up, and set in motion by female genius, I do feel as if new avenues were opened to enjoyment, and that all must do their part: and then, if I do know anything, my friends find it out, for I talk without ceasing, said Mr. B.

Mr. B., I am almost a stranger in the Fifth Avenue, but I am no stranger to your literature; and, you will excuse me, I am no stranger to the estimate that the reading world have

placed on your genius. I have often read, and I will always read your history; I envy you your power to interest all readers; I do wish I had your genius, I would use it nobly. I would lay up a rich legacy from all the world, for the pleasure that I would confer on them; they should pay me back with all the homage that the most intellectual can pay to genius. Have you heard Mr. Curtis' Lectures on the English novelists? asked Mrs. Cope.

All of them, said Mr. B.

Were you pleased with his criticism? asked Mrs. Cope.

I admired the originality of his views—but I did not agree with him in all that he advanced. I do not think Dickens a greater genius than Scott, said Mr. B.

I am pleased to find that you agree with me, said Mrs. Cope.

Mr. Curtis will never convince the reading world, that his parallel is correctly drawn, said Mr. B.

When will you give us another volume of your History? asked Mrs. Cope.

Soon, very soon. Do you find any new works worthy to be placed in your parlor? asked Mr. B.

Your own was the last that I have read: my taste may be in fault, but books that I am willing to read are rare, the novels are vile—and history no one dares to write, since you commenced, said Mrs. Cope.

You have such resources for conversation, you cannot need books to fill up your vacant hours, said Mr. B.

No person can enjoy the reading of a novel more than I do—I mean good ones; but not one in ten is fit to be read by ladies. If I read novels, they must give me real active life—virtuous every-day life, such as I hope prevails in this Avenue. I want no unnatural scenes, and no improbable sufferings—no negro drivers, and no white children in dens of ne-

groes. These are scenes that mar the fair world of beauty and of truth, said Mr. Cope.

The education that you have received might suggest the hope that you would favor the reading world with one effort of your genius, said Mr. B.

Mr. B. it is in vain for you to deal in such compliments. Whatever my opportunities of seeing life have been, I could not draw a picture that would not be hideous. Life would be as dark and repulsive as those displayed in modern novels. Novel writers have much to answer for—they have the power to correct the taste of the reading world, but not one in ten of the modern novels is fit to be read. They conduct us through dark and dreary roads, through scenes of vice repulsive to taste, and injurious to morals; they give us an offensive effluvia, and not the perfume of the rose. Can the effect of such works be favorable to this intellectual age? asked Mrs. Cope.

Certainly not. These books suited a dark age, from which we have emerged, said Mr. B.

Did not Providence intend to conduct us through life in pleasant walks, by the side of gentle streams, in the cool shades of innocence and virtue? Are not most things lovely that are not degraded by bad influences? Are not all of nature's scenes invested with true loveliness? asked Mrs. Cope.

I admire your views—they divest all things of the gloom thrown by Catholic dogmas over this beautiful world, said Mr. B.

The quiet walk, the shady trees, the cultivated farm, the ocean beach, the romantic crag, the water-fall, the lofty mountains, the bed of flowers, the smile of beauty, the tear of joy, the face of infancy—do not all of these elevate the mind, improve the heart, and lead us up in purity to our highest enjoyment? Mr. B., you invest your history with the interest of life. We see the actors—we sympathize with the good, we detest the bad, we know the pictures are true life. Will you

favor the public with a work of the imagination? Will you withdraw to some romantic spot, close all your books, forget, if you can, that there ever was a book written, and draw your characters and your scenes from nature, and give us a true picture of a virtuous life?—you can draw no other. The world would read it, the whole world would admire it, the whole world would be made better by it. You would not have to wait half a century to enjoy the full blaze of public approbation. The virtuous and intelligent, as they passed you, unknown to you, would bow a recognition. But what are we compelled to read? A suffering Indian, or a wretched negro, but half human, is brought out and tortured before our eyes. We hear his groans, we see the blood starting from his torn flesh, and we cry out in agony. Are such scenes the true pictures of life, or are they the abuses from which the world must rise by slow degrees, and only by the aid of virtue, education, and a more elevated civilization? Is not life in its highest mission bestowed on us to be passed in virtue and happiness? If life were made up of scenes of suffering, death would be regarded as a blessing. But the pictures presented in these novels are not true life, and it is a libel to say that they are. What would be thought of a parent, who, to amuse his children, should draw scenes from the lowest African degradation, more disgusting than Dante's description of the infernal regions? These blacks have existed for six thousand years, and probably for ten times as many; and we do not know how much longer they may exist, in the same brutal state, before their nature can be changed; it probably never will be advanced one degree. These beings are more numerous than can live on the natural products of the soil, and they will not cultivate the rich fields. They are so low in the scale of animal existence that they have no language by which to express the commonest wants, and they cannot count ten—a grunt like a pig is the only evidence that they are not two-

legged brutes. They are divded into small tribes, and are constantly fighting each other. Prisoners taken in war are sold for a trifle, or exchanged for articles of the smallest value, and when they cannot be sold they are slaughtered by cannibals for food and for amusement! They live in holes, like our reptiles, and are not much above them. A southern slave is as much above a wild African, as we are above the native Indian. Can any reflecting man pretend that such creatures are accountable to any law, civil or divine? From the contemplation of such creatures, suggested to us by the Uncle Tom and Ida May school of novel writers, let us turn to scenes of real life, the contemplation of which is intended to make us wiser, if not better.

You shall go with me to Dr. Tyng's church, and I will show you the largest school in the city, and all the scholars are taken from the lowest conditions of society, and led upward by learning, by moral training, and all the influences that purify and elevate society. At Mrs. Rogers's church, in the Sixth Avenue, are influences now operating that would purify the lowest conditions of life, if we could check the vices that most degrade these persons. Every church in the city is presumed to have such a school, but all their efforts to relieve the sufferings of the lower classes do not reach one quarter of the sufferers. The charitable institutions of the city are so numerous, as to be known to no one person. How many persons are connected with these schools, in some form? Many rich people give money, and call often at the schools. For what does this class of teachers and benevolent persons perform such services? It is not for money, for they get none. What are the sentiments which sustain these numerous teachers, and what do you call them? asked Mrs. Cope.

With some it in a religious sentiment, with others it is the love of children, with others it is the love of occupation. All

love virtue—the influence of early habits is among the most valuable agencies, said Mr. B.

I am willing to accept your analysis. Now we want you, or some one of your talents, to personify these qualities, and give them life, and a real existence. Religion, virtue, love of occupation, love of children, force of habit, are all valuable, but as abstract ideas are not effective, and will not influence the world like individuals, who act from these sentiments, and whose lives are an exemplification of them. Every child and every teacher has commenced a life that will not terminate here; their lives, and the lives of the characters that you may draw, or that the novelist may draw, will affect the lives of others, and increase their influence, and live when wealth and splendor will please no more. Put these characters into novels, intersperse anecdotes of interest with which the virtuous world is full, and you will have readers; you will do more—you will have a reading world to bless you for having discovered a new avenue to the human heart—the temple of virtue, said Mrs. Cope.

I admire your views, and the correctness of your reasoning; I wish some person could make the experiment, and inculcate good sentiments by the creations of genius—but who has ever done this? The influence of novels in this reading age is great beyond computation. Uncle Tom and Ida May are planting seed deep in the soil, from which will spring rank weeds and bitter fruit. More pernicious novels were never written; they are sapping the foundation of our Union, and loosening every tie that should bind the country in mutual love and respect. Another class of novels are foul and offensive, positively impure—and he who writes them, and those who recommend them, are equally obnoxious to the most severe censure.

The literature of the country is teeming with a living mass of pollution, equally disgraceful to those who write and those who read the novels. To other afflictions we now must add

Spiritualism. What is your opinion of the men who are practising this fraud upon the ignorant? asked Mrs. Cope.

Nothing is so painful as to hear them named. Why will not these benighted beings rise above the mist and smoke of a dark age, in which they still grope, and see the things of this beautiful world by the glorious orb of day? These benighted beings seem to imagine that all the world are as ignorant as they are. I cannot excuse them, however ignorant they may be. They are not honest—they know they are not. Every man of sense turns from them with disgust. They fear contact with such deluded beings. The eight men who invited Hare of Philadelphia to lecture on Spiritualism, and the audience who attended the lecture knew, positively knew, that every word he uttered was rank fiction, and a fraud upon his audience! Is it not an insult to this enlightened age, and this intellectual city, to palm a ridiculous invention upon the community as a scientific fact? Can we visit upon the perpetrator of such an outrage indignation too deep? Does the ignorant Philadelphian think he is addressing the Catholics of the dark ages? If we cannot compel these troublesome spirits to pay some respect to the common sense of this age, we must send them all to the Cannibal Islands!

Priests are accountable for some of these afflictions. But Catholic priests are as ignorant as the Spiritualists, and they both would send us back to the age of intellectual darkness. One class of the Catholic priests exert their little talents to convince the world that the Bible is an almanac, from which they can learn the age of the world as easily as the changes of the moon. What is the use of knowledge, if priests cannot comprehend truth, and meet it fearlessly? Another class of Catholic priests, equally ridiculous, are constantly inflicting on their audiences long discourses to prove that the sacrament is the real blood and body of our Savior, and that Mary is our Creator, and other fables and traditions of an ignorant age,

which they know are not true. These inventions were the employment of an ignorant and superstitious priesthood, and amused their dull minds in an age of ignorance, darkness and degradation. These priests never have and never will shed one particle of light on the world. The past ages have been dark enough, but they have been made darker by the ignorance of these priests. I sincerely hope that we shall have novel writers of the character you have described. I am sure a discriminating class of readers would appreciate them. But they have never appeared, and probably they never will, said Mr. B.

Is not this country to be ruined by emigration? What do the movements of this excited age seem to indicate? Is the struggle between vice and virtue to end in the extinction of all virtue, and subject us to an incursion of Goths and Vandals? asked Mrs. Cope.

No, nothing of the kind. There is no danger—you need not be alarmed. Disobedience to law is not the destruction of our republic. Vice will have its representatives, and judges will sell their ermine, and their honesty, when vice approaches them in female form. Temperance and virtue are the only correctives of a corrupt society. We have learned that one class must vote no longer, if we would preserve a free government, and our valuable institutions. This is a century of great developments. The last age was crowded with great men, but the next century will be infinitely greater than either. The intellect of the world, like the intellect of the individual, has its infancy, its manhood, its mature age, and its decay. The infancy of the intellect has been cramped for ages by Catholic ignorance, superstition and intolerance. Bursting all barriers, it is now asserting its high destiny, and its claim to manhood. All that has yet been accomplished is not a tithe of the great designs yet to be accomplished. Every succeeding age is wiser than the past—all the accumulated knowledge of this

nge is our legacy to the next. The intellect of man during the first ages was a blank—men knew nothing, for there were no teachers, and no recorded knowledge. At this moment half the Americans are men of science, and the willing teachers of the other half. A boy is now a professor in a college, and is capable of teaching all that the greatest astronomers have taught. Every discovery of to-day is, by steam, the press, and the telegraph, the ripened knowledge of nearly all the world to-morrow—thanks to Adams, Hoe, and Morse. The first fruit of liberty in our republic is education—and the first fruit of education is an extensive literature and a reading people. The result of education is cultivated taste in every art, every science, and every department of social life. Literature and cultivated taste are rapidly raising this country above all Catholic countries in refinement, virtue, wealth, and all that can give dignity to the most elevated society. The elements of progress, active as they are, will be increased tenfold by education, literature, and by the aid of science. The Egyptians worshiped Bacchus and the Cyprian Venus, in rites that would disgrace any age or nation. Greece and Rome enshrined a mythology but little more elevated than that of Egypt. The worship of the Catholics, pure at first, was soon degraded into a despotism by the priests, whose inventions and dogmas do not pretend to be of divine origin. A female ascending from earth, usurped a throne in Heaven. The literature of every country is the off-spring of its own ideal Deity, the impersonation of its own revelation. The Catholic Deity invented on earth, is earthly—the Protestant, coming from God, is Godlike.

The intellect of this free country is soaring above all contact with superstition, and is consigning to oblivion, Bacchus, Venus, all profane mythology, and all *self-made* Catholic Deities. Our free country has now commenced a Temple, in which a pure literature is to be enshrined, and in it all may

worship. Genius enshrined on an imperishable altar, will construct a basis on which no Catholic altar ever rested: one half the world will not be set on by priests and popes, to murder the other half. The pulse of genius beats simultaneously over this great country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. A new discovery acknowledged at Icy Cape, will be echoed at Cape Horn. The whole Union is one great temple, and all are speakers, actors, thinkers, and writers. We stand before each other, all eager to display the truth we have, or think we have discovered. In one great temple of science, the intelligence of the world is now concentrating; and rejecting old agencies, we are soon to have electric power made available in every department of knowledge. The whole Protestant world will then start up with new life; and new energy will attract heart to heart, and cement the union of the great American Party, under Mr. Fillmore, said Mr. B.

Mr. B., did you hear Mr. Everett deliver his eulogy on Washington, at the Academy of Music, March 3rd? asked Mrs. Cope.

I did, and I was delighted, said Mr. B.

I was unable to attend, and I regret it exceedingly;—was he as eloquent as usual? asked Mrs. Cope.

He was never more so. From the poetic nature of his subject, he was allowed unlimited range in the regions of imagination. His fancy was brilliant, his voice as musical as the Æolian harp, and his gestures were grace personified, said Mr. B.

Mr. Everett, or his friends, were cruel to demand of the reporters that they should not give us even a sketch of his lecture. Mr. B., your memory is so retentive, you can repeat one half of his oration; will you do it to oblige me? asked Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Cope, do you know what you are asking of me?

Do you wish me to spoil for you Mr. Everett's best flight? I know you do not, for I know your taste, said Mr. B.

If you are unwilling to give me a sketch of his speech, give me one of his conversation, said Mrs. Cope.

That I can do. The next evening after he delivered his lecture, he met at my house a few of my friends, among whom were Gov. Raymond, Mr. Willis, Senator Brooks, Judge Capron, Charles King, Mr. Owen, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Law, Mr. McElrath, Mr. Van Dusen, and Washington Irving. The subjects discussed, were the exciting ones of the day, the Presidential Election, Catholic votes, imported vices, Slavery, nullification, &c., &c. I shall not attempt to give you his words—but, in my free imitation, I will endeavor to give you the spirit of his conversation. It will, of course, be but an outline. Mr. Everett had heard the sentiments of W. Irving, and Governor Raymond, and after a few preparatory remarks, spoke without interruption, for ten or fifteen minutes.

Gentlemen: I am an American. On my banner is placed America first, American sentiments always, and American electors only! Under this flag I shall sink or swim. I have known Mr. Fillmore for twenty years—and a firmer patriot, a more devoted friend to his country, and her glorious institutions, does not live. In the cause of Union I have toiled, shoulder to shoulder, with him, through the heat of that contest that should have given the country repose. In this friendly meeting, I am not willing to allude to the men who, in this excited moment, are driving the country upon the shoals of anarchy. These men are found both North and South, and we must denounce them, or our country is lost! If a Union candidate cannot be elected—I repeat, the country is lost. Gentlemen, this is no fiction. It is the clear conclusion of my mind. Is not Massachusetts out of the Union? Is not the red flag of rebellion flying at her mast-head? If one Southern State follows her example, the glorious Union will

be destroyed, and the thirty-one United States, will be the dissolved Union; the Disunited States! My feelings, gentlemen, will not permit me to follow this subject. I can not contemplate disunion! Is there such a country as ours on the globe? Is freedom known in any other country? Has patriotism any emblem but Washington? Are our privileges, our institutions, and our intelligence, found on any other soil? Is there a man with heart so base, that he would insert a wedge to sever the North from the South. Gentlemen: I know you are with me. I know you will speak out in this contest for America. Time, and all created things, were made for man. The natural sun will ever shine on us; and the moral sun, shining through lives that came from the Creator of them both, will ever shine in beauty on all below. Goodness, as an all-pervading power—does not exist, or it does, like the sun, shed its light, and it revelations of truth, on intellectual man. All gaze in transport on the sun that cheers, and warms, and guides us here;—can the revelations of such lives as Washington's and our greatest men, fail to cheer, to warm and to guide us upward, to Him from whom they came? I believe that life here, is a preparation for a purer life to come. I believe that the purest light that man can have, or God can give, is the pure life of those who live and die with us. I believe that pure lives will ever flow from Him, to guide us to civilization, to happiness, and Heaven. I believe that our progress in civilization, in virtue, and in happiness, will be in the exact proportion to the respect we pay to virtue, and our best institutions. I believe a dogma, that refers all the moral qualities, and our own existence to Holy Mary, or to any *mortal* god, equally degrades our Creator, ourselves, and our religion.

I believe this to be the philosophy taught in all ages by intellectual men, and now revealed with perfect clearness to men of science, learning, and deep reflection. I believe a sound

philosophy is the aid of religious sentiment, in all its varied forms—received and embraced as it is by every grade of intellect, from the dull Spiritualist, the superstitious Catholic, the sensual Mormon, and the darkened Pagan, to the most intellectual Christian. The human mind includes as many grades of intellect as there are classes or castes in the world. Each class will construct for itself a faith, beneficial or injurious, according to the intellect or the honesty of its leaders. If the intellect of the world were sufficiently elevated to comprehend a sound philosophy, the religious faith of individuals, or of nations, would not be a matter of deep interest to any one—but unable as three-fourths of the world are to reason for themselves, they will always be led by some designing leaders. Brigham Young will be a god to the Mormons, while he is as sensual as a beast. The Pope will be a god to the ignorant, superstitious Catholics, while he promises them Paradise in exchange for money, and a monopoly of all the best places, to the exclusion of infidels, whom they are required to destroy. The weak Spiritualist will make a prophet or a god of a judge or a mountebank, while he is unable to account for the juggle of rapping and table moving. A low grade of intellect will ever be the victim of the new delusion, whatever that may be. Brownson has believed in every dogma and every doctrine that could be blown from the four winds of heaven; he has now nearly completed the circle, and will soon end where he began, by disbelieving everything but his own folly.

The Egyptian and other ancient forms of worship were simply the orgies of sensuality. The religion of the half-civilized nations of Asia rested on a debasing mythology, and required the purifying of fire and the burning of females. The religion of all heathen nations included numerous gods, and the Catholic, based on the same idolatry, includes four gods, and numerous saints, who are their gods; and it seems to have come from the Druids, who were themselves the gods, and sacrificed

on their horrid altars hecatombs of their people. Catholics, like the Druids, have always burnt infidels here, and smoked them in brimstone hereafter.

I believe that the human family, if one thousand millions, are to be elevated in civization by lifting them in the order that they now stand. The intellectual must lead, and the sensual and the debased will be the last that the humanizing influences will reach and elevate. When the entire world of intellectual man is elevated, and it is now progressing, the black and the lower classes of the white race may be reached and elevated. But he who would attempt to elevate the condition of the black only, while we have ten millions of whites in our midst, slaves to a worse influence than southern ownership and southern institutions, is himself in darkness. Streams of human life are constantly flowing into the world, as the rivers flow to the ocean. These streams are constantly running into and pressing on each other. Life comes into the world too fast for the products of the earth to support it—hence the poverty and destitution of three-fourths of the population of the world. If we are ever to aid a starving, suffering world, we must commence at the apex of civilization, and by purifying the fountain, we may draw upward, by healthy influences, the social masses, and the lower classes will then be relieved from the pressure that has existed since the human family was created. That the whole race of man, under Catholic rule from the first to the twelfth century, receded vastly in civilization, is as certain as any historical fact can be. It is true at this moment that Africa is receding—and as beastly as the blacks have been for ages, they are soon to be worse—and they now kill all they cannot sell. There is not a solitary humanizing influence at this moment in operation that can ever reach the masses in Africa, consisting of one hundred millions of starving, crawling, two-legged beasts. These creatures are so low in the scale of being, that no man can conjecture how

they can be reached or elevated. The streams of life, six or seven in number, and representing the races, starting from different points in the great field of created being, bring with them their own taint, and their own color. If these streams are to be cleansed, we must have superhuman aid; and we must not commence at the ocean, but at the source of the stream. Vegetable life dies with the wintry blasts, but intellectual man passes on to a never-ending existence. The mystery of his origin, and the mystery of his termination, are equally involved in uncertainty. To spend all our sympathy on negroes, while we have ten millions of white beings that we know have souls to save, and lives to suffer, we shall be ever working back to nature, and not forward, or upward to the Deity. Four hundred millions of whites are in a condition in no respect above, and the most of them are infinitely below our southern blacks. A sublime spectacle this for the contemplation of the philanthropist, and a thought of deep humiliation will settle on the heart. There are influences now set in motion all over our glorious country, that may reach their object, and drive sickness, sorrow, and suffering from half the nation. Our own population is thirty millions, and eleven hundred millions seem doomed to suffer, many of them here, if not hereafter. We envy not those who will take this enlarged view of created life, and still oppose the influences that are given us for its amelioration. If we place our eye upon the pendulum of a clock, we shall have a monitor that tells a melancholy tale. With every oscillation of that pendulum, a human being drops into eternity, and another life from the Creator steps in and takes its place. With a slight effort of the imagination, we can see eleven hundred millions, marching in dense columns, from infancy to youth, from youth to middle age, and from middle age to the grave.* This moving, marching mass, pass

* The latest estimates of the population of the earth make eleven hundred and fifty millions, viz:—Pagans, 676,000,000; Christians, 320,000,000; Mahommedans, 140,000,000.

on through avenues of their own selecting from the cradle to the grave. Some pass through smiling valleys, by the side of gentle streams and perfumed gardens. Some by crooked paths, over steep hills, and in roads filled with thorns and foul influences. Some travel by the side of stagnant streams, full of deadly malaria, pestilence and horrid suffering. Some ask priests for aid, and are directed to fill their minds in early life with dogmas, and these benighted wanderers of a mistaken way meet their fellow-man in the journey of life, and they cut his throat or burn him at the stake! Some pass bewildered through the world, and as they cannot join those who butcher and burn in this vale of tears, they give up their faith in a good Creator, and die without hope. The whole world, in one great column, is marching to the grave. We hear the notes of nature's music. The whole world is one great temple, crowded with created life, in perfect music ever charming. All that our Creator has given us is in perfect unison. The laws of science, and all that man can learn, and all that God has revealed, are a perfect gamut.

Kepler's law of equal areas, in equal times, is the key note to astronomy, and the great orbs chime in with perfect harmony. The rocks, the minerals, the metals, that form the globe, will tell us which note first sounded on the ear. Chemistry shows us the most perfect metrical arrangement that was ever created; the music of sounds, ravishing as it is, is surpassed by its musical notes, ever varied, but ever recurring in infinite variety. The arts, conceived in beauty, reared in beauty, in beauty end, when they reveal the Creator of all harmony. The works of genius, all the creations of greatest minds, a literature unknown to ancient sages, the inspiration that connects man with the Deity, in one great chorus melt the heart with rapture. The light of day, the moon's gentle

Of Christians, the Church of Rome numbers 170,000,000, the Greek and Eastern churches 60,000,000, and the Protestants 90,000,000.

rays, the robes of green, the garden's fragrance, the face of beauty, the tears of joy, the heart's deep sympathy, all are notes of ecstasy. The world of contemplation, all that life is, all that life can bestow, life here, and life hereafter, are chimes forever sounding. The poet's thoughts, the stars that shine, the arch of heaven, that spreads in beauty over us, the illimitable ken of a Newton or a Pierce; the worlds beyond this world, that man's eye or his imagination can explore, all, all are echoes of Nature's music, from Heaven resounding.

The pendulum swings, and man drops into the grave—too often unlamented. Every tenth man kills himself by passing through the pestilential bogs of life, and inhaling their intoxicating malaria. Every fifth man goes over hills and among thorns, and with lacerated feet and broken heart, dies a victim to a mistaken road.

Now, assembled around thy throne, O my God, we come to offer thee the fruit of life's great experiment. In awful consternation the whole world is now approaching! We know thy goodness—we bow in adoration! In presence of a power too august for mortal eyes, we are now assembled, and await thy just decree!

An Emperor is seen advancing.

I asked for nought but power! On the altar of ambition I sacrificed a life of glory! I killed all thy children who opposed my bloody course! Five millions died, that I might enslave the world! My name is Napoleon!

Not one act of thy life gave joy, happiness or peace to man! Depart!—was the awful response.

In life I was ever spreading discord, and abusing all who were not as religious as I was. I bought lands, dug graves, made long prayers, and sold them all for money. I helped to make a law demanding the property of other persons, and then called them vile names for saying that I had made the law. To have served thee, O my God, I would have burnt Protest-

ant infidels, as all the Popes have done, but I had not the power. I helped to elevate Mary, a *mortal*, to a perfect equality with thee. I knew there could be but one Creator! To obtain power, we have manufactured a host of *mortal* gods. As I must now speak the truth, I will acknowledge that I was not honest! My name is Huggs!

I know you not! was the voice of offended justice.

See dense masses now for judgment asking! We came from gardens of thy love, where we were placed by good influences, amid scenes of beauty, innocence, purity and happiness; surrounded by good institutions, by freedom, by friends we loved, by highest intellectual life; happy in social existence, and more happy if we shall meet thy acceptance!

These are the rewards of virtue! These are accepted! was the benignant response.

I served thee, O my God, and in thy service killed millions of thy children! They would not believe my dogmas! I persecuted all men who would not yield what honest souls could not! My name was Loyola!

Depart instantly! was responded in tones of thunder.

I came from thy hands, O my God, in innocence and purity, but I was misled by bad influences, placed by designing men around me. I died in horrid desolation! Canst thou forgive these men?

O, never, never! was the omnipotent response!

In life I was all loveliness—I moved in grace and beauty—I was the beloved, the adored of a happy circle of parents, brothers, sisters, friends. I was born for Heaven! A fiend from deepest pollution, in shape of man, set snares, and caught my soul! I died unforgiven! Must I ever suffer death's deepest torments?

To repent is to be forgiven, was the benignant response.

I lived that I might serve thee, and place one good influ-

ence in thy ever living temple, to live, to bloom, to guide upward one way-worn traveler, when my name shall be forgotten.

Thy name shall not be forgotten! was the choral echo.

During this conversation my friends seemed delighted, said Mr. B.

May I write that conversation down? asked Mrs. Cope.

Mr. B. bowed and withdrew.

CHAPTER XII.

SHOWMEN.

'Twas night; the noise and bustle of the day
Were o'er. The mountebank no longer wrought
Miraculous cures—he and his stage were gone;
And he who, when the crisis of his tale
Came, and all stood breathless with hope and fear
Sent round his cap; and he who thrumm'd his wire
And sang, with pleading look and plaintive strain
Melting the passenger.

ROGERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Cope passed their summers at Newport, and visiting places of interest. Life was a holiday of unmingled enjoyment. Time passed—years succeeded each other—and happiness seemed every year more perfect. No excess marred the enjoyment of life's true pleasures. To all the claims of duty they gave consideration. The poor made demands, and they were responded to; money was given, suffering was relieved, advice was given, employment for the desponding was obtained. The performance of every duty of life, filled up, and made more exquisite, the enjoyment of a perpetual sunshine, and shed an unsurpassed splendor in happiness

around them. Was there a possibility of any ungratified thought, or wish, or desire? From what could such a desire come? Three years had now closed over a life as happy, as innocent, as useful, as life can well be, and what new event could add enjoyment to such lives? A son was born to them! The light of love, heretofore burning brightly, now shed a noon-day splendor on all around.

Kind Heaven, we thank thee! We renewedly pledge ourselves, and all that we have, to thy service! Look down upon us, and witness this seal of our sincerity! Can the cup of joy be more full? Can the heart swell with deeper bliss?

About six months after this event, the following letter was received from Mr. Wiggin.

LONDON.

Mr. and Mrs. Cope:—

By letters received from my friends, in New-York, I am made acquainted with the birth of your son. On this interesting event, allow me—as the immemorial usage of this country—to offer you my sincere congratulations. Since I had the pleasure of seeing you so often at your house, I have felt a strong desire to write you. I do not know but you will regard this letter as rather early in the history of our friendship, but my inclination to write you was irresistible. You know how frequently I called on you, and I assure you that at your house, in the society of Mr. Cope and yourself, I enjoyed many of my pleasantest hours. I am a visitor in London, at this moment, where for years I was a resident. Crossing the Atlantic is, to me, full of horror; the numerous disasters have induced me to abandon, for the present, the thought of returning. I may remain for some years in London and on the Continent. With every place of historic interest in London, in England, and on the Continent, I am acquainted. I should be delighted to see you both in London, while I am here;

nothing would add more to my enjoyment. London is gray with age; no place in the world has the same interest to persons who claim England, or America for their birth-place. London was settled before the foundation of Rome was laid. The arts flourished, monuments were reared, while Rome was in its splendor. The arts declined, the light of learning went out—and darkness settled on the world. Learning revived—Oxford was the seat of learning, in the eleventh century, and now London is the centre of wealth, of learning, and of the power of the whole world. Each century, as it passed, left a castle or a church, a column, a house, or a monument, by which we can measure back our history to a barbarous age. The last four centuries have changed the fate of the world. Arts, sciences, learning, wealth, have raised their imperishable monuments. The philosophic inquirer asks, what new impulse was given to the world, that had lain in inactivity for one thousand years? The reply is, "It was the reformation." From this flowed the developments that have changed the world. England now is the Mistress of the World, and leads in every thing. Had England remained under the control of Roman Catholics, we should have been in the same condition that existed from the fourth to the fourteenth century. England was the only country, that in the struggle succeeded in establishing her freedom:—all the others, with the exception of some minor States, or Districts, are now bowing their necks to the Pope of Rome. England is many centuries in advance of all other nations in Freedom, and in all that adds dgnity to nations and to individuals. I will not conceal from you the apprehension I feel of the increased power of that odious institution, the Hierarchy of Rome. The Pope has established a See in England, an innovation that has not been attempted by any Pope, since the reformation! The whole nation is in the greatest alarm. The whole Protestant world are daily expecting an outbreak, and if a collision comes, the conflict will be

more destructive than at the reformation. Wiseman is universally despised. The Pope has intimated to the British Minister at Rome, his intention to establish a See in New-York, and six or eight others in different States, with numerous Cardinals, and Arch-Bishops!

If England should be again subjected to the Catholic hierarchy, what will be the condition of America? Who can contemplate this state of things without alarm? Hundreds of Protestant ministers, seduced by the freedom and profligacy of Catholic life, have joined their standard, and in Ireland the Catholics are increasing in numbers, and are rapidly sending the country back to a half-civilized condition. The nobility are sending off the entire mass of their tenantry to America, and the population of Ireland has decreased one quarter.

I have written a longer letter than I contemplated, but the subject at this time is one of absorbing interest. May I hope to see you both in London?

Please present my respects to our mutual friends, and believe me,

Sincerely yours, WIGGIN.

By return of the Pacific, the following letter was sent to Mr. Wiggin.

NEW YORK, FIFTH AVENUE.

Dear Sir—Your favor from London was duly received, for which we thank you. Its contents afforded us much pleasure, and we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of a prompt reply. Our son is a beautiful boy—beautiful to the eyes of all partial friends, but more beautiful in the estimation of his parents. You invite us to visit London, and we will accept your invitation. Our desire to see the places consecrated by genius has been increasing from the moment we read the classic authors, and now it has become almost a passion. The precise time we cannot fix, but no circumstance that we can control shall

delay our visit. You allude to the Catholic aggressions which are now alarming both England and America. With us the apprehension has become a panic—the whole country has risen with a firm resolve to check this emigration and the Catholic influence, or yield ourselves up to the power of Rome A party is now forming over the whole United States, in which all the talent of the whole country is enlisted, and one sentiment animates them all. All our elections turn upon this question, and all other considerations are merged in it. The national party have carried all the elections, and when organized, every office will be filled by them. If a war with Rome is to be the result, the sooner it is decided, the more easy will be the victory. The mass of starving and begging Catholics has increased, till the destitution, crime and pollution can no longer be endured.* These emigrants have been admitted to a participation in all the rights and privileges of citizens. An American-born citizen, worth the largest fortune, had his vote neutralized and opposed by one of them; and this law has become too offensive to be longer endured. We shall hope to be in London before you leave, and with you we will visit the continent, and all that most deeply interests us, in that world of which we have read so much.

Mr. Cope's engagements prevent an immediate departure, but we shall hope to meet you soon in London.

Very respectfully yours,

MR. AND MRS. COPE

James, I must write to my parents this day, without fail, said Mrs. Cope.

NEW YORK.

Dear Parents—When are we to have the pleasure of a visit from you? We have been expecting this pleasure for some

* On a recent examination by the Committee from Albany, one hundred and twelve families were found living in one house. Can Catholic Europe be much worse? Compared with these creatures, southern negroes are pure, and enjoy an elevated civilization.

days. Dear little James is in excellent health, and will soon send his love to you. I do wish you could see how he grows. He is so interesting—we do love him! It seems as if he would talk, he looks and smiles and is so cunning! How wonderfully such little creatures entwine themselves around the heart! Do you think I shall bring him up as I ought? It is a great responsibility, but I mean to make him mind. I do hope I shall do my duty. Did I tell you that he is growing very fast? He is quite a boy—I do wish you could see him. But I have forgotten to tell you the object for which I am writing at this time. Mr. Wiggin, you will recollect, was often at our house when visiting New York, and he is now in Europe. He has written and invited us to join him in London, and I am anxious to leave in Mr Collins's steamer—you know they are very large and very safe! Suppose we should go, what would you say—would you go with us? As you have been in Europe, you can be our guides. You know all the world are now going to Europe. Mrs. Collins and daughter are to go out soon, and I am sure Mr. Collins will send them in a safe boat and with a safe captain! Half the residents of our avenue are going this season. James says he has lost a debt, and he is a little cross, and will not go at present. I guess if he stays at home he will not find the debt that he has lost! Do you think he will? If you will go with me, I do not know but I would almost consent to go without James. I do want to see the world—the Fifth Avenue is not all the world, but it is the top, some say, of all the city. I visit every body, and every body visits me. I am positively run down with company. What is it that attracts so many persons? No one can think that I have any attractions for the gay and brilliant; but their coaches are constantly at my door. I have some delightful friends, and some that I could live without. Among my most cherished friends is Mrs. Lenox, and I am no less attached to Mrs. Van Broom, and the young Mrs.

Vance. With these I am in constant intercourse, and I could wish to be ever in their company. With them, and the son and daughter of Mrs. Lenox, I am the happiest of the happy. Their music, their lively conversation, their graceful manners, their cultivated minds charm all hearts. I cannot tell you how happy I am—who can describe a happy home? None but those who have a husband, son, friends, wealth, taste, talent, and a home, with which no other place compares! Those who can claim all of these, need no description.

I frequently meet Miss P. at the house of Mrs. Lenox. Her musical genius is not surpassed by any professor in the city.

Affectionately yours, EMMA.

P. S. Did I tell you Mr. B., the historian, is a particular friend of ours? He calls very often, and is one of our most valued friends. He is delightful company. He is at the apex of society in our avenue. Mrs. B. and Mrs. Lawrence found Boston too small for both of them, after they had resided at the court of St. James. I meet giants at Mr. B.'s house. I may be eaten up by these blue-stockings. Mr. B. gave me an imitation of Mr. Everett. I do think Mr. B. is a remarkable man. Adieu!

Mrs. Cope's bell rang, and a well-dressed man was seen entering the reception room.

Will you hand this card to Mrs. Cope?

Mrs. Cope, read the initials on the very elegant card,

T. P. B., *Fifth Avenue.*

Ask the gentleman into the parlor, said Mrs. Cope.

Mr. B. bowed to Mrs. Cope with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

Mrs. Cope, having heard of your residence in this avenue, and being for a few months at the Brevoort House, that palace of refinement, I have taken the liberty to call on you, regard-

ing you as a lady of more than usual eminence, and to offer you my congratulations. Permit me to say, that all who reside in this street feel honored by your selection of our avenue, and we shall always be pleased to reciprocate with you all those polite attentions to which the higher classes are so much indebted for their refined enjoyments, said Mr. B.

Mrs. Cope bowed.

You will excuse me, Mrs. Cope, but the high estimate placed on you—the great reputation that you have acquired—your many virtues, have all preceded you, and I have no doubt every resident of this avenue will offer you their hearty welcome. Your genius, your literary acquirements, your eminent accomplishments, have all become the property of your friends; they feel honored by the honors that are so liberally bestowed on you. The whole avenue offer you their heartfelt welcome.

Mrs. Cope bowed.

The gentleman seemed slightly embarrassed.

Mrs. Cope bowed again.

Mr. B. evidently wished Mrs. Cope to speak, and relieve him.

Mrs. Cope bowed again!

Mr. B. was deeply embarrassed. He looked toward the door, as if he would be greatly relieved if he were once out of the room, that he regretted having entered.

Mr. B., what is your business? asked Mrs. Cope.

Mr. B. evidently trembled with anger.

What is my business in coming here to-day, did you mean to ask? said Mr. B.

No sir. What business do you follow for a living? asked Mrs. Cope.

Mr. B. was in a storm of passion, and the color reddened his face.

I own a museum, said Mr. B.

Then I am right—I thought you did. Did you once pur-

chase a loathesome negress for a few dollars, and state to the community that she was once the nurse of Washington? asked Mrs. Cope.

Well, what if I did? asked Mr. B.

Did you instruct her to tell the story of her connection with Washington's family, every word of which was false? asked Mrs. Cope.

Some malicious enemies said so, said Mr. B.

Did you tell the Abolitionists that every word of your fabricated story was true? asked Mrs. Cope.

If I did, I served them right. To obtain office, they are sowing dissension and ruining the country, said Mr. B.

I will forgive you one of your sins. You obtained large sums of money for your exhibition, said Mrs. Cope.

I did, said Mr. B.

Does your conscience ever admonish you that this was not right? asked Mrs. Cope.

I sometimes have unpleasant dreams, said Mr. B.

Did you join a man once respectable, and now in office in an Eastern State, and contract with him to have manufactured, from the tail of a codfish and the head of a monkey, a figure which you were to call a Feejee Mermaid? asked Mrs. Cope.

I did, said Mr. B.

Did you employ a man to exhibit the monkey in Philadelphia, and to obtain letters certifying the genuine character of the Mermaid? asked Mrs. Cope.

My man did something like that, said Mr. B.

The monkey was about eighteen inches in height, and a miserable mummy-looking thing, and was exhibited under a sign eighteen feet square, was it not? asked Mrs. Cope.

That was near the size, said Mr. B.

Did your hired man tell you that his conscience forbid his practising such fraud on visitors? asked Mrs. Cope.

What business was it to him what I did? I paid him a salary large enough to buy an alderman's conscience, said Mr. B.

Did your man tell you that every person who was admitted to that exhibition knew that his money was taken from him by deep management? asked Mrs. Cope.

He did, said Mr. B. You heard that an honest but poor man had bought a museum, and had paid all the money he could command, and had given his notes for the balance. You wrote a series of letters and paid for their insertion, the object of which was to weaken public confidence in his ability to meet his notes, and thereby prevent his performance of his contract, and to cause him to lose all that he had paid, did you not? asked Mrs. Cape.

You are very severe, said Mr. B.

You finally bought the Museum for some thousand dollars less than he was to give for it, and a female orphan lost the difference. Am I right? asked Mrs. Cope.

I shall not answer such a question, said Mr. B.

You carried Tom Thumb to England, and told the American Minister, Mr. Everett, and the Queen, that he was ten years older than he was, and then you laughed at their folly in believing you. Am I correct? asked Mrs. Cope.

I made a mistake in his age; is that against any law? asked Mr. B.

Did you carry Harvio Nano to England, and call him the Wild Man of the Woods, without the power of speech? And did he, under the influence of some drug or stimulant, laugh immoderately, and speak to those around him? Were you not exposed, and did not the indignant spectators inflict on you a prompt and degrading punishment? asked Mrs. Cope.

How did you know that; it was not in my book, said Mr. B.

Were you ashamed to put this incident into your book? asked Mrs. Cope.

I did not think it would add to my fame, said Mr. B.

You paid for writing numerous articles, and for inserting them in the newspapers; these you produced as the honest opinions of the editors respecting Jenny Lind's musical genius. In this way you induced the public to pay you double price for your tickets—did you not? asked Mrs. Cope.

One man paid six hundred dollars for one ticket, and thought it cheap, said Mr. B.

Do you regard the truth in any statement you make in the papers respecting your exhibitions? asked Mrs. Cope.

I am a showman. I am no worse than all of them. Why should we not be respected? The world loves to be humbugged, and I have gratified them, said Mr. B.

Cannot all the vices be defended with that sophistry? asked Mrs. Cope.

I am very rich, and that is enough, said Mr. B.

Did you not state that the Woolly Horse was caught by Lieut. Fremont in a California desert? asked Mrs. Cope.

I have told you that I was a showman, said Mr. B.

Did an eminent Professor, while lecturing to his class in Paris, allude to you as a type of a class despised everywhere, and at large only in America? asked Mrs. Cope.

He was a Frenchman, and they are familiar with showmen's tricks, said Mr. B.

You bought some of the stock of a bankrupt corporation, and sold it with certain guarantees; but you were not disposed to meet the guarantee, and the purchaser obtained a judgment against you—am I correct? asked Mrs. Cope.

I have not paid, said Mr. B.

You claim the virtue of drinking water, but sold spirits and lottery tickets, if your book is correct, said Mrs. Cope.

Is it a crime to sell lottery tickets and rum, when six thou-

sand stores sell without license, and against the positive law of a sovereign State ? asked Mr. B.

Do they sell lottery tickets ? asked Mrs. Cope.

Many do, and many men sell tickets who do not sell spirits; when I sold both, there was no law against selling them, said Mr. B.

How long have you been a temperance advocate ? asked Mrs. Cope.

Since I became very rich, said Mr. B.

Did you write a book, and boast of tricks that should disgrace any man ? asked Mrs. Cope.

I wrote a book; public sentiment never did me justice, said Mr. B.

Did you have any motive in writing that book and exposing your tricks, except money-making ? asked Mrs. Cope.

I wanted money and fame, said Mr. B.

Do you not think that the character you lost is worth more than the money which you made ? asked Mrs. Cope.

I certainly do, said Mr. B.

Do you think any man who justly estimates his own character, will allow his life to be written while he is alive ? asked Mrs. Cope.

I certainly do not, said Mr. B.

Has not a musical man followed your example, and written a book in which he exposed criminal tricks suggested by yours ? asked Mr. Cope.

That was his fault, said Mr. B.

Is not every business infected by the invention that claims you for its author ? asked Mrs. Cope.

Do you suppose that I am the only man who ever invented tricks ? asked Mr. B.

Is there not an indelicate idea associated in the mind of virtuous females with fat infants, and a public exhibition of them ? asked Mrs. Cope.

I find the ladies of this city more refined than I expected, said Mr. B.

Do you think any virtuous females will allow their likenesses to hang in your museum? asked Mr. Cope.

I do not expect any lady of respectability to expose herself in a disreputable manner, said Mr. B.

Do you think there is any point of indelicacy at which you would pause in your money-making career? asked Mrs. Cope.

I must admit that some of my shows have not accorded with the taste and refinement of this wealthy city; I do not think the city owes me much for my efforts in the cause of virtue, said Mr. B.

Do you not think that every successful fraud leads men to the commission of greater frauds? asked Mrs. Cope.

Well, what if they do? asked Mr. B.

Is not a man who takes twenty-five cents from your pocket by fraud, as guilty as the person who takes two thousand five hundred dollars? asked Mrs. Cope.

How does that question apply to me? asked Mr. B.

If a man takes twenty-five hundred dollars from the community by fraud where do the laws consign him? asked Mrs. Cope.

That depends on the Judges: the Judges, Aldermen, Showmen, Contractors, Lawyers, all have their prices—some are higher, some are lower, but virtue, in this scramble, is thrown to the winds, said Mr. B.

Were you ever confined for offences against the laws of the country? asked Mrs. Cope.

What if I was? I did not make the laws, said Mr. B.

You have shown the world how to make fortunes, and how to make blacking. I should recommend to young men who read your book, to make blacking, rather than to make fortunes in your way;—should you do the same? asked Mrs. Cope.

I think the virtuous will complain of some of my inventions, said Mr. B.

Do you believe that the community form a correct estimate of the character of all our prominent men? asked Mrs. Cope.

I do, said Mr. B.

Do you think the community feel compelled to cast a severe rebuke upon a writer of an immoral work? asked Mrs. Cope.

I certainly do; I believe the injury done by these books calls for a law, that shall prevent their universal diffusion, said Mr. B.

Did you not say, in your book, that you carried a Bible in your pocket? asked Mrs. Cope.

I did say so, and I do, said Mr. B.

Do your life and conduct correspond with the lives of those who are governed by the sentiments there taught? asked Mrs. Cope.

I shall not make you my confessor, said Mr. B.

Do you admit that your book, in the hands of the young men of this great country, will degrade their morals, undermine their virtuous resolutions, and send many a youth to the dark cells of offended laws? asked Mrs. Cope.

You are getting sentimental. The young men must take their own chance; my book is not the only one of doubtful tendency. A book that advocated a virtuous course, would not sell for its cost, so my publishers say, said Mr. B.

Do you not wish, at times, that you could recall a work, that reflects no credit on your understanding, or your heart? asked Mrs. Cope.

I think I would not publish another like it, said Mr. B.

Do you not think you could have written a book that would have enshrined virtue in the hearts of all who read it, and have claimed for you the respect of all who knew you? asked Mrs. Cope.

I do not think my education, or my genius have suited me for literary pursuits, said Mr. B.

Will not European writers ever regard you as a type of the American character, and reflect on us as men without honor? asked Mrs. Cope.

Catholic France has more rogues than we have, said Mr. B.

Is it not the duty of every person to enter a protest against all unfair, immoral, and illegal transactions, without regard to the high position that men who practice them, may have attained? asked Mrs. Cope.

Moralists will tell you so, but who is silly enough to respect any moral requirement, when money is the price paid for virtue? asked Mr. B.

Do you not think your book will affect unfavorably the morals of this great country, when your name is consigned to oblivion, with the lumber of the age? asked Mrs. Cope.

The newspapers have been very severe, said Mr. B.

Do you not wish that you could have a name enshrined in the hearts of all good men, to be remembered and repeated when your dust has returned to its parent earth, and your spirit to Him who gave it? asked Mrs. Cope.

Have I not wealth, and will not that purchase me a good name? asked Mr. B.

Do you intend to build a proud mausoleum, with gorgeous minarets pointing to Heaven, and in this to have placed your mortal remains? asked Mrs. Cope.

I do, said Mr. B.

Do you wish me to write an inscription in advance, to correspond with your book? You will then know what the world thinks of the men whose lives are written before their duties are ended, said Mrs. Cope.

I should like to hear your epitaph, said Mr. B.

Here it is.

From earth I came,—to earth I go,
Despised alike, by friend and foe.
Alive, some say, I almost cheated—
Dead, my great plans are all defeated.
My ambition was a tainted name;
I reached the goal, and here I am.
From earth I was never made to rise—
Here, in this spot, my soul and body lies.

I believe you do not reside permanently in the Fifth Avenue, said Mrs. Cope.

I do not, said Mr. B.

If you had resided in this Avenue, I should have removed. I must have a pure atmosphere, with no taint of manners, or morals, where I live.

Tom, show Mr. B. the door, said Mrs. Cope.

Mr. B. seemed slightly excited by the unreasonable scorching, inflicted by Mrs. Cope on one of our best citizens and one of our most wealthy and liberal men.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTERY.

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumined, and by taste refined?
When age has quenched the eye, and closed the ear,
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-loved image vanished from her view.

ROGERS.

MRS. COPE was reading the morning paper, and among the arrivals at the Astor House, she read the name of Mayor Conrad, of Philadelphia. This was a few weeks after the call of Mr. T. P. B.

I do hope Mayor Conrad will call on us, said Mrs. Rush.

He will, undoubtedly. He always calls when in the city, said Mrs. Cope.

The bell rung. The servant brought from the reception room a card.

Mrs. Cope read, R. T. CONRAD, Philadelphia.

The Mayor has called! It must be him!

Mr. Conrad, I am pleased to see you, said Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Cope, I shall never visit New York without calling on you. I bring nothing but kind messages from your relatives in Philadelphia, but these are the messages that I hope always to bear to my friends. All your relatives were at my levee on Wednesday, said Mr. Conrad.

Then I need not inquire whether they are all in health. Mr. Conrad, you have come just in time to take a seat with Mrs. Rush and myself. Do you see our coach at the door? My husband is out of the city for a day, and I have promised to take Mrs. Rush to the Battery and Castle Garden. It may be the last look that we shall have of a place that has always been dear to the Knickerbockers. You have heard, no doubt, of the sad work that our Aldermen are now engaged in, said Mrs. Cope.

What new crime have they committed? I thought they had done enough long ago to consign them to an immortality of fame, or infamy, said the mayor.

If you will take a seat with us we will show you one of their acts, said Mrs. Cope.

I will accept your invitation with pleasure, said the mayor.

Patrick, you will drive us to the Battery. You see, Mr. Conrad, we are driving slowly—it is hardly possible to drive in any other way. Our Broadway is crowded with every thing; it has not the quiet show of wealth and splendor that your best streets have. What will be our condition fifty or one hundred years hence, if we do not open new streets and widen old ones? We must have a rail-road, or Broadway will be valueless. Mrs. Cope, I hope you will excuse me for making a single suggestion. I have never seen the residence of Mr. Law, and you know his name is now spoken over our great country. Will you indulge me so much as to return to the Fifth Avenue, of which I have heard so much, and allow me to look at Mr. Waddell's house, and some of the palaces of the beautiful avenue? asked Mr. Conrad.

With all my heart. Patrick, I wish you to drive to Murray Hill. I must admit, Mr. Conrad, that we are proud of our avenue. You have seen Mr. Waddell's house. Mr. McElrath has recently purchased it of Mr. Waddell, and has resold it, to be preserved in its present beauty. Now you just see the roof. You now see the vines, that almost conceal the house. Now we are in front, said Mrs. Cope.

It certainly is beautiful beyond description. Who are the owners of the four palaces on our left? asked the mayor.

Three gentlemen by the name of Phelps own and occupy three of them, and Mr. Dodge owns and occupies the fourth. On our right is Mr. Townsend's house, said Mr. Cope.

Here is another palace! Who owns this? asked Mr. Conrad.

It is owned by Mr. Roberts, and this by Mr. Stuart, and now you see Mr. Law's. Now we see the Club House—but it is not regarded as a respectable house. The first president was Schuyler, the great financier, who pocketed all the funds, and the merchants of respectability were delighted. A teacher of youth is now the president, and is badly employed, said Mrs. Cope.

I agree with you respecting club houses. I am charmed with the beauty of this avenue. Can there be any other to equal it? asked Mr. Conrad.

This is Madison Square, said Mrs. Cope.

I must look for a moment on this scene of beauty. No person of taste can pass it without this tribute, said Mr. Conrad.

This is Union Square, and the fountain is now seen as we approach. The Square is full of ladies, children, and joyous merry persons, said Mrs. Cope.

It is glorious to contemplate such scenes of happiness. Where can life be seen under such cheerful aspects? asked the mayor.

Now we are in Broadway again. Look on your left. One of those magnificent buildings is the Bible House, another is

the Astor Library, the third is the Cooper Institute, one of the most valuable gifts ever made to this or any other city. If we have patience we shall reach the Battery. We are now in sight of Castle Garden. You have been here often when it was a scene of beauty—now it lies in ruins, and is consigned to a painful desecration, said Mrs. Cope.

I have in past times visited this spot, and I did fondly hope that it was forever devoted to health and to beauty. Is such a spot to be forever doomed to an ignominious use, and to have foul ships ever in its sight, and fouler creatures ever crawling over it? It seems as if the very air we breathe is less pure than once we inhaled it. We have much to boast of in Philadelphia, but I must in candor admit that we have no Battery, said the mayor.

We will seat ourselves for a short time beneath this elm—it seems a venerable occupant. Do you see the loads of dirt, and the boats with mud and stone, and all the preparations for transforming this spot into stores and hospitals, and sleeping-places for foreign paupers? asked Mrs. Cope.

I am sorry to say that I do see them all, said Mr. Conrad.

The State is called upon for an immediate appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars, to support the horrid creatures now on the way to this country! They are the cleanings of foreign prisons and work-houses! Mr. Conrad, will you look toward New Jersey? Now toward Staten Island. Now toward the water immediately around us. What do you see? asked Mrs. Cope.

I see hundreds of vessels, with flags of all nations flying in beauty over them. I see steamboats without number, all full of life—merry, happy, joyous life. I see islands of great beauty, with shady trees and lovely houses. I see rural scenes of surpassing loveliness, said the mayor.

Now look down the bay, as far as the eye can reach. You wrote one of Forrest's best plays—the reading world know

that you are a poet. Men possessing your poetic temperament cannot look unmoved on such a scene, said Mrs. Cope.

The view surpasses all others that I ever saw. I could wish that all men of taste were here to enjoy with me this scene of surpassing beauty. Can any enjoyment surpass it? What country can claim a panorama of such ever-changing, ever-charming beauty? See those immense ships, emblems of the great country and its boundless trade—all of them are carrying food to starving nations, and sustaining a half-famished European world. With us all is peace and plenty, but on the battle-fields of Catholic Europe are assembled untold thousands of ignorant, abased and suffering beings. Tyrants have trained them for slaughter and for vice. Is there an American who is willing to lose forever a retreat like this, and never more to stroll with wife and children, friends and lovers, on the banks of these lovely rivers? asked the mayor.

The party that is now filling the city with terror, we think have nearly run their course, and we look for a new and improved condition, under wiser and better men. Who is to be our next President? asked Mrs. Cope.

In Philadelphia, we are all looking to Live Oak; it was our State, you know, that first nominated him; and I am, for one, determined he shall be elected. There is no such man, he is a just emblem of your great city, sitting in quiet majesty, and looking down on all around you. Such a city should give to the great country, one Merchant President, said the Mayor.

I am pleased to hear you speak in such terms of our best man. Jackson was called Hickory, but Mr. Law is represented by the Live Oak, the most valuable tree from which our large vessels are constructed. The Elm is a near relation of them both, and we will summon this venerable patriarch to aid us by its revelations. You as a poet will enjoy the fiction but to the American party it may be more than a fic-

tion; the moral may be intelligible to them, though concealed from the dull minds of stupid politicians, said Mrs. Cope.

I admire fiction—it has been the enjoyment of my leisure hours; it has always been employed to embellish the lives of great men, said the mayor.

We will invest this Elm with life, and claim its testimony.

What have you seen? Were you an Elm when the Indians sold the city for forty dollars? asked Mrs. Cope.

I was. I lived before the Knickerbockers came from Holland, said the Elm.

I address you now as an honest witness—you are not an alderman nor a judge: I know that you will tell the truth.—As bad as our aldermen are, I did not expect that they would ever desecrate this spot, sacred to contemplation, to taste, to love, to health, to beauty. Were you the venerable occupant when the Indian ranged wild in the woods, and were the lords of all they surveyed? I want an honest Knickerbocker answer, said Mrs. Cope.

I lived in early days—the Indian war-whoop was familiar to my ear, the honest Knickerbockers were my early friends. For years, I saw guns, and pistols, swords, and pikes, bristling at my feet. I saw friends and foes in anger meet. The clash of arms, the sound of cannon, boomed over these lovely rivers. I looked again! Oh, it was a sorry sight! Around me were gathered a foreign band; with guns and pistols, and I saw red-coats, and emblems of a foreign nation, that told me my country was in danger. Then I heard of distant battles, and fierce contests, and scenes of blood, and of the dying agonies of freemen, patriots, and noble souls! Dread war was now again approaching! The trumpet notes called all to arms, the drums were beating, and soldiers were rushing to victory or death. Again I heard the sounds of battle, the clash of arms, the roar of guns, the dying groans! Bleeding forms

were strewed around me! The conflict, I knew, must soon be ended.

Victory declared for us!

The acclamations of four millions of hearts, went up to Heaven!

All foes went hence, and busy, bustling, men, resumed their quiet, happy, peaceful avocations.

I saw Washington land at my feet!

One universal shout of thanksgiving went up from every heart, to greet a country's idol, on Freedom's soil! Sweet scenes of peace succeeded, and war's alarms no more were sounded over our beloved country. Americans ruled, and we were free from riot and confusion.

The bristling guns, the fort, the battlements, the red-coats, and all of War's dread implements, invented for man's destruction, disappeared, and a great city rose to greet me here. New canals, new railroads, new aqueducts, new palaces, built by great men, and by Live Oak, new arts, new sciences, new energy, new life, came to bless us on this soil. In Europe, the sound of war, the din of battle, was heard with terror—the burning cities spread their lurid light, and a great military tyrant, shot like a comet over one half the world, and freedom groaned, and died. Ruled by Americans, here, all smiled in peace, and plenty, wealth and glory. Great buildings, great schools, great Americans, Fillmores, and Live Oaks, and Donelsons, grew in peace and happiness, and all smiled to see our great prosperity. Men of wealth, men of learning, sweet girls, and sighing lovers, came and seated themselves under my broad arms, and all were happy. The Knickerbockers have passed away, and with them, half our early virtues. Recently there came foul ships, all taint and filth, from awful Catholic pollution, sickness, and degradation; the scenes around me now are changed! I soon must yield this quiet scene of beauty; none on earth can be so lovely: houses, stores, rail-

roads, now claim my room—my days, I know are numbered. In deepest sorrow, I looked round for friends, despair was settling on my heart!

One man I saw, for virtue nobly contending—to him I told the story of my wrongs. This man raised great works, to guide upwards his fellow men: he bore his country's banners nobly, he was a true American, and spread over freedom's soil, the virtues that most we needed. All good men, and great men, hailed him as the bright emblem of the great American nation. I saw him for my life, my liberty, my sacred purpose, boldly contending. He said a spot of such surpassing beauty, with such venerable occupants, must be spared from the woodman's ax. Men must breathe—and a love of beauty, and of nature's lovely scenes, is a part of life to all Americans, and improvement and desecration to this spot, cannot come here, he said!

Who was this man? He oft had toiled for his country's good, I knew he would be great! I will pronounce his name! It is my brother, his name is Live Oak!

Hickory was great, but Live Oak is greater. This great and happy country now resounds, in tones of universal eulogy, to the great, the good, and virtuous Live Oak, said the Elm.

But tell us now the truth—is Live Oak to fill the highest place in this great nation? You certainly are more communicative and more honest than our aldermen. A great battle is yet to be fought, of which you have told us nothing. The whole world are spectators, and we wish to know if the battle-field will be won by Union, virtue, truth and honesty? You seem an oracle of truth, and we, as members of the great American nation, ask you for revelations. You know that 'nvisible Sam is now abroad, and seeking information. You are as good an oracle as ever spoke to ancient Catholic nations. Now address yourself to Sam, and tell us all you know, for

we will yield no pre-eminence to ancient nations or ancient oracles, said Mrs. Cope.

With age comes wise experience. I know the men now most needed to guide the country upward. I will reveal the qualifications that, more than all others, Live Oak possesses. I shall personify his virtues, and make them talk in my oracular language, said the Elm.

That is exactly the information that the country wants; and the Americans wish to have it sustained by the very highest and most unquestionable authority, like yours, said Mrs. Cope.

Mr. Conrad, I hope you will fix these revelations in your memory, and convey them all to the American party in Pennsylvania, said Mrs Cope.

I am well satisfied that more than one oracle has pronounced in favor of Live Oak, but I wish to hear the revelations of this Elm, said Mr. Conrad.

I saw sickness and sorrow seated at my feet.—What land of sorrow have you left?—come here and testify. Pain and sorrow are written in your face.—The night is dark, the wind is cold, my heart in secret sorrow now is bleeding. I have no house, I have no food, I have no relatives or friends! I wish to die and end my sorrow: one leap, and all is over!—A form appeared, all manlike grace and noble port.—Here is money for your relief! For shame! rouse up and quit the scenes of vice by wicked aldermen placed around you. Look up to Heaven! A Parent lives to receive thee, when life here is well ended!

Who was this man, by angels sent to save my life, and point it upwards?

You know his name—it was Live Oak!

I summoned Science to talk with me, and lend her aid to a great nation.

I come, said Science, and with me bring my children all—great ships, great steamboats, great factories, great railroads

and great discoveries. One of these will unite the world in daily intercourse, and another cures all of nature's sufferings.

Give me the name, I said, of him to whom the world is so deeply indebted. Is it Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon?

Hated names! Their glory was of war, and death, and horrid suffering, on all the world by them inflicted! They represented fiends incarnate!

Then who is great? I asked.

I love to name him. He is ever active in his country's cause. All great schemes, all great thoughts by genius kindled, shed a glorious light over all created things; and one man is ever leading upward his whole country. You know his name—it is Live Oak.

I see dense masses marching to conflict and to death. It is the battle-field of 1856 and 1857. They come, they come, in solid column, to Passion's horrid, desolating war! The martial notes are calling all to arms. The banners float, the drums are sounding, and the din of war has banished peace and all its quiet joys. See, now they meet. The clash of arms, the cannons roar, the guns with guns, and life with life, in deadly conflict now are sounding. O, see, the victims fall. Brother with brother, in dying masses, now are mingled. See streams of blood from hearts of noble men are flowing!

Peace, peace, I say! No more of war! Who has kindled these horrid passions? Champions of North and South, yield, I say, to Union, reason, life and joy!

Who is this man? He stills the contending world!

You know his name—it is Live Oak!

A sweet face appeared, and seated himself at my feet, in pensive mood. It was a boy of only fourteen summers.

In this scene of quiet beauty I will meditate on things to come, and form noble resolutions. Who was the author of this scene that so elevates the thoughts and sends the soul bounding in joy to God? Why should I ask? I know, and

so does all the world. It was formed by a good Creator. But tell me, sir, for you are an American, have you anything for me to do in this great city? I must make a fortune, and leave a name to virtue dear.

Command this ship! Commence where all have commenced, and work up to the cabin, and from the cabin to ownership, and to wealth and great fame! You shall be a near relation.

Who was this man, by whom hundreds were raised to great wealth and eminence? You know his name—it was Live Oak.

I summoned history to talk with me, and tell me of great names, great acts, and all that give interest to life, to country, to chivalry, to wealth and glory. I want names that will live to a great country dear, when I am gone, and the cruel axe in the hands of wicked aldermen has laid low and buried in oblivion all record of my early days, my romantic history, and my later years. The response was loud, the acclamation long!

My record is of one great name—you need not ask—you know it is Live Oak.

Spring had come. The morn was bright, the breeze was balm. Life was sporting in pleasure all around. There came near me a form all loveliness, a face all beauty. It was glorious to look on such a brow. Hope, and life, and intellect were dancing in joy, and imagination lent its thousand mirrored pleasures to fill a heart already overflowing. A manly form appeared. A plume and military hat is borne in graceful action. He bows and seems familiar with this form of beauty. In sweet converse hours were passed. They gazed on scenes that roused to inspiration hearts of deepest, holiest sympathies. This man was his country's idol. He had carried her banners to glory's heights, and placed it there in victory. I saw a kiss placed on beauty's cheek. A thrill of bliss united forever two hearts. He came from a distant state to claim a bride to eminence an heir; and he carried from sighing lovers a greater trophy than he had won on battle field.

Who was the parent of a life of such transcendent loveliness? You know it was Live Oak.

I saw an Eagle, soaring in the air. Whence comest thou? I asked.

I came from azure spheres, where hope, and joy, and love, forever reign. I came to bear a message of deep import, and a name of great eminence from worlds above. Look on this scroll of fame! My talons bear it to the Americans in the world below. You can read the name—it is Live Oak.

I saw a storm arise; the ocean was, in fury, tossed to mountains, caverns, and awful billows! I saw a splendid ship, all full of life, and hope, and noble souls in ice, in cold, in dreary regions, in mid ocean, in life's last conflict they were expiring. It was the lost boat that must crush the hearts of hundreds Now it dashed against ice-bergs, and horrid shrieks were heard, and all was still. One way worn mariner was saved by miracle, and asked for aid! There is one American who always gives to suffering men; and to him I shall carry you. I need not ask, for I know his heart, in sympathy, is bleeding.

Who is this man? You know his name—it is Live Oak.

I saw a sweet child in tears; her eyes were black, her face was Beauty's mould. Why these tears? I asked.

I once had parents, friends, and brothers: wealth smiled, and all were happy. My father died a victim to the bad influences, placed by wicked men around him. My mother died with broken heart, my brothers roamed in streets. My heart in deepest anguish now is bleeding, and I daily pray that I may die! But tell me, sir, if I will sweep your street in wintry weather, without shoes, will you give me one cent?

Come here, my child: the world, to you, is dark, but I will conduct you where hope and joy to thee shall come, and remove from thy young heart, a load of sorrow. In this school, you shall be clothed and fed, for I know you came from my Creator.

Who was this man? You know his name—it was Live Oak.

At my feet I saw a poor woman selling apples, and tears were in her eyes. Whence camest thou? I asked.

I am a poor Exile of Erin. From home, from parents, from children, here, in sorrow, I must roam, while life shall last! The aldermen killed my weak husband; now poverty, hunger, sickness, disappointment, a lingering death, is all that life can promise! I wish my life were ended! But, kind sir, if you could spare me, from the rich store that God has given you, one or two cents, each day, I will smile, in happiness, on you! May it not be that the Author of our being, will smile on both?

I will never pass you, without giving the cent you ask, I will rob the money from a cherished pleasure, and I will take my chance of God's approval.

Who was this man? You know his name, it was Live Oak.

I saw beauty in poverty neglected. Is there a scene in life more painful? I saw around her degrading vices, in garb of honest men. I know that villains are not honest men, but vice makes villains of us all.

Then who shall banish vice, and make men honest, just, and true? There's one who soon will do it! You know his name, it is Live Oak.

I saw a poor student in midnight toil. Why this lean and haggard look? I asked.

I wish to ascend to Fame's proud heights, by genius led; but I am poor, and work by day in menial office. I called on a man of vast wealth and high position. Will you loan me a small sum, that now I gain by daily labor?

With all my heart! Here it is. I will give it freely, to men like you.

Who was this man? You know his name, it is Live Oak.

I saw a weeping widow. Thy look betokens sorrow, I said.

Say, can beauty like thine be neglected in this world of wealth and happiness?

My husband young, my children all, my wealth, my friends, are gone, and left my heart, in sorrow bleeding. Now, to sickness, to despondency, to early death, I am rapidly descending. Oh, if I had one friend to soothe my sinking heart, I would look up in joy!

I will be that friend! My business is to lighten sorrow. Who was this man? You know his name—it was Live Oak.

Do you hear music? It is an organ, and is now approaching.

Tell me, woman, why you ever grind such sounds, from that chest of drawers? You were handsome, once, but care has marked that brow.

I will tell you, sir: I am alone in this cruel world! Once, in the peaceful scenes of Tyrol, where birds were singing, where the air was fragrance, and where rural life to all was was lovely, I lived in innocence; with parents, brothers, sisters, and dear friends, and all were happy. Lured by a wretch, I left my happy home, and came, a wanderer here. My mother died in grief, my father lives, to upbraid me. To darkness, to despair, to deepest destitution, my life is now forever doomed. I have no food, my clothes are worn, and I am cold and hungry. But, kind sir, I know you have a heart of sympathy for suffering creatures; if you will give me a trifle, I will sing you a song, that I know will touch your heart, for it will come from one in sorrow bleeding.

Here is the money, and you shall always have a share of the ample store that Providence has, in goodness, showered on me.

Who was this man? You know his name—it is Live Oak

Imagination soars to worlds, where fields are green: where life is love, where joy forever reigns, where intellect exists, without the mortal tenement. Here we are waiting, angels

say, for a mind congenial, when life's duties all are passed away; for his country and his God, he is now contending; an angel will bear his spirit up to Heaven. If all these virtues shall ever shine on man, the great Americans will close their mission. You know their name, they are all who claim the virtues. All know the emblems of American virtues, Law, Fillmore and Donelson. The great country all give ear to my oracle! Thirty milllions! Attention all! Let these words sink deep in American hearts, all honest, true, and faithful. I feel the ax held by sacrilegious hands, now, striking at my heart! Why is man ungrateful? I now must die! My heart, in its last agony is bleeding. With my last breath, I utter this, my oracle!

Elect Live Oak or Fillmore president, and peace and plenty, shall ever smile upon you, said the Elm.

Mr. Conrad, you have heard the Oracle speak to the whole American Nation, do you doubt the truth that it has uttered? asked Mrs. Cope.

I do not, and if Mr. Fillmore, or Mr. Law, is not elected, it will be the fault of the Americans, and not of the Oracle. I have often read of oracles, but I never heard one till the present time: I will convey this important communication to all the Americans in Pennsylvania, and I am certain the American candidate will have the vote of our State, said Mr. Conrad.

I need not tell you, Mr. Conrad, that my flights have the appearance of fiction, but I am at work for the great American party, and the Elm is as good an oracle as Homer. His hero invaded Troy with an army concealed in a wooden horse. I do not aspire to Homer's fame, but I will lead a greater army, and in the Presidential battle-field, I will fight and conquer, said Mrs. Cope.

I admire works of genius: and fiction was never so nobly

employed, as when it serves the cause of virtue, and union, and perpetuates the boundless blessings of our glorious country. I am sure the Americans will listen to such truthful oracles, said Mr. Conrad, as he bid Mrs. Cope adieu at the Astor House.

CHAPTER XIV.

DESPONDENCY.

But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

ROGERS.

THERE is now living in one of the most literary cities of New England, a family named Beekman, claiming a descent from the Puritans who came to Plymouth in the Mayflower. Many articles imported by the family, and consecrated by time and by early sufferings, are yet retained by their descendants. This family have all the virtues and all the austerities of their pious ancestors. They seem to have improved by transplanting; and all who know them acknowledge their high claim to all the virtues. The orthodox churches were the only cradles in which the eminent piety of such persons could be nurtured. In a church of this sound puritanical faith, the two daughters and two sons were reared.

The younger daughter was not regarded as a perfect

beauty, but all acknowledged her claim to superior loveliness. She was highly intellectual. Her vivacity enlivened, her wit charmed, and she was the delight of a large circle. She sung with taste, and danced, and conversed with the grace of the most brilliant and the most fascinating. Suitors came around her. They were all promptly rejected. New aspirants sought for introduction, but they were all rejected without consideration. What can this mean? Is she going to join the Catholics, and bury herself in a nunnery? was the inquiry of the numerous disappointed lovers. She is too sensible, was the reply of all.

She visited distant States. For a short time she was a visitor in the Fifth Avenue, New York, where her reputation had preceded her, and even here she was the attraction of an extended circle. All were crowding to see the luminary that had appeared in a new constellation. The rush was constantly increasing—it seemed almost an avalanche—nearly half the residents of the Avenue were calling on her. There came around her men of wealth, of education, of courtly manners, and men of eminent talents. Some came from a distance to see so great a belle. I never heard such music! She inspires all with one sentiment. She is the impersonation of the qualities that the world most values—intellect, taste, vivacity, beauty, musical genius. I cannot feel indifferent to such claims, were the remarks of all who saw her.

I have done my best, but I have seen no evidences of affection, and now I am off. To be thus treated is very mortifying, but she shall never know the wound that she has inflicted; I will look out and not be thus treated by any other coquette, said Mr. F.

She has no heart! Not a single person has made the least impression! She positively refuses all. What can this strange conduct seem to indicate? She is a perfect iceberg, said Mr. S.

I must have my freedom—I can wear no chains. You may flutter around me as much as you please, you will not catch me; you will be a lame duck, said Kate to all.

The chains of love are silken chains—the married ladies all say so, said Mr. P.

Then they may wear them, for I will not! I cannot give up my empire. Here I reign supreme—the world of love is all my own. O, it is glorious to see proud men bowing and worshiping at my shrine! I do wonder if it will always be so? asked Kate Beekman.

At this she paused.

Some time now has passed since men came sighing here. I do believe the young men are growing more sensible. But I am free! I have now had time for cool reflection, and wise experience. There was one that I did not positively dislike. I do think I have seen one, one single person whom I could love, but I never told my heart, and I am sure he does not know it. He has gone now, and I do not know where he is. Perhaps he is married! Well, let him go—my heart is quite easy, said Kate.

I will try again, said one of the disappointed suitors. Girls do sometimes change their minds—perhaps Kate may.

This lover certainly was a young man whom all should like. He had good sense, and a superior education. He sang, danced, conversed, played on musical instruments, and certainly was very fascinating.

I think I shall succeed! I will do my best. It is of vast importance that I should please, and I will exert all my genius. My chance now certainly seems to be improving! Can it be that she is coquetting? I have never told my hopes or fears to any one. I have done my best, and it is of no use to ask questions. Now I am sure I shall succeed—my prospects are much brighter! But if she should refuse a second time!

Here is life or death! I will come out and tell her of the singular sensations that now afflict me!

"I am accepted!" was the postscript of a letter written by Augustus to his brother. Some rejected suitors were in deep affliction.

I was never refused before—I never shall be again, I am sure of that, said Mr. B.

I must admit that she was a girl of extraordinary fascination; but now she is to be married, and bid adieu to her numerous admirers, said Mr. M.

The wedding-day was appointed, the invitations were distributed, and many were sent to distant cities. The fashionable world were waiting with more than usual anxiety for the important event.

The day arrived, and the coaches of the highest circles were crowding on each other. Who ever saw a bride more lovely? was the exclamation of all who saw her.

Kate Beekman and Augustus Bayard received the congratulations of their numerous friends; and a more brilliant circle of taste, fashion, wealth and beauty, has not often been seen in our wealthy city.

Augustus was the recipient of the affections of a warm heart; and he gave in return the energy of a brilliant intellect, that was destined to elevate them to the highest eminence in the exclusive circles of this great metropolis. This was some years ago. The gay world made its demands, and they were responded to. Parties, balls, and fashionable life engrossed for a time all the thoughts of the happy couple. Augustus was a merchant, but his education was surpassed by none. He was familiar with every author of eminence; he could recite poetry from all the living poets, and for nothing ancient had he any respect. Books, music, brilliant conversation, receiving and making calls, filled their whole time, and life to none could be more crowded with enjoyment. Wealth

poured its rich stores into the coffers of Mr. Bayard. His investments in all things doubled in value. A coach, and a corresponding display were the rewards of talents judiciously applied. Their house in the Fifth Avenue was surpassed by few even of the oldest and richest families. The merchants of the Avenue were the most eminent for wealth and talent, and with them Mr and Mrs. Bayard were most disposed to cultivate an unreserved interchange of familiar visits.

The names of Mr. and Mrs. Bayard were spoken of with the highest respect by all with whom they associated. Among other families of the highest st[illegible] Mrs. Bayard visited Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Brevoort, Mrs. Rhinelander, Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Cooley, and all who occupied the most elevated position in the exclusive circles.

Mrs. M., a resident of the Fifth Avenue, called one morning on Mrs. Phelps.

Mrs. M., I have just called on Mrs. Bayard, a lady of great personal attractions, and a resident of the Avenue. I think she possesses every quality that can add charms to social life. On what can the eye rest with more pleasure than on scenes of matrimonial happiness? What sight can surpass in interest the happy home of those we love? asked Mrs. Phelps.

None, I am sure, said Mrs. M.

Mrs. Bayard's house is the centre of a gay circle of our most intellectual persons—our best society are her constant visitors. At her house are music, poetry, novels, all that can interest the most intellectual of both sexes. There is always to be found a refined circle that nowhere can be surpassed; you may seek admission to her house, but to all who apply it is not open. Your talents must be elevated, you must claim pure morals, refined manners, propriety of conduct; all your qualifications must be investigated, if you would be admitted; any lady who has not all of these, need not seek admission to her house, said Mrs. Phelps.

Your picture of Mrs. Bayard has charmed me; but are you sure it is fairly drawn? I did not know that we had such a person in this avenue. I must learn more of this lady, for whom you seem so deeply interested. Do you invite all the new residents of this avenue to your house? asked Mrs. M.

I do not know all the residents of this avenue. I invite to my house all with whom I am acquainted, and all for whom I have the highest respect, said Mrs. Phelps.

I do not. I invite no lady to my house till I know the value of her husband's property, and her own position in the social world. Suppose Barnum, or Perham, or Brandreth, and their class, should move into this avenue, do you think I would call on their wives? asked Mrs. M.

Many streets have worse men than they are. Respectability depends on conduct, and not on the pursuits of life. I do not expect all with whom I associate to have Mrs. Bayard's claim to respect; she is among the few whom all wish to honor; her class of ladies are unyielding in their claims to all the qualities in their intimate friends that they themselves possess. Your credentials may admit you to the society of other streets, but here, in the Fifth Avenue, and at Mrs. Bayard's, you cannot enter without the very highest qualifications, said Mrs. Phelps.

I shall know more of Mrs. Bayard before I call on her. Do Mrs. McElrath, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Brevoort, Mrs. Cooledge, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Cooley, and Mrs. Wheeler call on her? I have been an occupant of this avenue for ten years, and I shall not lower my dignity by calling on any new aspirant till I know something of their origin. I want no Puritan psalm-singers in my house. My husband acquired his wealth by his profession; he never delved in the counting-house; he has been wealthy for ten years; and it becomes us to be particular in receiving new friends to a perfect equality with us. We claim some consideration in this avenue; the style that we

support, we mean shall be surpassed by none. We removed from Union Square for a more exclusive atmosphere, and we do not wish to have it tainted by any plebeian smells. We are already annoyed by Mr. H., the sausage-maker—do you think I would call on his wife? There is Mr. D., who sold beer by the glass—do you think I shall call on his wife? My children will soon go into company. Do you think I shall allow them to visit in the same circles with Mrs. H. and Mrs. D., and their uncouth husbands, and their vulgar children?

Mrs. M., you seem to have taken offence at some remark of mine; I did not intend to convey the impression that you would be rejected if you called on Mrs. Bayard—of that I know nothing; but I do say that many ladies of more than your wealth have been refused admission to Mrs. Bayard's house, and I have no doubt many more will be. As high as you stand, there are those who in all that belongs to the most dignified and elevated society, are infinitely above you. I have no desire to give you offence, but I do not think the world will give you credit for the highest intellectual endowments. At Mrs. Bayard's I meet ladies of distinction, and men of high position from distant States; statesmen, lawyers, retired merchants of great wealth, distinguished foreigners, all men of high literary claims, and ladies of great beauty, said Mrs. Phelps.

Well, do you mean to intimate that I have none of these qualities? asked Mrs. M.

Not at all. I am stating the qualities that they possess who obtain admission to Mrs. Bayard's house. Genius, wit, refinement, taste, elegant manners, all that can give dignity to high position, are the claims that she makes; and with individuals, and with the circles that claim these qualities, Mrs. Bayard's circle is constantly enlarging, said Mrs. Phelps, as Mrs. M. withdrew.

A few days after this interview, Mrs. M. called on Mrs. Brevoort.

Mrs. Brevoort, have you called on Mrs. Bayard? She is one of the recent arrivals in this avenue, said Mrs. M.

I have, and I shall call often. I am told that she possesses every quality that the world admires. She has wealth, talents, and refined manner, said Mrs. Brevoort.

You think so, do you? She has not a single quality to recommend her to the upper circles in this avenue. She has no respectability; who knows any of her ancestors? She has no wealth, and never had. Her husband lives for five or six thousand, and my husband spends twice as much every year! She is aspiring to honors that she will never receive in this avenue, while I am here. Mrs. Phelps is trying to introduce her, but she had better wait till she reaches the best circles herself, before she attempts to elevate others, said Mrs. M.

I am surprised to hear you speak in such terms of Mrs. Bayard. I did think she had an undisputed claim to our highest honors;—you, of course, do not intend to call on her, said Mrs. Brevoort.

Call on her! I would not speak to her if I met her at Mrs. Whitney's! This is not all. I will show her who she is. If I meet her at any house where I call, I will turn my back, and on no condition will I ever speak to her. She has come here from some obscure place, no one but Mrs. Phelps knows where, and no other lady in the avenue will ever know her, said Mrs. M.

Mrs. M., I know Mrs. Bayard and her husband, and I know her parents and all her connections, and I know them to be entitled to all the respect that our highest circles can pay them. I shall regard such remarks as personal, and I shall resent them as such, said Mrs. Brevoort.

Mrs. Brevoort, I do not care what you resent; I shall say what I please, and my remarks may offend you, or Mrs. Bayard, or Mr. H., or Mr. D. I care not, said Mrs. M.

Mrs. M, this avenue has had trouble enough of your mak-

ing, and it is time for ladies of independence to speak their mind, and I shall do it. You have lampooned every lady in the avenue, with the exception of a few who meet you to abuse all others. Your husband has always sold pills, and spent his money as fast as he made it. His father availed himself of an infamous law, and paid not one dollar of his borrowed money to his best friends, who are now in abject poverty. You boxed up the nostrums that have shortened the days of many a victim, and now you pretend to be at the head of the aristocracy of this avenue. If you knew the feeling of profound contempt that respectable people entertain for you all, you would be more modest in your pretensions. You know that you have been guilty of defaming one of the most amiable ladies that ever occupied a house in this avenue, or any other. The tales of scandal that you started were circulated by every tongue, and an editor, as vile as you are, gave to that infamous falsehood a currency that no tale of scandal ever before received. You need not deny this, for you know it is true, said Mrs. Brevoort.

I know the story to which you allude, but I did not start it, nor did I give it any more circulation than you and others gave it. I believed it true, and so did others; and I do not now know that it was not true, said Mrs. M.

You do know that it is not true, and you are guilty of gross injustice to Mrs. W. in saying you do not know that it is not true. Before you gave currency to such defamation, you should have learned the truth or the falsehood of a report so vile. The injury that you inflicted on Mrs. W. can never be washed out. No individual in this avenue has ever committed an act that could bring a blush upon the cheek of any lady; the circulation of that report was an insult to the feelings of every resident of the avenue, and they will inflict upon you their deepest indignation! A more amiable lady in all the relations of life than Mrs. W. does not live, and you know

it; she is one of the most open-hearted and truly amiable ladies with whom I ever associated: if any one lady could claim all the virtues, she is that person. The falsehoods that you and others circulated have broken her heart, and she will, I firmly believe, die a victim to your wickedness, said Mrs. Brevoort.

Why does not some person insert a contradiction of the report in the same paper that gave it currency? asked Mrs. M.

To do so would be but affirming the scandal. One class of readers would herald that paragraph as the sure evidence of the crime that it purported to contradict. The editor of the paper who first inserted that falsehood should be marched from the city, followed by every virtuous lady in it; and you will excuse me, Mrs. M., I should not object to see you arm-and-arm with that man, said Mrs. Brevoort.

You are very severe, Mrs. Brevoort, said Mrs. M.

I mean to be severe. I have given my opinion of you and of your conduct, and you may make any use of it that you please. If you were out of this avenue, there would not be a person in it with whom the most virtuous might not associate, said Mrs. Brevoort.

Mrs. M. was slightly excited, and walked from the parlor without the usual adieu.

A few days after Mrs. Phelps's coach was seen at Mrs. Bayard's door.

Mrs. Bayard, I hope you will excuse this early call; my long acquaintance, and allow me to say, my high regard for you, must be my apology. I shall call often, and I ask for admission to your house as I would wish to be admitted to that of a near relative. Shall I be indulged? asked Mrs. Phelps.

Mrs. Phelps, I am pleased to see you; I thank you for your familiar call, and I do hope you will always, in your intercourse with me, discard the ceremony of formal calls, and

enable us to enjoy the higher pleasure of unreserved friendship. I enjoy familiar calls, free conversation, evening parties, and all that gives to life its purest enjoyments. I shall depend on seeing you often, said Mrs. Bayard

Has Mrs. M. called on you? asked Mrs. Phelps.

She has not; and from some remarks that have been made to me, I shall feel no regret if she never calls, said Mrs. Bayard.

She called on me recently, and in conversation I spoke of your high position, and your requirements of those who visited you; and would you believe it, she was offended, and seemed to think that all I said in your favor was so much deducted from her own *eminent* qualifications! She asked me if I thought she had not merit enough to gain admission to your house, or any other in this city? said Mrs. Phelps.

I hope you said nothing to offend her ladyship. I wish to stand well with all in this avenue, said Mrs. Bayard.

Mrs. M. may visit whom she pleases—I only hope she will not call on me again; but if she does, I certainly shall not return the call, and if I meet her in company I shall certainly be very reserved. In this avenue we enjoy some privileges that other streets do not claim. If ladies cannot conduct themselves with rigid propriety, we will expel them with indignation. No lady of doubtful character shall find a resting-place here. Have you heard of the death of Mr. S., and the destitute condition of the family? I must send a line to Mrs. Cope this day; you know she is like the spirit of Mercy, going from house to house, relieving the sick and desponding, said Mrs. Phelps.

I know Mrs. S. has returned from Europe, and I know the remains of Mr. S. have been received at No. — Twenty-second Street, and followed by the family to the tomb, said Mrs. Bayard, as Mrs. Phelps withdrew.

Mrs. Phelps called on Mrs. Cope, and gave her information of the return of Mrs. S. and the painful condition to which the

family was reduced. Mr. Cope returned in the evening, and the condition of Mrs. S. and her interesting family was discussed.

James, you know I am a distant relative of Mrs. S. by marriage, said Mrs. Cepe.

You should certainly call on her. You always spoke of Mrs. S. as a lady for whom you entertained the highest regard, said Mr. Cope.

You know that I have never censured Mrs. S., even when my own sex were pouring out a torrent of their denunciations. I shall call on her as I would on a sister; I will not follow the multitude, to the scandal of my own sex. I will order the coach early to-morrow, said Mrs. Cope.

The next morning Mrs. Cope's carriage was seen standing at the door of No. — Twenty-second Street.

Mrs. Cope, I thank you for this call.

For some minutes Mrs. S. could say no more.

Perhaps I should have delayed my call, said Mrs. Cope.

You could not call too early. I cannot tell you how much I thank you. • • • I returned from Europe but last week. You know my husband departed this life in Italy, said Mrs. S.

I have called, Mrs. S., to offer you all the consolation that I can give you. If to tell you that my heart sympathizes with you is a consolation, then you will accept the offering that I came to make. I have known you for years; and the tongue of slander never uttered your name till Mr. S. lost his fortune. Many ladies who have always associated with you have said, that if any one lady more than most others could claim the virtues that all respect, you were that person. I cannot but feel for your sufferings. I know that nothing on earth can restore peace to your crushed heart. Your husband is gone from you; the altar of the heart is desolate, and the cold wind of neglect will chill it with despair. Do not, Mrs. S., I beg of you, do not yield to any feeling. I came to console you;

I could not inflict one pang on a heart already crushed to the earth. I would raise and sustain it, and bring you and your beloved family back to the happiness that you once enjoyed, said Mrs. Cope.

For some minutes, Mrs. S. did not speak—her deep suffering was evident. She recovered.

Mrs. Cope, I have had but few such calls as yours! The world is cold when misfortunes have wrecked our hopes and crushed our hearts. To lose all our fortune, once almost boundless, I thought was pain enough; but till the death of Mr. S., I knew not what suffering was! My husband lived an honorable life, respected equally for his talents and his integrity; with the last dollar of his fortune he lost character, and all for which he could desire to live. A life once honorable could not be borne in dishonor! Disappointed hopes inflicted wounds that no balm could heal. Death seized upon his heart, and he asked not to live; to his sensitive nature a speedy release was certain. The day after I received his letter, informing me of the near approach of death, I left for Europe. In a strange land I sought his secluded resting-place—but persecution pursued us to the borders of his grave. A priest had sought his confidence, and betrayed him to his enemies. The last dollar was taken from us, as his hand was extended in affection to those who stood around his dying bed! O, the sight! I cannot tell you what I saw! A form and face once manly were wasted! As he looked at me, I shrunk with terror! What spectre from other worlds is that? I asked. It is not my husband! He spoke! It was my husband! I placed my arm under his head, and as I raised it, he breathed his last!

Excuse me, Mrs. Cope. You have not lost a devoted husband, and every blandishment that boundless wealth could give! Look at these children! I shall soon follow him who has passed to the repose that was denied him here. A more

devoted husband, a more affectionate parent never lived! We were children together—his relatives were my relatives; in early life we moved in the highest circles, and my husband's father was the idol of our country. In early life we exchanged our vows, were privately married, and withdrew to the quiet happy scenes of joyous matrimonial life. We never thought a censorious world would pursue us with their scandal to our own secluded fireside! Our children were beautiful and talented, and were the admired of all who saw them. We reared them in virtue, and they are paying back the debt of affection nobly. I need not tell you, Mrs. Cope, my health is impaired and my heart is desolate. I have not the means of living! At this moment I am not provided with one month's support!

For a moment Mrs. S. did not speak.

Mrs. S., have you no relatives to whom you can look for assistance? asked Mrs. Cope.

I have not. I am reduced to want, and I would gladly beg if I could, but where can a friend be found in distress like mine? asked Mrs. S.

Mrs. S., you shall not thus suffer. I will call on our ladies of wealth. I know some whose hearts are all sympathy. I shall assist you. You shall not thus suffer, said Mrs. Cope, as she bid adieu.

Mrs. Cope related to her husband the interview with Mrs. S.

She must and shall be assisted, said Mr. Cope.

Mrs. Cope called on Mrs. L., the wife of the most liberal of men.

Mrs. L., I have called on Mrs. S., for whom I feel the strongest affection. If you could see her, your sensitive heart would bleed. Mrs. S. has moved in our highest circles, and she is now reduced to beggary! What shall we do for her? asked Mrs. Cope.

I will assist her. I am pleased to learn that you have called

on her. Whatever sum you will obtain in this avenue, and in all the city, I will double, said Mrs. L.

A very large sum was raised, and Mrs. L. contributed as much as all the others. Mrs. Cope had the pleasure of receiving the sum within one week, and she called on Mrs. S.

Mrs. S., you see I have called again. Here is a purse! I shall not tell you how much there is in it, and I shall make no speech, said Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. S. kissed Mrs. Cope, and a warm tear touched her cheek. For a few moments no words were spoken. Mrs. S. recovered.

Mrs. Cope, if there is a Heaven, I shall meet you there! If a life like yours will not secure happiness here and hereafter, then tell me not of Heaven! In the mansions of the blessed we shall rejoin our lost friends. Sorrow and tears will be known no more, and affections like yours will be the highest reward that Heaven can bestow. If this is not true, then for what purpose did the Deity place on earth such lives as yours? asked Mrs. S., as Mrs. Cope kissed her and silently withdrew.

Mrs. Bayard's bell rung. Mrs. Brevoort was seen entering the parlor.

Mrs. Bayard, you see I have made an early call. Mrs. Phelps, I am delighted to meet you here. I have a good joke to tell you both. What do you think it is? asked Mrs. Brevoort.

I guess it is something about Dr. Cox's trial! What do you think the ministers are coming to? asked Mrs. Bayard.

It is not about Dr. Cox. I suppose that my story will interest you more than his domestic quarrels, said Mrs. Brevoort.

Do tell us what has happened! What is the good joke that you have alluded to? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I have had a quarrel with Mrs. M., and we have parted forever! She made some insulting remarks about you, Mrs. Bayard, and I paid her back in her own coin; and a more ex-

citing discussion you never heard. I must admit that I lost my temper, but I am glad of it; if I had not been angry I could not have told her all the home truths that I let out, said Mrs. Brevoort.

What did you say to her? asked Mrs. Bayard.

I said everything, and I shall never remember half I said. She commenced by saying she should not visit you till she had learned something more about you! She thought you had neither wealth nor refinement, and you would not reach the highest circles, to which Mrs. Phelps was trying to raise you. She said Mrs. Phelps had better get into the best circles before she attempted to pull you up; and hundreds of other insulting things, said Mrs. Brevoort.

Will you tell us all that passed between you? said Mrs. Phelps.

I told her that she was the first person that reported the falsehood about Mrs. W., and she denied it; but we all know it is true. I told her that she now put on airs, and boasted of her husband's wealth; and that a few years ago she was packing pills to cure doubtful disorders, and killing all who swallowed her husband's poison! Did I not serve her right? She is a pretty woman to wear twenty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry! I hope she will leave the avenue, said Mrs. Brevoort.

I am glad you have quarreled—I have done the same. Was there ever such impertinence in any woman? I have no doubt she was the first to start the report that the daughter of Mr. T. was in a delicate situation, and that her father had paid an old fellow without respectability two hundred thousand dollars for marrying her, and for retiring with her to the classic shades of Lake Como, to waste her sweetness, said Mrs. Phelps.

Of course she was, and she should claim the honor of some other tales of scandal. Who do you suppose first told

the calumnious story of Mrs. P. of Brooklyn? asked Mrs. Brevoort.

Do you think it was Mrs. M.? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I know it was. She said that Mrs. P. was the happy mother, after a long matrimonial life, of more than one child that would be claimed by the Abolitionists. They claim the paternity of all children not quite white, you know, said Mrs. Brevoort.

I have no doubt she was the author of the report that Miss R. had met with a serious accident that might keep her from society for a few months! She told it to me in perfect confidence, and I have learned that she told the same story to a dozen other ladies, always with the injunction of secrecy. We all know that Mrs. P. is as virtuous a lady as ever lived, and most respected by those who are most intimate with her; and the other reports started by Mrs. M. no respectable person believes. But who can contradict these libels when once on the wing of private scandal? If we can get Mrs. M. out of the avenue we shall have a pure atmosphere, and we may then congratulate ourselves on having privileges no where else enjoyed. Here all are on the same level, all associate with perfect freedom, and no inequality of fortune is any barrier to the most intimate friendship. In this avenue we have Mrs. Kingsland, Mrs. Sandford, Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Dellinger, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Cooley, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Herring, Mrs. McBride, Mrs. Bedford, Mrs. Remsen, Mrs. Sheff and Mrs. Roberts. With these ladies I claim intimate friendship, and with them I have enjoyed all that cultivated intellect can bestow. I shall call often, and I shall bring with me my niece, whom you have met so often at the houses of our mutual friends. You, Mrs. Bayard, have been married some years—Mrs. Cope not so long. I must now return Will you promise to call often? We shall depend upon it. I shall want you to ride with me to the new Manhattan

Park. What a noble fellow Mayor Wood is! He would not sign the bill for curtailing the Park. I must invite him to my party. Now you must return this call promptly, or I shall positively be offended, said Mrs. Phelps, as they withdrew.

The following week Mrs. Cope called on Mrs. Phelps.

I do hope Mrs. Bayard will call on me. I have never met a lady with whom I was more pleased, said Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Phelp's bell rung. Mrs. Bayard entered the parlor.

Mrs. Bayard, this is very kind in you. I have thought of you every day. Do you know that Mrs. Cope was speaking of you the very moment that you came in? I am pleased to see you. I am delighted to have you and Mrs. Cope meet—you must cultivate the most friendly feelings—you must be intimate. I know how much Mrs. Cope will enjoy her residence in this delightful avenue. You are both good talkers. No person can say that you are not sociable, and that is what I like. I cannot endure ceremony. Mrs. Cope's son is near the age of Oscar, and that will enable them to enjoy the society of each other. James and Oscar I am sure will meet often, and in your house and garden they will enjoy their sports together. Your daughter, Mrs. Bayard, is very beautiful;—excuse me, she is the image of yourself. I am sure all who see her will say so, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mrs. Phelps, you may say anything to me; it must always come from a good heart, a warm and true heart—but do not thus speak before Kate. She is only two years older than Oscar and James, said Mrs. Bayard.

You are right—I will not. But that son of yours is father's self. If boys are ever interesting, then Oscar is a boy to delight the heart of any parent. All love pretty girls, and I am sure you will excuse me for loving Kate, she is so beautiful. Do you think boys have charms like girls? I suppose fathers think so, but I do not. They run out of doors so much, and get very dark, and their skin is not so beautiful as girls. Your

Kate certainly is very beautiful, her skin is so delicate. I should not think the sun had ever kissed her cheek. And those beautiful eyes! I do wonder if you estimate that girl as you ought? I wish my children were like yours. Mrs. Bayard, where shall we pass the summer? Wherever you go, I shall go. I have been to Vermont frequently, and I do think it is the most delightful place that I have ever visited, but the distance with some is an objection. Budd's Lake, in Jersey, is much nearer. We did have a merry time last summer; all the gentlemen were our most wealthy and respectable citizens. I have been to Newport often enough. I shall go to Budd's Lake, if you will go with our party. Newport is getting too common for any lady of respectability. All the world go there—and some folks in the world, you know, we do not care to associate with, said Mrs. Phelps.

I must have a place that is quiet, and where no immoral or indelicate conduct will offend the pure. What a lovely place Budd's Lake is to sail and to bathe! One end of the Lake, you know, is all covered with lilies, and the whole atmosphere is perfumed. And the company are so select, and so wealthy, and so intellectual; I know dozens who will go with us, and they are such persons as all will admire to associate with. Who were ever so merry as we were when we bathed in the pure Lake with the party from our avenue? asked Mrs. Bayard.

I should like to have a man ask me to bathe in a party with him, as they do at Newport! I would accept his offer, and then I would drown him! He would never ask me such an insulting question again. The last time that I was at Newport they all did drink wine, or something stronger, most awfully. Where I go I expect the gentlemen to be courteous after they have dined, and not stupid. At Newport the ladies all bathe with the gentlemen, and they all drink before they bathe, and they drink after they have bathed, to keep the cold

from the stomach—and then they go to bed because they cannot sit up. The habit is pernicious—it is positively demoralizing to all who visit such places; but to the young of both sexes it is ruinous to character and to virtue. The conduct of some persons shows the effects of these pernicious habits. Such places will destroy all refinement, and reduce us to a level with Catholic Europe. The families who visit such places with children do not reflect on the consequences. No wonder we hear of divorces. If parents are not virtuous, children never will be, said Mrs. Phelps.

The habits that have driven more than one of our most wealthy and eminent ladies from society, were acquired at Newport and the Springs. The vices that degrade men are more odious in the ladies. I never will offer a friend of mine a glass of intoxicating drink, as long as I live; my heart bleeds for many who are now suffering from this unkind hospitality. Is not the fate of Mrs. W., and Mrs. B., and Mrs. P., enough to satisfy reflecting persons that rigid temperance is the only protection? asked Mrs. Bayard.

The drinking at these watering places is bad enough; but other usages of these places are worse—the bathing is the worst of all. What if a lady should lose a garment? O mercy! It makes me faint to think of it! One lady did, you know. I saw her, and it was the most disgusting sight I ever beheld! She looked exactly like Barnum's mermaid! I would not have been in the condition of Miss G., as rich as she is, for all her wealth. I do not think she will ever be called respectable in the highest circles, do you? asked Mrs. Phelps.

I am sure I do not, and I would never speak to her; and yet you are constantly surrounded at Newport with such characters, who cannot be called temperate, said Mrs. Bayard.

How can people of refinement do such things? At these places no blush is seen on the cheek of purity and beauty, as they bathe and drink by the dozen, without their mothers;

and all these persons of both sexes in a dress and condition offensive to taste, refinement and morals, said Mrs. Bayard.

I do not think the Catholics of Europe, as debased as they are, would do anything worse—and you know they do not pretend to have any virtue—I mean they would not do anything worse if you were looking at them. It will never answer for us, in the Fifth Avenue; we are expected to be very particular in our behavior. That lady who lost her panteletts could never enter my house, if she were as rich as Astor or Whitney, said Mrs. Phelps.

Mrs. C. says that one year they had all the most wealthy persons in the Fifth Avenue at Sudbury. Mr. Hyde, who keeps the hotel, is immensely rich, and is the Know-Nothing candidate for Governor, and is one of the most talented men in Vermont. Governor Fairbanks is to be in the Senate when Mr. Fillmore takes possession of the White House. Mr. Hyde's company are always from the highest circles. He has room for no others. The rides over the mountains at Sudbury are not surpassed by those of Switzerland. You will come to see me soon? Come to-morrow, said Mrs. Bayard, as she walked to her coach.

A few days after a coach stopped at her door, and Mrs. Cope and Mrs. Phelps alighted.

You see we have kept our word; we have called early. Here is James—where is Oscar? asked Mrs. Cope.

Oscar is not well—he is quite indisposed, and we feel alarmed; he was once attacked with the same complaint, but Dr. Bogart soon restored him. James is growing very fast—his health must be good, I think, said Mrs. Bayard.

Mrs. Cope, in this house you will meet lovely ladies, and men of cultivated intellect, and some giants in literature, and possibly some blue stockings. You will be charmed. Mrs. Bayard, excuse me—you and Mrs. Cope I know will visit often; the congeniality of your minds will delight each other; the

atmosphere of this house is loaded with good influences. Do you see Kate in the garden? Is she not lovely? She has a violet in her hand; it is not half so sweet as she is, said Mrs. Phelps.

I am delighted to see you both. Mrs. Cope, you will come to see me sociably, will you not? These two children are all I have; you have James, but no Kate at present. We shall all be very happy, now we are so near each other, and so intimately acquainted, said Mrs. Bayard.

You say Dr. Bogart restored Oscar—I shall recollect that. Health is a great blessing. I wish we could find a physician who never lost a patient. You know, I suppose, that no more young men will ever die; the stores, you know, are to be closed. They drank so much at Mrs. S.'s and Mr. M.'s, in this avenue, that the young men did not get home till some of their friends appeared and paid certain damages. Do you know why Governor Clark is a greater man than the great man in the Bible? It is a good conundrum, said Mrs. Cope.

I give it up, said Mrs. Bayard.

Joshua, you know, made the sun stand still. Governor Clark is going to make all the *sons* stand still. When the new law is passed, that the judges cannot for money decide to be unconstitutional, the young men cannot run and get a drink, and then I think they will have to stand still. Do you not think my conundrum a good one? I made it all myself—I did not find it in the Home Journal, said Mrs. Cope.

Yours is good, but I can beat it. I read the new law last night, and I asked Augustus why Governor Clark was a stronger man than Hercules? Do you give it up? asked Mrs. Bayard.

I do, said Mrs. Cope.

Hercules swept the Augean stables, and turned them into Elysium. Governor Clark will sweep the whole State, and

turn it into Elysium. Is he not a stronger man than Hercules? asked Mrs. Bayard.

You have beat me—you must be regarded as a literary genius. Are you a blue stocking? asked Mrs. Cope.

What is a blue stocking? asked Mrs. Bayard.

A blue stocking is a woman who is all head and no heart, said Mrs. Cope.

Then I am a blue stocking, for I retain my head, but I lost my heart years ago, said Mrs. Bayard.

I do not know that I can claim head or heart, for I surrendered both to the keeping of another years ago, said Mrs. Cope.

If you have neither head nor heart, you must be a strong-minded woman, and should join the Woman's Rights Association, said Mrs. Bayard.

All who join that association wear the pantaloons. To that condition I shall never subscribe, said Mrs. Cope.

Do you think society in this city requires to be elevated; do the young men whom you meet in our best circles indulge in a freedom of behavior that cannot be regarded as gentlemanly? asked Mrs. Bayard.

Not all, I hope; but many, it must be admitted, do belong to the degraded classes, as Bishop Huggs said he should, if he had remained in Ireland. Some of these young men look well enough—I mean what you can see of them: that is not much, for they are all covered up, like a cat with her smellers. I do think the fashion is very disgusting: can they be clean? No such face will ever be nearer to mine than I would admit a monkey's. The usage comes from nations that claim no refinement. I am very glad that I am married. I am sure I would never have a hairy monster. I would sooner be an old maid, and that you know is awful. You do not think all the young men are getting dissipated, do you? asked Mrs. Cope.

Some are very wild, but they cannot visit my house—I will

not permit it. The Fifth Avenue must be pure, or I will leave it, said Mrs. Bayard.

It is time for ladies to speak out. These habits are too repulsive—they are intolerable. I know they will always be allowed in some streets, but these young men shall not visit my house, if they drink more than at home. The number of both ladies and gentlemen whose names are marked from the books of the best families in the Fifth Avenue, amount to over one hundred; and if one of these persons should obtain access, by any accident, they would be expelled from the room. No person can call at a house in which his name is not regularly proposed and recorded. We must now return. We have made you a long visit. You see I love to come and to stay as long as you will listen to my rattle. You say Dr. Bogart is your physician—then he is mine when I am indisposed. Will you let Oscar come and see James? he will be delighted. You know we have a large garden, full of flowers; the boys can play, and swing, and drive hoop; they will enjoy the society of each other, said Mrs. Cope, as she withdrew.

Mrs. Cope devoted one day of each week to receiving calls from friends, and one day to calls for charity; and time passed in unmingled enjoyment. Months and years passed rapidly, leaving but a slight impress on the memory or the heart. James was now a school boy. Mrs. Bayard was often with her. They rode, they walked, they called on friends, and their names were always spoken with true affection by all in the highest circles of wealth and refinement.

It was June, and the gay city was calling all the votaries of pleasure to their favorite shrines. Mrs. Cope called in her carriage on Mrs. Bayard.

Mrs. Bayard, I have called early, to invite you to ride with me to the new Manhattan Park, said Mrs. Cope.

I am ready, said Mrs. Bayard.

The trees are in full bloom around us, the fragrance fills

the air, the forest trees are dressed in green, and beauty beams from all that meets the eye and soothes the heart. What other city can boast of such scenery? Where are such landscapes to be found? It is the highest enjoyment of life to ride with our friends and those we love. Who would not come often to enjoy such exquisite happiness in these romantic spots? Refinement, taste, imagination, all the faculties of enjoyment are active here, and we live in an atmosphere above the dull world of labor, of anxiety, and of absorbing care. The heart swells with thankfulness to the beneficent Power that bestows so much on us. Is it consistent with sound philosophy to argue that these blessings are bestowed on us by chance? asked Mrs. Cope.

By no means. The Power that created all things was the Author; they are the rewards of the virtues, without which no free government can exist. The poor benighted Catholics are taught to believe that Holy Mary, a mortal, is God; and who are more miserable than the Catholics of Europe? asked Mrs. Bayard.

We now approach the most elevated spot on the banks of this lovely river. Gaze a moment! Between the tall trees you see the Hudson in quiet beauty, and you see the numerous steamboats, full of life and happiness. Can any landscape be more lovely? Steam has always existed, but science has now nearly accomplished its perfect work, and made it obedient to all the wants of man. During the long night of Catholic darkness no discovery of value was made; to have made one would have consigned the inventor to the inquisition and to certain death. Now look at the Hudson. Do you see hundreds of vessels, whitening like roses a scene of exquisite beauty? The beautiful images that such scenes present to our imagination charm the intellectual; we know there is happiness around us, and we enjoy the pleasure that such scenes must always inspire. Cultivated minds delight in natural

scenery. The river, the hills, the forest trees, the ever-changing scenes of beauty, are filling the mind with delight. These pictures of rural scenery, these crowded vessels, the evidences of successful industry and the great wealth of the country, insure us from all the anxiety that most oppresses a life of poverty. Here we come to the Central, or Manhattan Park, so soon to be opened to the citizens. Here are seven hundred and fifty acres, containing over twelve thousand building lots. No other city in the world can boast of such a park. Rome, in the days of her despotism, and in her boasted freedom, claimed nothing like it. Men who live in coming years will thank the men of this age for their just estimate of a great city's wants. It is ever thus that the good institutions and the wise laws of one age are bequeathed to us by the wisdom of a former age; half the virtues of this age are to be credited to the best men of a past age. Mayor Wood said the Park should not be curtailed. We thank him for his kind regard for this great city; it is not the first time that to one man the whole city has been deeply indebted. Dr. Harson is one of the men to whom the city owes so much. He owns all the lots on one side of the Park, and he must be worth nearly one million of dollars. From the toil of busy life shall come to this Park, the grave merchant, the busy lawyer, the happy parent, the lovely girl, and sighing lover. Here all can sit and converse under the shade of these venerable oaks. For all coming time these oaks and elms will extend their broad arms. Here inspiration will weave many a tale; and here thoughts suggested, and hopes indulged, will find utterance in language that will charm all who read, and will guide the intellectual to their purest joys. The youth's resolve, the lover's pledge, the mourner's sigh, the tear of joy, the heart's sympathy, the grief of crushed affections, the adieu to a smiling world, all will in this broad temple be witnessed by an invisible eye, and recorded by an invisible hand. Some will ride and meet their

gay friends in coaches, and some on horses; but all, rich and poor, will in this charmed spot forget cares and sorrows for the hour, and will be happier and better for this glorious Park. Such parks, such scenes of beauty, such quiet loveliness, must ever charm the intellectual, and dispose the mind to reflection and to virtue, said Mrs. Cope.

I admire your views. I wish all reflecting persons could see these landscapes with the eye of true philosophy, as you see them. They would appreciate our blessings, and assist us in sustaining the institutions from which they flow. All who see these spots would ask for what purpose they were given to this age and this country, and denied to all others? In all Catholic countries three-fourths are miserably poor, and toil for priests and military tyrants. To fasten chains on the people, they are taught to worship a sprig of Despotism, an infant representative of royalty, a King of Algiers, that every freeman should despise as the emblem of his own degradation and the sure evidence of despotic government. These miserable Catholics, who bend the knee to popes and kings, are the most miserable of all created beings. They have no relaxation, no lovely rides, no delightful walks, to relieve the anguish that crowds upon their afflicted hearts. Popery and poverty go hand in hand, and are forever connected with vice and suffering. If we visit the Catholic streets, and the hundred of tenement houses, we are compelled to acknowledge that their occupants are positively below our southern blacks. Our American blessings are the rewards of virtue, and result from schools, churches, temperance, and an attachment to the Union which exist no where but with us. They are the truly great and good only who comprehend the wants, the prospective greatness, and the true glory of this great city. Intemperance, games of chance, houses that are portals to the gloom of eternal despair, rise to the imagination in all their horrid forms!

Who is there that would not gain by wholesome reformation in this great city? asked Mrs. Bayard.

After a ride of a few hours, Mrs. Bayard and Mrs. Cope returned.

A few days after Mrs. Bayard called on Mrs. Cope, and found her less lively than usual.

I think I am becoming too fond of these gay scenes; I have not the time for quiet home enjoyments that I need; my circle of friends is large, but I am constantly increasing it! Can this be right? The claims of study, of solid reading, of religion, do I attend to them as I ought? I am sure I do not! I must be more careful. I would not for the world be regarded as a fashionable lady, said Mrs. Cope.

I have always called you a very domestic lady, said Mrs Bayard.

Whatever I have been, I am determined to be less attentive to the claims of fashion, to parties, to balls, to dissipation! I will be strictly domestic. It is not enough to be called domestic—my own conscience must assure me that I am domestic, said Mrs. Cope.

I should like to know who is domestic, if you are not? You go to parties twice a week: I go three or four times. You leave at twelve o'clock, I stay till one or two! You never go without your husband, I go with any friend. I flirt with young and old, you with none, said Mrs. Bayard.

You have drawn your parallel with a liberal hand. I do not claim the honors with which your partiality would invest me. I cannot deny that my mind has experienced some change. I do not think that a life entirely devoted to fashion is the life for which we were placed here. You have two children, the gifts of a kind Providence—I have one. Any person who can see yours, and not desire just such children, must be without sensibility. James has constantly been adding to the strong affection that years ago seemed woven into

the very texture of my heart; every day some new development gives new delight. His mind is mature beyond his years. He reads, he converses like boys older than himself. He gives us the promise of talent of no ordinary character. Is that mind to live always? It seems like an etherial spark that the Creator has placed there! Why should he not take it home to the mansions whence it came, to be with him forever? He will, I know he will! It shall be trained for Heaven! I will devote to James the time that I have spent in gay scenes; the reward of this will be sweet. I shall be in the path of duty. Such cares carry with them the rewards that surpass all frivolous amusements. The intellectual garden shall bloom with choice flowers, colors of surpassing beauty shall delight the eye, perfume shall charm the senses; the path of duty will ever be the pleasant path in the garden of our love, said Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Cope, you are losing your usual vivacity—what has happened? You need diversion, you need friends, social intercourse, amusements. Life is not all made up of duties; enjoyments are required to keep the mind in health, and you have been confined too much at home. I have come to ask you to my party, which I intend to give to you, for the deep affection that I feel for you, in this your anxious state of mind. It is the first party that I have given for one year, and now I shall receive my friends in the Fifth Avenue, before they leave for Europe. I do not think that you are in your usual health and spirits, but we will discuss this subject again. I am delighted with your views of life and its duties, and I cannot avoid applying them to myself; in fact, I think I am in much greater need of acting on such suggestions than you are. Before I adopt them, however, I must dispose of fifteen or twenty invitations to parties which I now have on hand. Two weeks from to-morrow, recollect, is the night for my party. More than three hundred persons, mostly from the Fifth Avenue, and all of them from our highest circles, are going to Europe

in the Arctic: some will leave the next voyage, and some the succeeding passage. They have all selected the Arctic as the best boat, and one reason of their choice is that Mrs. Collins and daughter are to take passage in her. You will certainly visit Europe at some time, and I will introduce you to them all; you may meet them in Europe, if you do not go out in the same boat, said Mrs. Bayard, as she kissed Mrs. Cope and bid her adieu.

CHAPTER XV.

INSANITY.

She by her smile how soon the Stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.

ROGERS.

At eleven o'clock Mrs. Bayard's party began to assemble, and at twelve the parlors were crowded, and all the gay party were in motion; and a more brilliant scene cannot be imagined. The following eminent persons were seen in the immense parlors, the most of whom belong to our highest circles.

Captain Luce, Captain Paul F. Gram, George H. Burns, James Thompson, Henry Jenkins, William Nichols, Francis Dorian, C. T. Mitchell, W. A. Young, W. Gilbert, Henderson Moore, F. De Mayer, W. P. Rathbone, William Gihon, G. Dupassieu, E M. Tuss, J. Hennessy, J. McMath, George Dobbs, M. Dulaconnais, William Baalham, Frederick May, G. F. Allen, James Smith, J. A. G. Francois, S. M. Woodruff, Mrs. G. F. Allen, H. Arbuckle, Mr. Adams, E. Buech, N. Babcock, lady and son, A. Banche, W. B. Brown, lady

and daughter, A. Benedict and lady, Mr. Berny, Miss Benjamin, Miss Bronson, W. Bowen, W. Barber, J. J. Barrill, Mr. Barber, Mrs. Bryan, G. Brown, Mr. Bedford, Mr. Brady, Mr. Bush, J. B. Cooke, Mrs. Childe, D. Cannon, Mr. Christie, Mrs. E. K. Collins and daughter, P. Johnson, S. Jeffords, Miss Jones, H. H. Koon, Mrs. J. Lindsay, Mr. T. Lochmiranet, Mr. Lenoire, Miss A. Lais, J. Lynch and lady, H. Le Roy Newbold, Miss Jane Murton, Miss Mansey, Mr. Milville, Mrs. G. McCracken, Mr. Moriss, Mr. McClevin, R. Madison, Mr. Major, lady and daughter, J. Muirhead, Miss Mitchell, Mr. McDougall, Mr. Mayer, Mr. Fass, Mrs. T. Newman, W. W. Comstock, S. Culner, W. Coop, H. Cook, C. Christians, Mr. Culman, Mrs. Craig, F. Catherwood, Mr. Delgrade, Mr. Day, lady and daughter, Mr. Dawson and lady, Miss Drew, Mr. Eggers, Mrs. Edgecombe, Miss Ford, J. Fryer, W. Ferguson, Mr. Frank, C. Fabbricotti, Mr. Grant and lady, Mr. Guynet and lady, F. W. Gale and lady, Duc de Grammont, Mr. Gwilliam, Miss A. Garcia, Mr. Geiger and lady, J. B. Hogg, Mrs. Howland, Miss Hasard, Mr. Hollub, Mr. Hirach, Mr. Hewitt and lady, Mr. Hind, Mr. Hilger, J. Holbrook, Mrs. Hodson, Miss Hay, E. Hilbroner, Mr. Hatcher, F. Henry, T. E. Jones, F. Niver, G. Noakes, Mr. North, G. Petrie and lady, Mrs. Perrin, G. B. Pearson, Mr. Perkins, Captain D. Pratt and lady, Mr. Pasive, Mr. Paterson, Mrs. Ropes, * and son.,, H. Reed, Mr. Ravenscroft, Mrs. Ridge, T. Robson, F. Rhine, J. G. Smith, Miss Smith, J. Smith and lady, Mrs. and Miss Stone, A. Stone, Charles A. Schiebler, E. Sandford, Mrs. Scott, Miss Stewart, H. P. Stuart, C. C. Springer, T. Shuster, lady and daughters, Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Sheldon, T. Sherburner, C. St. John, H. Thomas, Mr. Woodruff and lady, S. M. Woodruff, Mr. Waring, Mr. Winterburn, Mr. Wiborg R. C. Wood, R. S. Williams and lady, Mr. Waterman, M. D. Yoasi, and J. Zologgi.

Among the distinguished guests were Lady Murray, maid

* Mrs. Cope of this work.

of Honor to the Queen of England, Baron Jones-berg, the millionaire and poet, Mr. Thackeray, the novelist and lecturer, Fanny Fern, the eminent writer, Mrs. Mowatt, Mr. Willis, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Curtis, the lecturer, Mr. Halleck, Senator Brooks, Dr. Bedford, Dr. Francis, Dr. Beadle, Mr. G——, who is to be one of the cardinals, Mr. Fuller, the editor, Bonner, the poet and editor, Governor Raymond, and L. G. Clark, the editor.

Lady Murray, will you allow me to introduce Baron Jones-berg, the eminent poet? asked Mrs. Bayard.

The Baron bowed gracefully.

Baron, your fame has preceded you. Your name is familiar to my ear. When are we to be favored with another of your beautiful creations? asked Lady Murray.

O, soon, very soon; it is now in the press, said the Baron.

What subject have you selected, Baron, for the employment of your muse? asked Lady Murray.

Human Life is the subject which I have treated, allegorically, under the name of Bucephalus, or the White Horse, said the Baron.

A beautiful idea, Baron. Excuse me, will it be agreeable to give me an idea of the machinery of your poem? asked Lady Murray.

Most willingly. I shall have much pleasure in giving you the outline of my great work, and in receiving any suggestions with which a lady of your eminence in the literary world may please to favor me. You have done me the honor to say that you have heard my name pronounced as a poet; have you in this exciting contest been informed of the course pursued by me as a leading man in this great city of temperance and virtue? asked the Baron.

I have not, but I should have known by your face, Baron, that you were not indifferent to that exciting question, said Lady Murray.

I thank you, Lady Murray, for your delicate compliment. The machinery of my poem is a copy of Homer's Iliad. For the Goddess of Temperance I use the name of Clark. For the Genius of the Law, I take Whitehead. For the majesty of the sovereign State, I use Hall. For Democracy, I have Whiting. I think I shall not introduce all the Grecian names nor Grecian mythological characters; I find models of good and bad natures in abundance in this virtuous city said the Baron.

Beautiful! Beautiful! I have heard of these persons as the emblems of the virtues and the vices, but I did not know till this moment that they were destined to an immortality by having their names placed by the Homer of our country in the highest niches of Fame's Great Temple. What other allegorical characters have you introduced, Baron? asked Lady Murray.

For the vulgar people, nine-tenths of whom are poor, and are, you know, the victims of the wealth, the contumely and the insolence of the other tenth, who monopolize all the virtues, I have taken Carlin. For the Lion and the Lamb I have taken Busteed and Stoughton. For Hercules I use Schaffer, for Mars I must have French, for Nestor Griffin, for Neptune I shall have Fillmore, for Apollo Tracy. I am yet without an emblem of Virtue. My friends have suggested Stuart, Bogert, Turner, Linn, Van Pelt, Hyler, McLaughton, Irving, Morrisey. For an emblem of Satan I can select from the bar, from the aldermen, or the Catholic priesthood; but to be judicious I must wait certain developments.

For Sin I have used with great propriety the name of Arthur; it seems to be well understood among the *people*. For Justice I shall take Beebe; I believe him honest, although a lawyer. For the horse in which Homer concealed the army with which he invaded Troy, I shall take the name, Old White. I have read my poem to the critics, and I have been assured

by them that my name is safe for immortality; and for this opinion I have not been required to pay *unreasonably*—the charges of some were positively cheap. I differ from most writers—I think well of the critics. They certainly have discovered the beauties of my poem, and I am now safe from any attacks from the vulgar people, said the Baron.

My desire to see this poem is intense. Mr. H., your brother poet, and author of a pious work, has intimated that he and you and Mr. M., the rival of Shakspeare, are jointly to give the world a poem, in imitation of Milton's Paradise Lost. I am assured that talents, and a perfect knowledge of the Scriptures, eminently qualify you all for the performance of this popular undertaking, said Lady Murray.

My future efforts in literature will be regulated by the reception that may be given to Bucephalus; if the *people* think I have been well employed, I shall continue my *disinterested* efforts for their good, said the Baron.

If you write no more till you convince the *people* that you have been *profitably* or *creditably* employed, I fear your literature will have no demand till the price is *reduced*, said Lady Murray.

The Baron seemed slightly in doubt respecting the equivocal compliment, but he bowed, and smiled or grinned.

What time of day is your muse most obedient to the calls of inspiration? asked Lady Murray.

After dinner my glass, my muse, my old horse, my fame, my billiard table, my sports, my associates, all revolve before my eyes in that beautiful order which seems to result from *imbibing* inspiration from Helicon, or nectar from Rubicund. I worship in no temple. Bacchus is my god. Once each day I am favored with a delightful *obfuscation*, that transports me to Elysium, or to my chamber, said the Baron.

I can believe you, Baron. Some works carry an internal evidence of their origin—yours I am sure will be referred by

all poets to Parnassus. One more work, conceived in the *spirit* of Bucephalus, and destined to equal notoriety, will convey you, your fortune and your fame to an interminable existence here, or to an unenvied immortality hereafter, said Lady Murray.

The Baron smiled with much self-satisfaction, as Lady Murray turned to join her friends.

A slight movement near the door indicated a new arrival.

Mrs. Cope, I am delighted to see you so early. I shall introduce you to all my friends with whom you are not acquainted; many of them you have met often at balls and parties. There is one young man here to-night from New Orleans, who has recently left college, and has spoken to Mr. Bayard of a contemplated tour to Europe. I do not know, and I presume he does not know precisely when he will leave New York. He has recently left college, and seems disposed to embrace any opportunity that offers for seeing the world in company with travelers of his own taste. I shall introduce you to him, and he will state to you his plans, said Mrs. Bayard.

I thank you, Mrs. Bayard. I have had some conversation recently with James, and he will give me no encouragement of visiting Europe for the present. He says he cannot leave his business in this crisis. I am under obligations to you for this new instance of your kindness, and I shall never cease to feel that I am deeply indebted to you for your many favors, and for the many hours that I have passed so pleasantly in your society. Whenever the time comes that James can leave his business, I shall go, but until that time I shall try to forget this feeling. I need not tell you that my heart was set on visiting Europe, for you know how strong my desire was to see those countries of which I have heard so much. I have contemplated a tour, till my desire had become a passion that has absorbed all my thoughts. I have now nearly overcome

my feelings—I have learned that I cannot go, and I have tried and I will try to be resigned; but I cannot tell you the sacrifice that I have made. I do suffer, I cannot deny it; but while with you I forget the passion that is absorbing all my energies, and undermining my health, and possibly shortening my life. You will, I hope, excuse me—my heart is full, and you must give me time to unburthen it. I shall not always be with you—I wish it were otherwise. I shall be called away from home, and from these delightful scenes consecrated by influences most holy, but I shall often recall the conversations that I have had at your house with you, and with men of genius and ladies of great benevolence. Miss N., Mrs. Van Broom, and Mrs. Vance are ever in my mind—I can never forget them. They are noble expounders of the laws of duty, and of the claims of poverty and suffering. How much they have tried to relieve the sufferings of those who were rendered wretched by the vices placed around them. For every person that charity could relieve, they said dozens were made wretched by the foul influences by which in our debased city they were surrounded. The hearts of these ladies were not made for such stern duties. All who engage in a life of benevolence, have to work, and beg, and spend their own money; and is there any reward for such sacrifices? In this great city, with its untold vices, is not all effort destined to be crushed out? Can a few work unceasingly, where vice is setting in like a flood, to overwhelm all philanthropic efforts? Should not those who cherish our best institutions help to plant virtue firmly on our soil? If I should be called from the scene of our joint duties, and our joint efforts for the good of others, would my name ever be recalled by any circumstance? asked Mrs. Cope.

My dear Mrs. Cope, what has so disturbed your mind? You certainly are suffering! We are neglecting our friends. You must *join* the gay party in the other room—do you hear

them laugh? You must not be so sad—you distress me, said Mrs. Bayard.

I know I am not in health—I know I should not feel thus depressed; but disappointment has worn upon my heart, and I cannot rise above my sufferings! I have given up the thought of visiting Europe, and it had for me charms beyond everything that this world can offer. This seems a suitable time, while seated here, to make an acknowledgment that I have often thought I had deferred too long, of the deep debt of gratitude that I owe to you, for all the kindness that you have bestowed on me. I came to this city and to the avenue a stranger; my acquaintance was limited, and my circle of friends was small. You received me as a sister, and the hours that I have enjoyed in your society have been the happiest of my life. The morning call, the noonday ride, the walk by moonlight, the evening party, I cannot name them without emotion; the very thought of the happy hours that I have passed with you will ever delight my heart: I shall in imagination often linger here. Such sentiments as you have always expressed, such truths, such views of a virtuous life, such love for all your friends, and for all the human family, to me it sometimes seems almost like inspiration! Nothing can erase such images from my mind; even when tossed on the vast ocean by storms overwhelming, amid lightnings flashing, and gales of terrific horror, when ship shall dash against ship, or against iceberg of terrific grandeur, I still shall turn my thoughts to you. If I live to return to my beloved home, with you and all my friends again united, life will smile in happiness around us. When again in rural scenes, and on Budd's Lake, where we have sailed, and you have sung, and we have conversed in happy, happy days— When rowed by mortals in fairy forms, the Misses L., on crystal lake so lovely — When their voices like angel notes entranced all hearts, O, how I do love them— When on the margin of that

charmed lake, in the cool shade, we all have bathed, those forms of beauty none on earth can be more lovely— In fields of quiet beauty we gathered berries, and decked our hair with wild roses— When seated by the gurgling brook, the birds were singing, and our hearts were merry. If I do not return, will you remember me? asked Mrs. Cope.

My dear Mrs. Cope, will you tell me what has so unhinged your mind? My heart aches for you. I will do anything for you—you know I can never forget you; your images have called up past scenes under such peculiar associations, and connected as they are with your present anxieties, my feelings have overcome me, and I shall attract the attention of my friends, whom we have neglected. You must try to forget in this gay scene, all thoughts of dark hours and disappointed hopes; you must join the merry party, you must not be thus desponding; I beg of you to interest yourself in this merry scene around you. Do you hear Mr. Sanford laugh? He must to telling some merry story. He has been to France often, and is going to join his beloved wife and five children, now in Paris. Who can be so happy? Hark! do you know that voice? It is Mr. Day's—he is the merriest of the merry. Can you look on such a scene and not enter with a light heart into their enjoyments? Only see the crowded room and the smiling faces! The dance will soon commence—hear their merry laugh! I know you are indisposed, but will not such a scene dispel for the hour the pain of head and heart? What can I do to raise your spirits? asked Mrs. Bayard.

For a moment Mrs. Cope concealed her face.

I shall recover soon. This gloom seizes on my mind and I am completely wretched; and again I recover, and life seems crowded with enjoyment. I cannot tell why I am thus doomed to suffer. I will try to forget all my sorrows while with you, said Mrs. Cope.

Do you hear Mr. Gilbert's voice? Now you hear him laugh.

He is one of the most accomplished men in our circle. Now you hear Miss Brown's voice. She is one of the most beautiful and intellectual girls with whom I was ever acquainted. If you meet her in Europe you will find in her a congenial mind and heart; and I hope you will cultivate her acquaintance for my sake. You now hear Miss Collins. She is another of our lovely girls, all intellect and soul. I do love them all. That is Mr. Pearson's voice. He is one of the most brilliant young men in this city. He is the emblem of chivalry. He would die to save the life of a child! Has virtue on earth a purer emblem? Mr. Benedict is on the other side of the room. He is always in demand in the social circle. Near him is Mrs. Mowatt; I shall introduce you to her. She is one of my most valued friends. She has been twice to Europe, and contemplates visiting London again next Spring. Her parents were among our most wealthy and most valued citizens, and she was the idol of a large circle. At an early age she was married to a gentleman of eminent talents, then filling a place in the first rank of the New York bar. His health was impaired, and Mrs. Mowatt, with the devotion of a true heroine, stepped from a palace to the stage! Her genius has acquired for her the highest place in the dramatic temple, and she is soon to bow at another matrimonial altar. The fortunate aspirant to her hand and heart is one of our most talented editors. Her father claims two hundred and fifty thousand dollars that should have filled his pockets, and have cheered the hearts and sweetened the enjoyments of a numerous family, all of whom are eminent for talent and for virtue. All who know her are her ardent friends, and all hope her father will obtain the justice that our laws, however slow, are sure to award. Near Mrs. Mowatt is Fanny Fern, the talented writer. She is one of the most fascinating ladies in the circle of my acquaintance. She is a widow with three lovely children; and the tongue of scandal never dared to utter her name. Her

hand has been sought by more than one man of genius, and she may yet consent to be led again to the hymenial altar. Near Fanny Fern is Mr. Thackeray, who has demonstrated the scientific fact that sovereigns are composed of the same animal nature that is found in the lower classes, both of Europe and America; and he has also demonstrated that sovereigns without virtue can disgrace their country and their race, said Mrs. Bayard.

I think Mr. Thackeray was unfortunate in his selection of a subject for his lectures. He is known to be a fatalist, and thinks blind chance governs all things; he has no faith in a superintending Providence, none in virtue, none in civilization, he believes in nothing. Do you believe that a Divine Providence governs the universe in wisdom and goodness, or does fate rule all things? asked Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Cope, you have read and conversed and speculated on abstract metaphysical and incomprehensible questions of morals and religion, till you have lost your interest in everything around you. No one subject should engross all our thoughts; speculations in religion or science should be regarded as relaxations, and not the end and object of a life-time. Providence has given us faculties for enjoyment, and rational indulgence in a part of life. A good Providence rules all things, or the world would not have been created. We must take life as we find it; and with you, I am sure, it is all happiness. Who has a husband and son like your husband and son? I can explain no mysteries. I do not know where a general Providence ends, or a special Providence begins; and I do not know any philosopher or theologian who does know. Beyond a certain point all is uncertainty; and for you to involve your mind in the maze of speculation, is as unprofitable as to swallow in ignorance the dose administered by ignorant Catholic priests, including the fictions, traditions, inventions, and abominations of Popery and its Despotism. Will you oblige me by

walking into the other room? We are spending time here that belongs to our friends. Mrs. Day is now approaching.

Mrs. Day, I will make you acquainted with Mrs. Cope. Mrs. Cope is a particular friend of mine, who resides in this avenue. She has a strong desire to visit Europe. It is possible that you may meet in England, or on the continent, said Mrs. Bayard.

Mrs. Day, I have a strong desire to visit Europe, and the thought of joining a party like yours, has aroused a feeling that I had almost overcome. Mrs. Bayard has informed me that you have selected the Arctic, as the best boat, and that you and your party all intend to go and return in her. I am acquainted with many of the ladies and gentlemen here assembled, and I must be permitted to say that no company of equal number could be assembled, with whom I should regard it a privilege to make a voyage to Europe, said Mrs. Cope.

I shall introduce you to all my friends, and we shall be delighted to meet you in England or on the continent, said Mrs. Day.

How long have you and Mr. Day contemplated your European tour? asked Mrs. Cope.

The moment Mr. Collins had completed his line of boats, and their success was certain, we resolved to cross in the Arctic, and all of my circle of friends adopted the same resolution, said Mrs. Day.

We had a desire to encourage an enterprise of such importance to the country. No branch of science has been carried to the same perfection as steam, and no country has equaled us in steamboats; we now have on our waters twice as many as all Europe, said Mr. Day, as Mrs. Bayard approached with Mr. Torrence.

I have brought Mr. Torrence to you, Mrs. Cope. Mrs. Cope, Mr. Torrence.

Mr. Torrence bowed.

Mrs. Cope, I am pleased to make your acquaintance. Mrs. Bayard has informed me that you contemplate a foreign tour, said Mr. Torrence.

I have had a strong desire to see the classic spots, dear to all persons of taste; but when I am to be indulged is involved in uncertainty. Shall you have Philadelphia friends in your party? Mrs. Bayard is determined in her kindness to introduce me to all who contemplate visiting Europe, said Mrs. Cope.

None of my friends contemplate a tour this season, said Mr. Torrence.

Mrs. Bayard has informed me that you are acquainted with Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Brown; are you acquainted with my connections, the Copes? asked Mrs. Cope.

I have met your relatives in the parties to which I have had the honor to be admitted. Mrs. Rush is a relative of mine, and with Mrs. Sergeant, and the circle in which she visits, I am well acquainted. At Mayor Conrad's I have met Messrs. Cooper, Stewart, Bishop, Furness, Jones, Clayhorn, Fell, Myers, Hopkins, Cameron, Thomas, Wyman, Penrose, Cook, Jenkins, Dallas, Ingersoll, Horace Binney, T. S. Arthur, Graham, Cope, Hacker, Verrie, J. Sergeant, Pepper, Baldwin, Sartain, Godey, Leary, Kimball, Haseltene, Hazard, Freeman, Lieber, Thomas, Furness, Stetson, Moore, Leland, Baker, Scott, Jones, Brown, Hart, Milay, Mifflin, Smith, Chandler, Lippincott, Bradford, Grambo, Sheble, Florence, Butler, Desilver, Kay, Cowperthwait, Hugg, Mitchell, Peterson, Scull, Barton, Camblos, and Ridgway.

All of them are highly valued friends of Mrs. Rush, and all of them, I believe, move in the very highest circles of that aristocratic city, said Mr. Torrence.

I understood Mrs. Bayard to say that you may leave the country soon. When shall you go? asked Mrs. Cope.

I have not yet decided. It may be deferred for some time.

I have just left college, and I am undecided whether to make a tour of the United States first, or to proceed immediately to Europe, said Mr. Torrence.

When I go to Europe I shall be delighted to join a Philadelphia or a New York party, and visit the most interesting places with them. I have had a strong desire, yes, a passion, Mrs. Bayard says, to visit Europe; and I will admit to you that the desire has haunted me incessantly. I do not know but it is my fate to suffer for my errors, but my feelings are irresistible. I may not go for years, and yet I hope to go soon; this hope has sustained me, said Mrs. Cope.

I will go any where with a party—their company would add greatly to my enjoyment. I will go to Niagara or to London, to Constantinople or to Cronstadt! I will go anywhere that the party will name, said Mr. Torrence.

You are just the man for me, said Mrs. Cope.

My father is Governor of Louisiana, and has given me three years in which to see the world. I have thrown away my books, and I am bound to spend some money before I return to New Orleans. I will go with the party from the Fifth Avenue, of which Mrs. Bayard has told me so much, or I will go without them. I will go with you and Mr. Cope, and take our chance of meeting friends, or I will go with you *alone*, and if Mr. Cope cannot join you, I will return with you, said Mr. Torrence.

Mr. Torrence, this is all very fine, very romantic; and would it not make a most interesting piece of news for the morning papers? It would produce as much excitement as the one published by that infamous sheet respecting Mrs. W. Let us see how it would read.

"ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.—Ran away in the Arctic, Mr. Torrence, of New Orleans, a single gentleman, with Mrs. Cope, wife of James Cope, merchant, now residing at No. 610 Fifth Avenue! It is supposed that they are rapidly approach-

ing Gretna Green! The singularity of this romantic affair is that Mrs. Cope has taken a child with her!"

This is excellent! It will, I am sure, produce a sensation for at least two weeks, said Mrs. Cope.

Beautiful! beautiful! I want a wife—O, I will have a wife—I have always said I would have a wife! Come, I am ready, are you? When does the Arctic sail? asked Mr. Torrence.

This, certainly, would be excellent; I should admire to hear the regrets that would be uttered in the Fifth Avenue! But perhaps I am carrying this joke too far. My mind is disturbed; I am the constant victim of despondency, or I am carried by my natural flow of spirits to the excess of enjoyment. I am sure there are some hearts in the Fifth Avenue that would beat with deepest sorrow if I should run away! I should die if I did not think so! said Mrs. Cope.

I know one who would be as serious as you have seemed to be for a few weeks, said Mrs. Bayard.

I do not mean to run away with a young man exactly, but if I should be found among the missing, you can ask them in the avenue, if my absence causes any regret? said Mrs. Cope.

I know that your absence from this avenue would wound many, many hearts! But I am delighted to learn that you and Mr. Torrence are going to run away. It has diverted your mind, and I hope you will mature your plans immediately, said Mrs. Bayard.

Mr. Torrence, my husband intends to visit Europe himself, when his business will permit; but suppose he should oppose my going with the party, what ought I to do? asked Mrs. Cope.

Go without his consent! said Mr. Torrence.

Go without his consent, did you say, Mr. Torrence? asked Mrs. Cope.

I did say so, said Mr. Torrence.

Mrs. Cope turned abruptly and joined Mrs. Bayard and her friends.

Mrs. Bayard, what do you think of that gay young fellow to whom you introduced me? I was never so much amused by any person in my life. I do positively believe that he wants to run away with me, said Mrs. Cope.

He is one of the best young men in our circle, and at our house we regard him as the most agreeable, most talented and accomplished young man with whom we were ever acquainted, said Mrs. Bayard.

He has no thought of going to Europe, has he? asked Mrs. Cope.

You heard his remarks. We know no more respecting his views. I think he will go when you do. Excuse me, I do not mean to intimate that you will not go, said Mrs. Bayard.

Is he as wealthy as he is talented? asked Mrs. Cope.

Augustus says his father is one of the richest men in New Orleans, and that he is an only son. His habits are good, and his mind is brilliant, with a slight tinge of gravity, or some call it piety; but I suppose you would not consider him any better for that, in these skeptical days, said Mrs. Bayard.

I certainly should like him better for entertaining a pure faith, and I should not associate with any man so foolish as to call Mary a God. Half the residents of New Orleans are Catholics, and attend theatres and other bad places on Sunday. Is he a Catholic? asked Mrs. Cope.

He is not. If he were, I would not admit him to my house, said Mrs. Bayard.

Is he an honorable young man? asked Mrs. Cope.

He is said by Mrs. Rush and Mrs. Brown to be the most honorable, gentlemanly and accomplished young man with whom they are acquainted. They would like to keep him in Philadelphia. You know they have rich and elegant ladies to dispose of, said Mrs. Bayard.

Do you suppose that I could go to Europe with a party of ladies and gentlemen without censure, if the world should know that a young man was to be my attendant? asked Mrs. Cope.

The impropriety would consist in the equality of your ages, and your being so young. I would not advise you to go with Mr. Torrence, but you do not think Mr. Cope would give his consent on any conditions, said Mrs. Bayard.

What if he would not? asked Mrs. Cope.

What if he would not? I don't understand such a question, said Mrs. Bayard.

No, I should not have asked such a question. It certainly was very foolish, but it arose to my mind, and I let it out, said Mrs. Cope.

A person of my age might go with Mr. Torrence, or any young man of his respectability with perfect propriety. I cannot go at this time, you know very well, but I do mean to go in one or two years; and if Augustus cannot go with me I shall go with some party. When I am ready to leave I shall not ask my loving husband if I may go, I guess; all the New York ladies go to Europe, and many go without the protection of any person, said Mrs. Bayard, as Mr. Torrence approached again.

Mr. Torrence, you say that you intend to visit Europe at some time, and you are not particular when you go: is that the case? asked Mrs. Cope.

That is exactly my case, said Mr. Torrence.

Will you do me the favor to call at our house occasionally? I shall in the mean time meet you often, I hope, at Mrs. Bayard's, said Mrs Cope, as she turned to join her friends.

This large party was dancing, singing, and conversing. Among them were men of great genius, and ladies of surpassing beauty. Wit sparkled, and solid sense commanded the ear of the eminent, the rich, the gay, the happy. All were soon to embark in scenes of enjoyment that to the intellectual

cannot be surpassed. Persons of great wealth were there, and persons of great expectation. Among them were all ages. Who could look without deep interest on such a scene? A fancy sketch of such a party would interest, but this was more than fancy's sketch; the party was assembled, and it was joyous and happy. They were all happy in the society of each other, and more happy in the thoughts of enjoyments to come. Happy in the contemplation of visiting together scenes consecrated by genius and by associations of the most interesting nature. Girls and boys, gentlemen and ladies, parents and children were there. Young men, and young ladies with susceptible hearts were there. Could they fail to form attachments that would last beyond the tour, and beyond the scenes which in imagination are life's richest pleasures? If life can have enjoyments which to all the intellectual are deeper and stronger than all others, they are to be found in conversation, in exchange of thought, in language of friendship, in love with all around us, in sentiments glowing with genius, when wit shall charm, and sense shall fill the happy hour. Conversation is the guage of intellectual gifts, and for its display demands every accomplishment that education in its highest mission can give. It was a scene of gushing, joyous, happy life, and commenced here in the Fifth Avenue; it was to be renewed, continued, and extended for the whole voyage, and the whole tour, and all were to be united in the same place, and in the same joyous spirit, when they should have returned. Who can contemplate with indifference a scene so deeply interesting? Was it possible for persons so young, with hearts so free, so full of life, of hope, of happiness, of love, to meet every day in the quiet cabin consecrated to intellectual enjoyments, and not feel for each other a mutual affection?

During the voyage they were to be separated from the busy world, and they were to rely on each other for the highest enjoyments that cultivated intellect and superior refinement could

give. Can such a scene even now be contemplated without emotion? This slight allusion to it we fear will cause many a pang, and wound many a heart. All hearts were gay, all thoughts were on the future. Mrs. Cope was carried unwillingly to the very midst of the gay scene.

Mrs. Cope and you, Mrs. Bayard, must both go with us; we cannot go without you. We want your lively conversation, we want your merry voices, we want the charm that genius and high attainments alone can give, said Mr. Sanford.

I shall not think of going at present. Mrs. Cope may be induced to depart from a resolution that she has formed not to leave till Mr. Cope can accompany her, said Mrs. Bayard.

She must go. We want the glowing thoughts that have spell-bound so many who have fallen within the sphere of her influence, and that few on earth can claim. You will excuse me, Mrs. Cope. What have I said that has touched a sacred chord? I spoke from my heart, but I will say no more. Under favorable circumstances I could make up a party, with whom to visit Europe would be our highest happiness. Must we excuse you both? asked Mr. Benedict.

Mr. Pearson joined in this request. Mrs. Cope placed her handkerchief to her face. Miss Collins, who had been a careful observer, approached Mrs. Cope, and in deep sympathy stood near her, while others were attracted to the spot.

Mrs. Cope, my father has selected the Arctic, under Captain Luce, as the boat for my mother and myself to cross the Atlantic, to scenes as dear as life to you, to me, to all, who have our tastes. My father has said that Captain Luce would die to save us, if the awful alternative were demanded of him! But nothing can happen. My father would sooner resign the world, and sink forever from happiness that seems perfect, than he would suffer any accident to my mother or myself. You will excuse me, Mrs. Cope. There is no such parent as my father! With every affection of his heart, are woven ties

that are stronger than the love of life; on me, however undeserving, he has centered the hopes, and fears, and affections of a devoted life. If any one man lives for others, and cannot live but in their presence, it is my father. Do you think he would allow us to go on board a dangerous boat? Mrs. Cope, will you make one of our happy party? asked Miss Collins.

I cannot go! said Mrs. Cope. She could say no more.

Do not, I ask you in kindness, do not yield to any feeling, said Miss Collins.

I cannot go, and I never shall go, said Mrs. Cope, as she withdrew for the night.

The following week Mrs. Bayard called on Mrs. Cope.

James, come to me. Are you well? You do not look as if you were in perfect health, said Mrs. Bayard.

I am not well—I have a pain, said James.

Mrs. Cope came into the room.

Mrs. Cope, do you think we are as thankful as we should be for such healthy children? asked Mrs. Bayard.

I hope I am. I am sure I ought to be thankful. Of all the blessings of life, children and health are those for which we are most deeply indebted. James, you know, has always been very healthy, said Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Cope, I have just asked James if he were well. I think I see indications of his having received an injury, and on that account I asked him the question, said Mrs. Bayard.

O, mercy! You do not see anything, do you? I shall never forgive myself! Have I neglected him? What do you discover? asked Mrs. Cope.

I am not a physician, but I think James may have had a fall, and have received an injury that will make him a cripple for life, said Mrs. Bayard.

Mrs. Bayard, I shall never smile again! You do not think that James is to be a cripple? I shall give up the world, and never more have another happy moment! Do you really sup-

pose that I have been the cause of all his injuries? I will send immediately for Dr. Bogert! I do hope he will come instantly! I cannot wait! Will he ever come? How long shall we have to wait? Where can he be?

Dr. Bogert arrived, and examined the injury.

It seems quite serious, said the Doctor.

You know, Dr. Bogert, James has always been a healthy child, a very healthy boy. There is nothing to be seen—I know there is nothing! I told Mrs. Bayard there was nothing to be seen! Say there is nothing, Doctor, will you? asked Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Cope, I am very sorry to say that James has had a fall, and has been injured seriously, and it may be for life! I must be allowed time to decide, but it will certainly require years to restore him, said Dr. Bogert.

Mrs. Cope did not speak for a few minutes—her sufferings seemed too deep for utterance. She spoke.

Doctor, if James is to die, I have no wish to live! Save him! Save his life for my sake! said Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Bayard called again at Mrs. Cope's.

Mrs. Bayard, I am overwhelmed with affliction! I cannot go out—I cannot tell you how much I am suffering! You are very kind to call so often. Dr. Bogert saw James yesterday, and has called frequently; but he gives us but little encouragement. What shall I do? I cannot bear to hear a pleasant sound! I cannot look at the coach! I shall never ride again in that coach! I cannot live! James will not recover, I know he will not! You do not think he will, do you? asked Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Cope, you must not yield to any excess of feeling. Have confidence in our most skillful physicians. They will restore James, said Mrs. Bayard.

Would you recommend my visiting Philadelphia, and con-

sulting Dr. Rush, or would you go to London, and consult Sir James Clark? asked Mrs. Cope.

I would do neither. I recommend your waiting patiently for Dr. Bogert's report. No physician can do more than he can. He is the first physician in the city. James is young, nature is kind, and he may yet outgrow the injury; and I sincerely hope he will. I do deeply sympathize with you, and I know how much you must suffer, said Mrs. Bayard.

I need not tell you that my heart is full! A few days ago I was happy. The world smiled, and I had no more to ask. Now I am suffering too deeply for life! My spirits are gone, and have left me without hope! James was my life, my happiness, and I did not think that he could lose his health! But yesterday he was all life—his faculties seemed more than brilliant; he was ever with me, and no parent was more devoted to a child, none more happy. I shall go and see if any of my friends are acquainted with an eminent physician, said Mrs. Cope.

The next week Mrs. Bayard called again on Mrs. Cope.

I have seen Mrs. Stuyvesant, and she has informed me that Sir James Clark, of London, can undoubtedly cure James. She has recently returned from Europe, and has heard of his skill. He is the Queen's physician. Mrs. Stuyvesant advises me to leave immediately, but my husband says it will be of no use to visit London, as there can be no better physician than Dr. Bogert, and under no circumstances can he go at present. Now, what shall I do? You would not go without him, would you? asked Mrs. Cope.

On no account must you think of such a step, said Mrs. Bayard.

I am in deep distress—I cannot sleep, I cannot eat, I am in deep despondency! I shall sink under my sufferings, I cannot live! I have yielded all the enjoyments of life! No more shall I ride or walk with you! I know my senses will give

way! I feel now a burning fever in my brain! No more shall shady walks, and quiet, happy rural scenes delight me—the notes of melody, the songs of birds, the evening dance, can I resign them all? The garden's fragrance, the purling brooks, the flowers on their banks, the ride at Sudbury no more will have charms for me! The lovely lakes, the landscapes dressed in living green, the clustering berries that invite our daily walks; shall I never visit these scenes again? The lofty mountain, called Mount Hyde, the ascent to which wound round and round, and on all below we gazed in transports of delight! On its apex we sat, and read, and conversed, while zephyrs fanned our faces, and wafted fragrance from trees and shrubs and strawberry beds. Can I resign all that made life so happy? To deepest sorrow I now must yield myself—I ask no more for life! Adieu to all! Adieu the merry dance! Adieu, my happy home, my family! In deepest sorrow here I kneel! My heart now is sinking! Adieu, the altar that would dispel the pangs of death that may come in scenes too appalling! O Heaven! am I to be rescued, or sink in sorrow to an early grave? My strength is failing—I know that I shall lose my senses!

Mrs. Cope remained in this paroxysm and was unconscious for a few minutes.

My dear Mrs. Cope, your sufferings are too great, and I do sympathize with you; but I am sure you look too much on the dark side of the picture; you do not know but James will yet recover his health, and you should not yield to such excessive grief. In a few days Dr. Bogert will be able to say with certainty what can be done. His skill is not surpassed by any physician in this or any other city. I should rely with confidence on his treatment, said Mrs. Bayard.

I thank you for your consolation; but my heart has sustained the wound that on earth cannot be healed. I constantly see sights and dream of horrid disasters, from which none ex-

cape. I can almost imagine that I am now present in scenes which may come at some future time. I think my mind is too powerfully excited for my health. I see even now the sight that drives me to despair! I see a storm that now is raging! Look! the boat is buried in ocean waves—now she rises—see consternation in every face! O God! thy arm alone can save us now! Where are the boats? Where are the crew? They are preparing to desert us in our dying moments! All now is darkness, despair, and certain death! No boat is near, and we are sinking! Do you hear those screams of dying agony? Is there a man who will not try to save us? O, see beauty, infancy, mothers, fathers, all clinging in affection in their last moments to each other! A form has dropped! O Heaven, save him for his wife and children! Another now has fallen! She has sunk to rise no more! No grave ever claimed so rich a boon! Heaven have mercy on us!—the wave is now on the bow—I cannot look on such a scene! O, let me die! All now are sinking to the grave that of all others most appalls the heart! What boat is that? See, now it is crowded full of men—will they not take my child? Can it be it is sailing off! Have they hearts, and can they leave us here to die? See, he waves his hand, he has left his betrothed to die! Have men turned fiends? Hail him—hail him, I say! Call him back! Her parents cannot live and mourn her loss! O Heaven—he looks, but will not come to save the life of her whom he has sworn to save or die! I did not think of death like this! Captain Luce, you will save one lady! You have saved none! O, see that young man—he holds to his heart a child—the mother lies at his feet! Captain Luce, Captain Luce, will you save this darling boy? It is my only child—I have no more! I know you will, you have a heart, I am sure you have! O, see that boat—it is sailing off, and the sailors have left us here to die! Kiss me, James! again! Where is my husband? Call him—he is not here!

I see a form clinging to the broken timbers! His struggles now are nearly ended—he dies, he dies! This is no dream! You do not say I dream! O, this pressure on my brain—I know that I am dying! Death's cold hand is clutching at my heart, and tearing it from my breast! I know that I must die!

Mrs. Cope remained delirious for nearly three days, and was constantly impressed with the idea that she was suffering beyond the power of the mind to endure, and was doomed to an untimely death. The most eminent physicians were consulted, but they pronounced the complaint to be mental, and not to be reached by their skill. The names of those who were recently introduced to her, were the forms that constantly appeared in her ravings. Anodynes, and perfect absence of all exciting causes, were all that skill could suggest. She slowly recovered.

My dear James, Mrs. Bayard has been with me nearly all day, but her kindness has not relieved my sufferings. I do think my mind is affected! Mrs. Bayard has only recommended me to wait patiently for Dr. Bogert to effect a cure, but I know he will not be able to restore James. You must go with me to London, or allow me to go with the party under the care of Mr. Torrence, Mr. Day, Mr. Sanford, Mr. Benedict, and the other persons with whom we are acquainted. You know we have friends in London, said Mrs. Cope.

Emma, I cannot bear the thought of separation; perhaps I may yet be able to leave, but I must have you and James with me, you cannot go! I must refuse my consent! I am sorry to refuse anything that you may ask, but after mature reflection, I have come to this resolution, which I have now communicated to you. I have millions of property in my care, for friends by whom it has been intrusted, and I must wait a short time, said Mr. Cope.

And is that all on which I am to build the hopes of life? I

yield all! My heart cannot long sustain these pangs! Can I do nothing? James might be restored, I am sure Sir James Clark can restore him! Come sickness, come death, I fear you not—you are welcome visitors! I will wait a few days, and then will call on my friends.

Some days after, Mrs. Cope, still in deep despondency, walked out and called on Mrs. Murray.

Mrs. Murray, I am in deep affliction. You know my darling son James, you have seen him often. He is now a cripple! I fear he cannot be restored by Dr. Bogert, who, you know, is the most eminent physician in the city. Mrs. Stuyvesant says Sir James Clark, of London, can restore him, but my husband will not go with me, nor will he allow me to go without him. What would you do? He is a darling husband, you know, said Mrs. Cope.

Do you say that your husband will not allow you to go without him? asked Mrs. Murray.

I do, said Mrs. Cope.

Take no notice of your husband—go without his knowledge! You are no woman! I should like to have my husband say that I should not go to Europe! I shall go when I please; and if you are the woman that I think you to be, you will go at once. You may call on me for funds. It is time that one half the world were free from servile dependence on the other half; the husbands are all tyrants or Dolly Spankers. The world is learning wisdom—women's rights will yet be respected. Strong-minded women are accomplishing all of this. You must join our society—I will propose you. You know they meet at my house. The Rev. Miss Stone and Abby Folsom will correct all the abuses of the world, and prepare us for perfect happiness. We shall make the Rev. Miss Stone President. She will put this wicked world in order, and will commence, by the aid of the Abolitionists, and set the negroes all free. What should we wait for? We are Perfectionists, and

can accomplish anything; we know we are right. We intend the blacks shall eat at the same table, and ride in the same car with the ladies in the Fifth Avenue, and marry their daughters. That will be delightful! You know Massachusetts has made a law on purpose, and numerous happy black and white alliances followed. Our minister has urged in the pulpit the necessity of resorting to a deadly conflict to oppose the institutions of half the nation. He is now to commence with Parker, and preach a crusade through the free States.* He says he is ready to place the powder, or fire the gun that shall destroy a Union no longer worth preserving! Nearly all the Abolitionists have some black relations; were not black and white men born free and equal? Jefferson said they were. I think the world will yet learn that we have the talents, if we have not the power of the lords of the Creation. It is high time that we passed the laws that will elevate our noble natures. What can we not do, if we undertake it? And what can poor fallen and degenerate man do to elevate and ennoble our characters? Certainly nothing! We must make the laws, and we will make them! Go to Europe, Mrs. Cope —never mind what your husband says! My husband goes to lectures, and I go to the theatre; sometimes I go every night, and stay as long as I please—I do not hurry home. Why should I hurry home? All the children have nurses—you know we have four—the youngest child is nearly four months old. I go to all the parties, and get home at one or two o'clock, and I breakfast at eleven or twelve; that is the way for us to show our independence. If we stand up for our rights, the lords of Creation will soon yield to us; they shall be made to do their duty. When I decide to go to the thea-

* Parker was recently married in Brooklyn, N. Y., to Jessie Acker, a negress, the property of Judge Alberti, of Nassau County, Florida. The Rev. Mr. Vandyke was the recipient of the honor conferred by uniting the red hair and the black wool, and his church is now crowded with colored people. At this wedding the fighting minister was a guest.

tre, or opera, I send for a young man, and I have a choice. In Europe you will find some very fascinating and very handsome young men; there are plenty of them, I am sure you will like them. Be sure to go to Italy; do not stop in London—it is a dirty place. Florence, Rome, Vienna, Paris, are lovely places. The people are all Catholics, and the ladies never think of visiting with their husbands. You can do just as you please—the same as other wives; nobody will say anything, they all do it. The sovereigns and popes and cardinals all have wives number one, two and three, like Huggs' falsehoods. Do you talk Italian? It is a sweet language, it is full of sentiment, it is the heart's language, it inspires love. Some say Italy is destructive to virtue. Of what use is virtue after we are married? What if there are more vices than virtues in those climates where the breeze is loaded with the fragrance that disposes the mind and heart to tender emotions? What if men and women who are decent here, do lose all respect for character in Paris and in Rome, what is that to us? Some of both sexes with us should go to Rome and stay there, for they are a disgrace to decent society; but nothing can injure us in any country. I hope you will go immediately, said Mrs. Murray.

Mrs. Murray, I am very much obliged to you for your unreserved friendship, and your disinterested advice. I think the strong-minded women and the Abolitionists are in a progressive state, but the direction that their *saintly* qualities are taking, may be with some reflecting persons open to speculation, if not to serious alarm. Before I act upon your advice, I shall call on Dr. Tyng, said Mrs. Cope, as she withdrew.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SHIPWRECK

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave!
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc and the tempest's rage;
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of Valor's various day.

ROGERS

A few days after the interview with Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Cope called on Dr. Tyng.

Dr. Tyng, my darling son James, you know what a beautiful boy he is, I fear is to be a cripple for life! I cannot tell you the distress I am suffering! Excuse me, my heart is is broken, said Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Cope, what has happened? Tell me all, you have my sympathy, said Dr. Tyng.

Dr. Bogert is unable to say that James can be restored immediately, and I contemplate a visit to London to consult Sir James Clark, who Mrs. Stuyvesant says can certainly restore

him. I cannot obtain my husband's consent, and Mrs. Murray advises me to leave without it; I am distressed, what shall I do? asked Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Cope, I admire your devotion to your son, but while life lasts, never, never, in so serious a crisis, oppose your husband. You were the daughter of pious parents, the first lessons they taught you were the love of truth, duty to your parents, and your God! You have vowed on the altar to love, cherish and obey your husband; his joys were to be your joys, and his sufferings were to be your sufferings, your secrets were to be his secrets. Your early life was consecrated to Him who sees all hearts. Your husband is worthy of all the affection that you can bestow upon him. Can you expect to retain his love after you have once misled him? I am well acquainted with Mr. Cope, and I know his heart, and I know it is all sensibility; I know the strength of his affection for you and for his son! I would not willingly be responsible for the results of such an elopement! Excuse me for using the term, but is it not correct? I do hope you will think no more of your secret visit; you know my affection for you both, and you will give me credit for sincerity. Europe is full of Catholic demoralization, and the Sabbath is desecrated, no female touches its shores without a loss of some of her attachment to virtue. The influence of Catholic institutions is most pernicious; Europe is a land of ignorance, poverty, tyranny and vice, said Dr. Tyng.

You cannot advise me to give up forever, all that has made life so happy, and on which all my hope of coming enjoyment is placed, said Mrs. Cope.

I should hope to not lose my son, but I *would* not lose my husband, said Dr. Tyng.

I may still live, but all for which I lived is gone; I ask no more for life, said Mrs. Cope in tones that moved Dr. Tyng's heart, but he did not reply.

Mrs. Cope returned home, but her mind was not relieved from doubt as to the course that the emergency demanded; to her the night was a sleepless and a desponding night.

The next morning the "Mercantile Guide and Family Journal" was handed to her by a servant, and she read as follows:

"*London, Regent St.*

"To the Humane.—About twelve years ago there sailed from London a ship called the Manchester, bound to New York, with passengers. Some days out, she encountered a storm, by which she was greatly damaged, and was seen in great danger. On board the Manchester when she sailed were James Bright and wife, and their two children, one son and one daughter. Nothing certain is known of the vessel or her passengers. There were in the possession of the family when they left London, jewelry, books, and one Bible marked John Bright from his mother, and on another was written Isabella Bright from her mother. Their clothes were once good, but much worn. A very liberal reward will be paid for the recovery of the children, or for any information of their parents.

"Signed,

"J. Bright."

Mr. Cope returned in the evening, and found Mrs. Cope in the deepest distress.

My dear James, I am afflicted! I am suffering, said Mrs. Cope.

I suppose James has had a return of his severe pain, said Mr. Cope.

Read that paper, "the Mercantile Guide and Family Journal." It has fallen from my hand! I have no sister! Isabella must be the person advertised! Isabella is not my

sister; the advertisement must be for her, and yet how can it be? I do hope it is not sister Isabella that is claimed. I shall sink if it is! Who can Mr. Bright be? What can he do if Isabella is not willing to leave mother and go to England? Do you not think she will prefer to be my sister, and live with us; I always meant to be kind to her! We can burn the paper, and then who will know that Isabella is not my sister—she does not know it! Oh Heaven, this will be wicked! I will not burn this paper. James and Isabella too! I cannot lose them both and live. I will write to Mr. Bright. There is some mistake, I know there is. James, what shall we do? asked Mrs. Cope.

I will call at the office of the "Mercantile Guide," and learn all that they can communicate, said Mr. Cope.

The next morning Mrs. Cope entered the parlor with the letter in her hand.

Emma, I hope you will compose yourself. We will learn all the facts, and then we can form an accurate opinion of this mysterious advertisement. This article reads "London, twelve years ago." It is not twelve years since Isabella was found in the street; it cannot be. But this advertisement calls for a boy also, I think it cannot be our Isabella. Where is the Bible in which we have read the name of Isabella Bright so often asked Mr. Cope

Isabella has it, said Mrs. Cope.

Did you say, Emma, that you had prepared a letter for Mr. Bright? asked Mr. Cope.

I did, and here it is, said Mrs. Cope.

I will send it by the Arctic, said Mr. Cope.

"*New York.*

"Hon. J. Bright, M. P.—I have recently read an advertisement in the "Mercantile Guide" of this city, signed by you, in which you state that the ship Manchester sailed from

London about twelve years ago with passengers, and among them were Mr. and Mrs. Bright, and two children, one son and one daughter.

About twelve years ago, as I was passing along Broadway, I saw a remarkably pretty child in the street, selling apples. I conversed with her, and finally carried her to a ragged school, in which Miss N., Mrs. Van Broom and Mrs. Vance were teachers. The child had in her trunk a Bible, and on the blank leaf was written "Isabella Bright, from her mother." The child made a strong impression on my feelings, and I called often at the school. Miss N. often remarked that no child had ever interested her own feelings so much, and other teachers noticed her with equal affection. Miss N. thought the mystery connected with her history would some day be explained. Obtaining my mother's consent, I took the child to New Haven, where she was educated and adopted as my sister. In face and form she is beautiful; for affection and for all the amiable qualities, my mother has given her the highest place in her own heart. Isabella knows nothing of her early history. She was my bridesmaid; and if she were my own sister, she could not be more dear to me.

If you should claim her as your granddaughter, you must allow her to live with us; my mother cannot allow Isabella to leave her—her affections have been too long and too ardently placed on her. I hope you will not omit to write by the return of the Arctic, as our feelings are deeply interested in your reply. Very sincerely yours, EMMA COPE."

Mrs. Cope's anxieties were undermining a constitution at all times delicate, but now excited to an alarming degree. She retired to her chamber each night, and bowed before the altar. Sleep could not always be wooed to her pillow. Her disordered mind was daily yielding with her strength, and a recovery could not be anticipated. Her anxious friends

watched over her, but no cheering indications came to their relief.

I will write to my parents for the direction that I have no where found, said Mrs. Cope.

New York, Fifth Avenue.

My Dear Parents—I am in deep affliction! Our darling James is in danger of becoming a cripple! Dr. Bogert has called to see him frequently, but he is yet in doubt whether James can be restored to health. I need not tell you my heart is broken! I do fear I shall not survive his loss! At this moment there is lying on the table the Mercantile Guide, in which I have read the painful intelligence that Isabella is no longer my sister! What shall I do? I cannot sleep, I cannot eat—I cannot lose my only son and my only sister! I have a friend who has recently returned from England, and she has assured me that Sir James Clark is very eminent, and can cure our James. Dr. Bogert is the most eminent physician in New York, and if he cannot restore James we do not know who can.

I contemplate visiting London alone! I have asked James to accompany me, but he could not sympathize with me in my distress; he says he cannot leave his business. I asked his consent to go without him; would you believe it, he positively refused! He said he could not be separated from James and from me. He did not refuse me anything once. Can I go without his consent? You know my love for him. A more affectionate husband does not live; you would not go without his consent? In all his life he refused me nothing. Can I leave him secretly? You know we have valued friends in London. We are acquainted with Mr. Wiggin, Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Peabody. My desire to visit Europe is too strong to be resisted. I shall return in the Arctic—it will not require long

to obtain the opinion of Sir James Clark; will you tell me what to do? Do, my dear parents, write immediately.

Affectionately yours, EMMA.

P. S.—I enclose Mr. Bright's advertisement.

By return of the mail the following letter was received.

New Haven, Conn.

OUR DEAR DAUGHTER—Your kind letter is received, and we hasten to give you our views in reply. Your letter certainly contains information of unusual interest, and we have endeavored to give it a candid consideration. The result is that we think it will not be prudent for you to leave for Europe without the consent of James, clearly and voluntarily expressed! He may possibly alter his mind at some future time, but we understand you to say that you asked his consent and gave your reasons for desiring to go without him; and he replied that he could not leave his business at this moment, and that he could not endure the absence of you and James—are we correct?

We sympathize with you most sincerely, and we would gladly go with you and James, if Mr. Cope would give his consent. He is evidently unwilling to risk the lives of those whom he considers as dear to him as his own. There is always some risk on the ocean; the best boats have but a single plank to separate precious lives from the ocean's deepest caverns.

With respect to Mr. Bright's advertisement, we feel deeply concerned to learn all the circumstances of this mysterious notice. We can never resign Isabella! It is out of the question, and cannot be thought of for a moment. We do not know who Mr. Bright is, but he may call Isabella granddaughter, if that will give him any pleasure; we suppose he has a dozen poor, suffering, starving children, and will not want her if he hears she is well provided for. The vessel, it

seems, sailed from London twelve years ago. We are safe enough; Isabella is not his grandchild. If Isabella is his grandchild, then where is the boy? We have not mentioned your letter to Isabella, and we shall not think of doing it; if you should ever ascertain that there is any truth in Mr. Bright's claim, you must write to Isabella yourself. We know how much you must suffer, and we offer you our hearts' deepest sympathy, and we beg of you to call all your energy to your aid. Of what use to suffering humanity can be virtue, religion, and philosophy, if we cannot rest firmly on them in hours of deep affliction? Life is a mystery,—sufferings are the lot of all. In the sea of doubt, virtue and a pure faith are our only pilots. We will visit you soon.

Very affectionately, YOUR PARENTS.

By return of the Arctic, the following letter was received.

London, Regent Street.

EMMA COPE—Thy very kind letter is received, in which thee states that thee have probably discovered Isabella Bright! With this intelligence we are delighted. We have occasionally advertised for her and her brother, for twelve years, and we have sent agents with the hope of learning something of them, but without success.

Isabella is our granddaughter, and no event of our life has given us more pleasure than the thought of again receiving her to our hearts and to our home. There is yet a grandson, John Bright, who is not recovered! Thee will confer a great favor on us by making an effort to recover him also. I have no children, and John will, if recovered, inherit the large estate which has been in our family since the conquest. Is it too late to learn something respecting my son and his talented wife? She was a member of a family of the very first respectability, and was a writer of some eminence, having been the

author of two plays, and one volume of poetry written before she was eighteen. It would be deeply interesting to learn the particulars of her last hours, for we must suppose her dead. She was active in the discharge of all the duties of social life, and adorned it with its richest graces. Her disposition was amiable; she was ever among the suffering classes, and she was the center of a devoted circle of relatives and friends.

My son! my son! Shall I ever hear from him? I cannot give up the thought of yet learning his sad fate. I can never forgive the persons who allowed him to leave London without my knowledge. Will thee learn all that may be known of the Manchester, and write us?

Thee alluded to Isabella's personal qualities, and to her education. I cannot attempt in this short letter to say how much and how sincerely I feel the obligations under which thy love and thy mother's love for Isabella have placed me; I shall testify my regard for thee and thy mother in a more suitable manner. I send a draft on Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co. for five hundred pounds, with which thee will please pay Isabella's expenses, and make such use as thee pleases of the balance. I wish in the most emphatic manner to offer thee the hospitalities of my house, and ask of thee and thy husband the pleasure of a visit to London. No event will give me more pleasure. We shall feel so great a desire to see Isabella, that the time will pass slowly; and if she is not able to leave in the first boat of the Collins' line, thee will confer a favor on us by writing immediately on receipt of this letter. I shall not abandon the hope of yet recovering my grandson. My wife desires to present to thee and to thy mother, and to Mr. Cope, her kind regards, and to say that thee and thy husband must visit us; she can accept no excuse. I send thee a newspaper, in which thee will read my speech recently delivered in Parliament, and another, in which thee will read an account of my visit to the Emperor of Russia. My object was

to save the two nations from the horrors of war. I was well received by the Emperor, but my mission was not accomplished. I have opposed the war, and believe that other ambassadors would have avoided it, and have saved two hundred thousand lives, and nearly two hundred millions of pounds to the nation. Thy friend, J. BRIGHT.

Where is John? If some charitable lady has not taken him to a ragged school, he is now sweeping the streets. Mrs. Cope's worst apprehensions were now confirmed. She could no longer conceal from her own heart the painful fact that she must relinquish forever her beloved sister! For some days her numerous friends were calling with true affection to inquire the condition of her health; but to her chamber they were not admitted. A week or ten days had passed, and she seemed more deeply involved in a settled melancholy. She had no returns of the paroxysms that first broke down her spirits; but her friends were more alarmed to find that no object could arouse a sinking heart from its utmost desolation. At times she shed a tear, and for a moment after a ray of hope seemed to light up a countenance once the index of a happy heart, now forever crushed.

Here is a letter of awful import! I cannot trust it to mortal hands! Here, near my heart I place it; in it is the record of a resolve on which is suspended life or death, happiness or misery! O Heaven, forgive me if I am wrong! I have yielded to the promptings of a stricken heart, and now I do fear that I am wrong! I will deposit with my own hands the letter that I can trust to no one.

New York.

MY DEAR SISTER ISABELLA—I have the most painful duty to perform that has ever fallen to my lot! You have ever regarded me as your sister, but an advertisement which I now

enclose to you, excited an anxiety that has been confirmed by a recent letter received from Mr. Bright, of London, which I also enclose. There are circumstances connected with your early life which have never been communicated to you, and I would have been most happy to have forever locked them in my own breast, but fate has ordered it otherwise. You are undoubtedly the granddaughter of Mr. Bright, the member of Parliament from Manchester, England, said by some persons to be one of the richest manufacturers in Europe.

This disclosure will surprise you, but I have another circumstance to communicate, which to me is of equal importance. I have resolved to visit England with James, and without the consent of my husband! You are the first and only person to whom I have communicated this circumstance, and you must regard it as a sacred deposit, to be communicated to no living person! I propose to take you with me to Mr. Bright's house, and we can there decide upon the course to be adopted. I am aware of the immense responsibility that I am assuming, but I have been haunted by a desire to see London, and to try the skill of their greatest physician. I shall ever regard you, my dear Isabella, as my own sister, and you must ever so regard me, will you? You shall return with me, if Mr. Bright will give his consent. You must leave New Haven by the earliest train on Saturday, and on your arrival in the city, you will take a carriage for Mrs. Bayard's house in the Fifth Avenue, where I will call for you. I shall rely on your keeping this letter from the knowledge of every member of my parents' family.

Affectionately your sister, EMMA.

This was woman's weakness, but it was woman's love.

Here is a letter that I must send immediately to Mr. Torrence, said Mrs. Cope.

Saturday morning arrived. Isabella, now more lovely than

ever, was alighting from a coach at the door of Mrs. Bayard's house.

Mrs. Bayard met Isabella, and they exchanged a kiss.

Isabella, you never looked in such perfect health; it is glorious to look upon such a face. Are you not delighted with the thought of seeing England, and all the gay scenes of European courts? I do wish I could go with you and your sister Emma! I am glad I introduced Emma to all my friends; they are nearly all now on board the Arctic, and you will have the most interesting company that ever left New York for Europe. The most of them are from the Fifth Avenue, and all are our most wealthy and talented citizens. What can be so delightful as to cross the ocean with such valued friends? How can I name individuals when all are my cherished friends? I do envy you and Emma the pleasure of such a voyage, said Mrs. Bayard.

I thank you, Mrs. Bayard, for your kind remarks. I know you do wish me all the happiness that now smiles in prospect on us, but I leave with many a bitter pang! I cannot tell you how much I love many whom I may never, never meet again! My mother! O, my dear mother, must I leave her? Mrs. Bayard, I would rather return to New Haven! I did steal from my mother, and it was most cruel! I cannot think of it! I do believe sister Emma has done wrong, said Isabella.

Do not allow your feelings to overcome you. All things are ordered by a wise Providence for the best. There are the trunks sent by Emma for you, and for herself, and she will call immediately said Mrs. Bayard.

Mrs. Bayard, will you allow me one minute's convereation in your own room? asked Isabella.

With pleasure. Seat yourself on this ottoman, said Mrs. Bayard.

Mrs. Bayard, may I look to you for one kind act? I ask it reluctantly, but you will, I know you will, excuse me. We

cannot trust our thoughts to all our friends. I have, Mrs. Bayard, for months suffered from causes of which you know nothing, and I am yet suffering, you cannot know how deeply I am suffering! I have nearly overcome my feelings—you see that I am now quite composed. This letter that I now take from near my heart is directed to Gustavus Dana, New Haven, Conn. At your house a person will call; will you give this package to him? You will receive others from me by the Arctic, under the same superscription, and they will be called for by the same person. May I look to you for the performance of this kind office? I need not tell you that the utmost secrecy is the favor that I ask you, said Isabella.

Isabella, I am very sorry that you have asked of me the performance of this office. The letter that you have given me is not intended by you for the person to whom it is directed, and you know it! I well know who will call for this mysterious package! Isabella, do not, as you value the happiness of those whom you hold most dear, do not, I beg of you, give any encouragement to him whom I shall not here name; and do not for one moment assume a disguise! Whatever you may decide to do, declare that decision openly, said Mrs. Bayard.

Mrs. Bayard, you surprise me! From whom have you learned names and incidents that deeply interest others as well as myself? asked Isabella.

That question I cannot answer. This is not the place nor time to discuss a subject of so much importance to those who have placed all their hopes of happiness on you. Emma was to call for you at this very hour! Will she not ask me why I am in private conversation with you? Do you think I shall conceal the truth, or give to Emma an evasive answer? Isabella, there is one to whom you should write! I need not name him; your own heart suggests all that I would say, said Mrs. Bayard.

It is too late—I have gone too far! My course now is forever fixed, and no power on earth can change it! I did adore W., but in one act he closed forever all access to reconciliation. To James I am pledged, and in happiness or in sorrow, with him I will be content! Come sickness, come disappointment, poverty, degradation, my friends' desertion, early death; with him I fear you not! said Isabella.

This hasty decision, Isabella, you will repent. Do not, I beg of you, do not confirm this rash decision by an act that will bring sorrow to your own heart and to the hearts of all your numerous friends! Take back this letter, or I will destroy it! said Mrs. Bayard.

If you do destroy it, other winged messengers shall tell him that my vows are registered where mortals cannot reverse them, said Isabella, as she left Mrs. Bayard's room.

A coach was seen!

It is Emma! said Isabella, as she ran to the door.

The meeting was deeply affecting to those who saw it.

My dear Mrs. Bayard, I cannot tell you all, but in the Arctic, that sails this day for Europe, I leave my home, my husband, my friends, all that in life I hold dear! I am rash, I know I am, but I have followed a silent monitor, a fate, a destiny, an evil genius, call it what you will! I now believe that I have done wrong, but I have not resolution to retrace my steps! I shall never return! said Mrs. Cope.

Do not say that you shall never return; it is wrong to yield your feelings thus; the clouds will soon pass away, and bright scenes will call you back to peace, and turn all your fears to joys, said Mrs. Bayard.

Mrs. Bayard, my strength and my spirits are nearly gone; my head swims, and a faintness oppresses me, said Mrs. Cope as she rested her head on Mrs. Bayard.

I have not written a line to my husband, how can I do it?

I cannot! Will you, Mrs. Bayard, will you see him when he returns this evening? Say to him that I am gone! . . .

A few months will determine all! James will be restored or I shall sink in sorrow to an early grave! I do hope he can yet be restored to health; at times I imagine all is yet to be well with us; my life is suspended on his recovery. If he does recover, James will forgive me; if he does not, then never shall I be forgiven! If I doomed to accident or death in other scenes! . . . . Forgive me, I did not think it would be so hard to part! If I do not return, will you remember me? asked Mrs. Cope.

Do not speak thus, said Mrs. Bayard.

I have broken the heart of my husband. Oh my mother! They can never forgive this last cruel act! If I have done wrong, will Heaven forgive me! Will you see my husband? You know my affection for him! I can add nothing, said Mrs. Cope.

I beg of you to be firm, do not thus suffer; you need all your energy to carry out all that you have resolved. I wish you all the happiness that the recovery of James can give you. I will see your husband, and will smooth the way to a full explanation of all that you have done; your heart is right, and he will forgive you, said Mrs. Bayard.

I shall meet my beloved friends like you, in scenes where sorrow and suffering and separation will be known no more! Say to my husband that we shall meet in other spheres! A kiss, we part, said Mrs. Cope.

Mrs. Cope and Isabella were on board the Arctic, but the scene so interesting to the large company, shed no cheering rays on the wrecked spirits of Mrs. Cope.

Mr. Cope returned to his house in the evening from Philadelphia, and no wife or son was there to greet him.

Where is Emma? Where is James? Where is a letter?

Where is any information to be obtained? asked Mr. Cope in deepest sorrow.

A messenger from Mrs. Bayard invited him to her house.

Mrs. Bayard, what has happened? asked Mr. Cope.

Your wife's anxiety for James's recovery has called her from home for a brief interval, and I promised to see you and explain all; she will soon return. Here is a room; at our house you shall have the home of which for a short time, circumstances of a painful nature have elsewhere deprived you. I sympathize deeply with you. I know your sufferings, but you will soon hear from Emma. A voyage to Liverpool is nothing since Mr. Collins has done so much for us all. He has sent his wife and daughter in the Arctic, and all her passengers will be safe; Captain Luce has the confidence of all; no accidents can occur while he has the command, said Mrs. Bayard.

Where is the letter written by Emma? asked Mr. Cope.

She wrote none, said Mrs. Bayard.

Tell me, Mrs. Bayard, all that she said. It cannot be that she left no letter, you are not serious! said Mr. Cope.

She could not write. Do not, Oh do not censure Emma. Her heart is almost broken. Your name was the last uttered. With us you shall be at home, our enjoyments shall be yours, your sufferings shall be ours, said Mrs. Bayard.

Mrs. Bayard, I thank you for all your kindness to me and to Emma, and to the end of my life I shall bear your remembrance on my heart. I can never forget the happy hours passed at your house, now forever associated in my memory with Emma, and all that on earth has happiness for me. My life now is short! I know that these pangs are not on earth to find their cure. You need not tell me that she will return, I know that she will not! Adieu to all that on earth was once so lovely! I did not think of losing Emma, and have

I lost James too? I cannot part with both! Oh that I were with them! said Mr. Cope as he concealed his face.

Mr. Cope* still lives to mourn a catastrophe the pains of which no time can alleviate. The writer owes the public an apology for weaving into his tale of fiction, a fact that cannot fail to wound many a sorrowful heart. Fiction can add nothing to the thrilling interest with which this disaster was invested, and no writer of fiction ever did, or ever can, invest his own creations with the interest of this painful reality. Nearly all the persons lost in the Arctic, and the Pacific, were our own citizens, with whom our best circles were in daily intercourse. More fatal disasters never happened, and we pray that similar ones may never again occur.

We daily meet those who lost near relatives and valued friends. We miss these persons from our social circles, we miss them from our daily walks, and from the gay scenes of joyous, happy life, and we miss them from their seats around the altar. We would gladly have healed wounds that we fear will bleed afresh; into these wounds we would gladly pour the balm of consolation. We know the sufferings of those who still mourn wife and children, brothers and sisters, and we do most sincerely sympathize with them. To those who lost one friend by such a death, it seemed suffering enough, but to lose parents, wife, and children, in scenes that no friendly hand could reach, was to receive a wound to the heart, that life can barely sustain. The lives of all who

* Mr. R——, merchant of this city.

were lost in the Arctic and the Pacific were dear to many a suffering mourning heart. Time can do but little for sufferings so poignant, and death has already come to the relief of some, whose life was unable to sustain its sufferings. Spring will return, and Summer will put on its gayest robes, but resignation will not in life come to many a stricken heart. The gay scenes of life will call many mourners to their shrine, but in gayest moments, a thought of lost relations will flash upon the mind, and the heart will sink. In the still hours of the night, shrieks will be heard, and sleep will refuse to bless with its presence, the victim of sorrow and of tears! Visions will crowd upon their minds, and asleep or awake, imagination will people the world with horrid spectres. In imagination every lost friend will revisit them, dragging their frozen limbs, or in torments dying! Starvation's lingering victims, with livid eye and bloodless lips, will be seen waiting death's welcome visit! Locked in fields of ice, a boat will be seen floating to regions of eternal winter! The floating ice, the crushed boat, the cold and stormy night, the howling wind, the dying groans, the unburied corse, will be ever before their eyes, and sounding in their ears! From beneath the ocean wave will start up erect, the mangled, mutilated corse of wife and children! In dark coral caverns deep in the ocean, the abodes of monsters, and serpents of horrid dimensions, will be seen the forms once beautiful, and worshiped by hearts now desolate! The gentle breeze, as it fans the cheek, will waft the sighs of dying children! In the tempest's roar will be heard the groans of anguish that no heart can endure! In every paper that records a wreck, will be seen the horrid details of the sufferings and death of those they loved! In every wave which dashes on our shore, will be seen a tear shed in life's last agony! Every boat that meets the eye will tell the tale of boats no more to return! The visions that come to them when others sleep, will tell them of mangled bodies

dashed on a frozen shore! The curtains which once enclosed all that their heart would worship, will in the silent night be drawn aside by forms disfigured, and but half human! As the arms of the corse are extended toward their husband or wife, there will drop from them living, crawling creatures that will curdle the blood! Every memento of lost wife or daughter, will again and again strike a pang to their bleeding hearts. Sufferings too intense for endurance, will beg for a pall to shroud from the memory and the heart, images on which reason cannot safely dwell, and madness may at last obliterate! To have saved the lives of their children, more than one parent would have devoted the sacrifice of their own. Mystery and doubt may assail some, but hope, and faith, and resignation point for relief to other spheres. Philosophy and religion have invested this event with all the solemnity that inspiration can give; but the teachings of the greatest minds sink into insignificance compared with the language uttered from on high.

The virtues practised here, and the affections enshrined in the heart, will increase and strengthen in scenes above, or we live in vain. The world invested with its beauty, will ever draw the mind from reflection, and from virtue; but events of such deep import are sure to remind us that life is true to its original design, only when the eye is on a life to come. Philosophy assures us that all things change, and it assures us that nothing is destroyed; annihilation is a word without a meaning.

That pure life can have no end is equally the teaching of sound philosophy and pure religion. Philosophy, religion, literature, learning, and inspiration, belong equally to the philosopher, the theologian, and the novelist. To invest this life with the dignity that its connection with a life to come must invest it, is the purpose of all that philosophy, religion, literature, learning, and inspiration can bestow. The lessons of the

pulpit are addressed to the heart; the novelist addresses the understanding through the heart. A sermon reaches hundreds and is forgotten; tales of fiction will be read by the intellectual, while imagination soars from earth to heaven. Life is crowded with vice and suffering, and fiction need not portray scenes of vice. Fiction rightly directed, will show us lives that all would emulate. Virtue enshrined in living forms, will interest when saints are forgotten. If every tale of fiction can enshrine *one* virtue in the reader's heart, half the vice and suffering may be driven from this favored country.

Progress is stamped on the intellect by the Deity. Light that first gleamed in early darkness, sheds but a more feeble ray in this intellectual age. Light and truth repel the chains that superstition fixed early on the minds of men. Every discovery of man shows us a more close alliance with the Creator, and is the true revelation of the great Architect of all created things. If superstition was born in days of ignorance and of dogmas, it should have no existence when light has revealed the laws of Providence and the sure existence of a God. This conviction repels all aid from dogmas, and regards them as clogs to intellectual light and pure faith. The religion that enjoins a faith that intellect repels, has shrouded the world in darkness, and would ever keep it there. Faith, guided by the light of the intellect, will, when dogmas and their votaries are expelled, guide men upward and onward in purity to a life to come.

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